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LOS ANGELES

SWIFT.

For both were frighten'd to the heart,
And just began to cry, —— what art.

Vol. I. Baucis and Philemon.

Painted by H. Singleton. *Engraved by P. H. Tomkins.*

Published 1st Jan. 1806, by John Sharpe.
Piccadilly.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS;

INCLUDING THE MOST ESTEEMED

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

The Greek and Roman Authors.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

THOMAS PARK, F.S.A.

VOL. XI.

CONTAINING

THE FIRST AND SECOND VOLUMES OF

SWIFT.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN SHARPE, PICCADILLY;
AND SUTTABY, EVANCE, AND FOX, STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE STREET.

1818.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JONATHAN SWIFT,

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

THOMAS PARK, ESQ. F. S. A.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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CONTENTS.

Page
CRITICISM on Dr. Swift's Poems 5

ENCOMIUM ON SWIFT.

Dr. Parnell to Dr. Swift 22

MISCELLANIES, FROM 1689 TO 1713.

Ode to Sir William Temple 25
Address to the Athenian Society 32
Ode to the Athenian Society 34
Mrs. Harris' Petition 44
Verses written on a Lady's Ivory Table-Book 49
Vanbrugh's House 50
To the Earl of Peterborough 54
Motto on Whitshed's Coach 56
On Mrs. Biddy Floyd 57
Apollo outwitted 58
Baucis and Philemon 60
History of Vanbrugh's House........... 66
Description of the Morning 67
Sid Hamet the Magician's Rod 68
Atlas: or, The Minister of State 71
Corinna 72
The Fable of Midas 73
Dean Swift's Answer to Verses by Dr. Sheridan 75
Cadenus and Vanessa 76
To Lord Harley, afterward Earl of Oxford, on his Marriage with Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles................. 103
The Faggot 105

528523

Page
The Author upon himself 107
In Sickness. Written soon after the Author's coming to live in Ireland 110
Phillis: or, The Progress of Love 111
Ad amicum eruditum Thomam Sheridan . . . 114
To the Rev. Dr. Sheridan 116
To Mr. Delany 117
The Progress of Poetry 121
The Progress of Beauty 122
Apollo to the Dean 126
The Run upon the Bankers 129
Description of an Irish Feast 131
Clever Tom Clinch going to be hanged 135
George-Nim-Dan-Dean's Invitation to Mr. Thomas Sheridan 136
To George-Nim-Dan-Dean, Esq. upon his incomparable Verses 138
To Mr. Thomas Sheridan upon his Verses written in Circles 140
Epilogue to a Play for the Benefit of the Weavers in Ireland, 1721 142
The South Sea, 1721 143
The Country Life 151
Mary, the Cook-maid's Letter to Dr. Sheridan 155
Carberiæ Rupes, in comitatu Corgagensi apud Hibernicos 157
The same, translated 158
Upon the Horrid Plot discovered by Harlequin, the Bishop of Rochester's French Dog. In a Dialogue between a Whig and a Tory 160
Joan cudgels Ned 163
Pethox the Great . . . . . ib.

A

CRITICISM ON DR. SWIFT'S POEMS.

BY DEANE SWIFT, ESQ.

THE poetical performances of Dr. Swift ought to be considered as occasional poems, framed either to please or vex some particular persons. We must not suppose them designed for posterity. If he had cultivated his genius in that way, he must certainly have excelled, especially in satire. We see fine sketches in several of his pieces, but he seems more desirous to inform and strengthen his mind, than to indulge the luxuriancy of his imagination. He chooses to discover and correct errors in the works of others, rather than to illustrate and add beauties to his own. Like a skilful artist, he is fond of probing wounds to their depth, and of enlarging them to open view. He prefers caustics, which erode proud flesh, to softer balsamics, which give more immediate ease. He aims to be severely useful, rather than politely engaging: and as he was either not formed, or would not take pains, to excel in poetry, he became, in some measure, superior to it; and assumed more the air and manners of a critic, than of a poet. Had he lived in the same age with Horace, he would have approached nearer to him than any other poet;

and if we may make an allowance for the different course of study, and different form of government, to which each of these great men were subject, we may observe, in several instances, a strong resemblance between them. Both poets are equally distinguished for wit and humour; each displays a peculiar felicity in diction; but of the two, Horace is the more elegant and delicate: while he condemns he pleases; Swift takes pleasure in giving pain. The dissimilitude of their tempers might be owing to the different turns in their fortune. Swift early formed large views of ambition, and was disappointed: Horace, from an exiled low state, rose into affluence, and enjoyed the favour and friendship of Augustus. Each poet was the delight of the principal persons of his age. *Cum magnis vixisse* was not more applicable to Horace than to Swift. They both were temperate, both were frugal, and both were of the same Epicurean taste. Horace had his Lydia, Swift had his Vanessa: Horace had his Mecænas and his Agrippa, Swift had Oxford and his Bolingbroke: Horace had his Virgil, Swift had his Pope.

Swift, who had the nicest ear, is remarkably chaste and delicate in his rhymes: a bad rhyme appeared to him one of the capital sins in poetry, and yet it is a sin into which some of our greatest poets have fallen; Dryden frequently, Pope sometimes. The former was embarrassed with a wife and family, and was often under such necessitous circumstances, as to be obliged to publish or to want subsistence: the latter was in a less confined, and in a much more easy situation: he was naturally judicious, and uncommonly attentive to

maintain the dignity of his character: although his body was weak, his mind was equal to the weight of his laurel crown, and he wore it not only with ease but majesty. Take him as a poet, *we shall not see his like again.* The Dean kept company with many of the fair sex, but they were rather his amusement than his admiration; he trifled away many hours in their conversation, he filled many pages in their praise; and, by the power of his head, he gained the character of a lover, without the least assistance from his heart. To this particular kind of pride, supported by the bent of his genius, and joined by the excessive coldness of his nature, Vanessa owed the ruin of her reputation; and from the same causes, Stella remained an unacknowledged wife. If we consider Swift's behaviour so far only as it relates to women, we shall find that he looked upon them rather as busts than as whole figures. In his panegyrical descriptions he has seldom descended lower than the centre of their hearts; or, if ever he has designed a complete statue, it has been generally cast in a dirty or in a disagreeable mould; as if statuary had not conceived, or had not experienced, that justness of proportion, that delicacy of limb, and those pleasing and graceful attitudes, which have constituted the sex to be the most beautiful part of the creation. If you review his several Poems to Stella, you will find them fuller of affection than desire, and more expressive of friendship than of love. For example,

> Thou, Stella, wert no longer young
> When first for thee my harp I strung;

Without one word of Cupid's darts,
Of killing eyes or bleeding hearts;
With friendship and esteem possest,
I ne'er admitted Love a guest.

Most of the poems which are absolutely addressed to Stella, or which describe her in a variety of attitudes, turn upon her age; a kind of excuse, perhaps, for Swift's want of love.

It is impossible for me to pass a very minute comment upon the various poems wrote by Swift: they are not only mingled improperly, in point of dates and subjects, but many, very many, of them are temporary, trifling, and, I had almost said, puerile: several of them are personal, and, consequently, scarce amusing; or at least they leave a very small impression upon our minds. Such, indeed, as are likely to draw our attention are exquisite, and so peculiarly his own, that whoever has dared to imitate him in these, or in any of his works, has constantly failed in the attempt. Upon a general view of his poetry, we shall find him, as in his other performances, an uncommon, surprising, heteroclite genius; luxurious in his fancy, lively in his ideas, humorous in his descriptions, and bitter, exceeding bitter, in his satire. The restlessness of his imagination, and the disappointment of his ambition, have both contributed to hinder him from undertaking any poetical work of length or importance. His wit was sufficient to every labour; no flight could have wearied the strength of his pinions: perhaps if the extensive views of his nature had been fully satisfied, his airy motions had been more regular and less sudden: but he now

appears like an eagle that is sometimes chained, and at that particular time, for want of nobler and more proper food, diverts his confinement, and appeases his hunger, by destroying the gnats, butterflies, and other wretched insects, that unluckily happen to buz or flutter within his reach.

While I have been reading over his poems, I have considered him as an Egyptian hieroglyphic, which, though it had an unnatural and frequently an indecent appearance, yet it always contained some secret marks of wisdom, and sometimes of deep morality. The subjects of his poems are often nauseous, and the performances beautifully disagreeable.

The Lady's Dressing-room has been universally condemned, as deficient in point of delicacy even to the highest degree. The best apology that can be made in its favour, is to suppose that the Author exhibited his Celia in the most hideous colours he could find, lest she might be mistaken as a goddess when she was only a mortal. External beauty is very alluring to youth and inexperience, and Swift, by pulling off the borrowed plumes of his harpy, discovers at once a frightful bird of prey, and, by making her offensive, renders her less dangerous and inviting. Such, I hope, was his design. But let his views and motives have been ever so beneficial, his general want of delicacy and decorum must not hope even to find the shadow of an excuse; for it is impossible not to own, that he too frequently forgets that politeness and tenderness of manners which are undoubtedly due to humankind. From his early and repeated disappointments he becomes a misanthrope. If his mind

had been more equal and content, I am willing to believe that he would have viewed the works of Nature with a more benign aspect: and perhaps under a less constant rotation of anxiety, he might have preserved his senses to the last scene of life, and might have enjoyed that calm exit from the stage for which his friend Horace so earnestly supplicates Apollo:

> Frui paratis et valido mihi,
> Latæ, dones, et precor, integra
> Cum mente; nec turpem senectam
> Degere, nec cithara carentem.

His pride was so great as scarce to admit any body to the least share of his friendship, except such who could amuse him, or such who could do him honour: to these two different classes we owe many of his Poems. His companions and humble followers find themselves immortalized by the insertion of their names in addresses to Stella, or in other miscellaneous pieces, written in an easy, although not in a careless manner. His more exalted friends, whose stations and characters did him honour, are treated in a different style; and you will perceive a real dignity, and a most delicate kind of wit, in all his Poems to Lord Oxford, Lord Peterborough, Lord Carteret (Earl Granville) Mr. Pulteney, (Earl of Bath) and I think I may particularly add, in a poem to the Countess of Winchelsea, (under the name of Ardelia) and another to Mrs. Biddy Floyd. These names abetted him in his pursuit of fame; they reflected back the glory which he gave. But still I cannot recollect one poem, nay, scarce a couplet, to his noble patron Lord Bolingbroke. In that instance he

has been as silent as Virgil has been to Horace; and yet he certainly had not a grain of envy in his composition.

I think I can discern a third kind of style in his Poems addressed to Mr. Pope, Mr. Gay, Dr. Delany, and Dr. Young. When he writes to them, there is a mixture of ease, dignity, familiarity, and affection: they were his intimate friends, whom he loved sincerely, and whom he wished to accompany into the poetical regions of eternity.

As to the poem called Death and Daphne, I recollect an odd incident relating to that nymph. Swift, soon after our acquaintance, introduced me to her, as one of his female favourites. I had scarce been half an hour in her company before she asked me, if I had seen the Dean's poem upon Death and Daphne? As I told her I had not, she immediately unlocked a cabinet, and bringing out the manuscript, read it to me with a seeming satisfaction, of which at that time I doubted the sincerity. While she was reading, the Dean was perpetually correcting her for bad pronunciation, and for placing a wrong emphasis upon particular words. As soon as she had gone through the composition, she assured me, smilingly, that the portrait of Daphne was drawn for herself. I begged to be excused from believing it, and protested that I could not see one feature that had the least resemblance: but the Dean immediately burst into a fit of laughter: 'You fancy (says he) that you are very polite; but you are much mistaken. That lady had rather be a Daphne drawn by me, than a Sacharissa by any other pencil.' She confirmed what he had said with great earnestness: so

that I had no other method of retrieving my error than by whispering in her ear, as I was conducting her down stairs to dinner, that indeed I found

Her hand as dry and cold as lead.

You see the command which Swift had over all his females, and you would have smiled to have found his house a constant seraglio of very virtuous women, who attended him from morning till night, with an obedience, an awe, and an assiduity, that are seldom paid to the richest or the most powerful lovers; no, not even to the Grand Signior himself.

To these ladies Swift owed the publication of many pieces which ought never to have been delivered to the press. He communicated every composition, as soon as finished, to his female senate; who not only passed their judgment on the performance, but constantly asked, and almost as constantly obtained, a copy of it. You cannot be surprised that it was immediately afterwards seen in print, and, when printed, became a part of his works. He lived much at home, and was continually writing when alone. Not any of his senators presumed to approach him when he signified his pleasure to remain in private and without interruption. His nightgown and slippers were not easier put on or off, than his attendants. No prince ever met with more flattery to his own person, or more devotion to his own mandates. This despotic power not only blinded him, but gave a loose to passions that ought to have been kept under a proper restraint. I am sorry to say, that whole nations are sometimes sacrificed to his

resentment; for reflections of that sort appear to me the least justifiable of any kind of satire. You will read his *acerrima* with indignation, and his *minutiæ* with regret: yet I must add, that since he has descended so low as to write, and still so much lower as to print, Riddles; he is excellent even in that kind of versification: the lines are smoother, the expressions are neater, and the thought is closer pursued, than in any other riddle-writer whatever. But Swift composing riddles, is Titian painting draught-boards; which must have been inexcusable, while there remained a signpost-painter in the world.

As to the two Latin poems, 'An Epistle to Dr. Sheridan,' and 'A Description of the Rocks of Carbery in Ireland,' the Dean was extremely solicitous that they should be printed among his works; and, what is no less true than amazing, he assumed to himself more vanity upon these two Latin poems than upon many of his best English performances. It is said that Milton, in his own judgment, preferred the Paradise Regain'd to the Paradise Lost. There possibly might be found some excuse for such a preference, but in Swift's case there can be none. He understood the Latin language perfectly well, and he read it constantly, but he was no Latin poet. And if the *Carberiæ Rupes*, and the *Epistola ad Thomam Sheridan* had been the produce of any other author, they must have undergone a severe censure from Dr. Swift.

The two poems entitled, the 'Life and genuine Character of Dr. Swift,' and 'Verses on the Death of Dr. Swift,' &c. are poems of great wit and humour. The first was artfully published by Dr.

Swift, in a manner so different from those rules of poetry to which he confined himself, that he hoped the public might mistake it for a spurious or incorrect copy, stolen by memory from his original poem. He took great pleasure in this supposition, and I believe it answered his expectation. One of his strictest rules in poetry was to avoid triplets. What can have given rise to so nice a peculiarity is difficult to determine: it might be owing only to a singular turn of thinking: but the reason which he publicly assigned, seemed not so much against the practice itself, as against the poets who indulged themselves in that manner of writing; 'a custom (according to the Dean's opinion) introduced by laziness, continued by ignorance, and established by false taste.' With deference to so great a critic, it is a custom that has frequently been pursued with remarkable success. Mr. Dryden abounds in triplets, and in some of his elegant poems, the third concluding verse forms the finest climax in the whole piece. Mr. Waller, the father of all flowing poetry, has generally reserved the nicest point of wit to his triplicate line. And, upon an impartial inquiry, it is almost to be questioned whether, in many instances, this despicable triplet may not add a greater beauty to a poetical composition than any other circumstance. To be confined, on any terms, by the links of rhyme, is of great disadvantage to our English poetry. The finest poem that we can boast, and which we equalize, and perhaps would willingly prefer, to the Iliad, is void of those fetters: but when it is our destiny to wear chains, surely we may be allowed to make them as light and easy as we can.

The Verses on the Death of Dr. Swift is a most pointed piece of sarcasm: not any of the Dean's poems have more wit, nor are any of them more severe: in it he has summoned together his whole powers of satire and poetry: it is a parting blow; the legacy of Anger and Disappointment: but as the two last lines are grammatically incorrect, and as they were not inserted in the first edition published at London, I cannot tell how they have crept into a poem that is otherwise as exactly polished as any of Swift's nicest compositions. *Orrery.*

THE merits of Dr. Swift in the character of a Poet are considerably great. His descriptions, wherein there constantly appear the distinguishing marks of his own peculiar talents, are extremely just and lively; many of his groups are not to be excelled by any painter's imagination; his rhymes and his numbers are chaste and delicate; and in places, when rather by accident than choice, he rises from the earth, and soars into the regions of poetry, he is equal to the finest masters among the Greeks and Romans: his ideas are lofty, and his versification musically sonorous; and yet, after all, he is not to be considered in the light of a professed poet; the multitude of his writings on various subjects, both in verse and prose, being an evident demonstration that he was superior to any particular course of learning. He was born to be the encourager of virtue, and the terror of the wicked. He never sat musing in his elbow-chair upon new subjects for the exercise of his genius, and the advancement of his fame, but writ occasionally to please and to reform the world, as

either politics or humour gave the spur to his faculties. There are but few of his poems that seem to have been the labour of more than one day, how greatly soever they might have been corrected and polished afterwards to his own liking, before he transcribed them fair.

There indisputably runs a vein of satire throughout all his writings; but as he declares that no age could have more deserved it than that particular age wherein he was destined to live, he is entitled to all the praise we can bestow upon him for exerting his whole abilities in the defence of honour, virtue, and his country. In his general satire, where perhaps thousands were equally meant, he hath never once through malice inserted the name of any one person; the vice nevertheless he exposeth to contempt and ridicule: but in particular satire, when egregious monsters, traitors to the public weal, and slaves to party, are the objects of his resentment, he lashes without mercy; well knowing that infamy, which is perhaps a taste of hell, is the only punishment which in this world can be inflicted upon such rebels to society, as either by craft or corruption bid defiance to the laws.

One of the most distinguishing characteristics of Dr. Swift was a bright and clear genius, so extremely piercing, that every the most striking circumstance, arising from any subject whatever, quickly occurred to his imagination; and these he frequently so accumulated one upon another, that perhaps, beyond all other poets of all ages and countries, he deserves in this particular to be the most universally admired. And this choice of circumstances, if any stress can be laid on the opinion

of Longinus, that great director of our taste and judgment, renders a composition truly noble and sublime. The most remarkable pieces of this sort are, the Furniture of a Woman's Mind, Betty the Grizette, the Journal of a Modern Lady, his Poem on reading Dr. Young's Satires, Mordanto, the Description of a City-shower, the Description of Quilca, the Description of the Morning, and the Place of the Damned. This power of the mind gave him also that desperate hand, (as Pope terms it) in taking off all sorts of characters. To omit those of a political nature, see the Progress of Poetry, the Second Part of Traulus, the Progress of Love, the Character of Corinna, and the Beautiful young Nymph just going to Bed; where you will find that his imagination could even dream in the character of an old battered strumpet. And from the same inexhaustible fund of wit he acquired the historic arts both of designing and colouring, either in groups or in single portraits. How exact, how lively and spirited, is that group of figures in the Journal of a Modern Lady! The passage begins thus,

But let me now awhile survey, &c.

and ends,

Flew hovering o'er each female head.

And for a single portrait, if we consider the design, the attitude, the drapery, or the colouring, what is it that can excel the representation of Cassinus in the Tragical Elegy?

He seem'd as just crept out of bed, &c.

and ending thus,

On embers plac'd to drink it hot.

Throughout all his poetical writings, although many of them be dedicated immediately to the fair sex, there cannot be found, to the best of my recollection, one single distich addressed in the character of a lover to any one person. If he writ any poems of that sort in his younger days, they must have been destroyed, if they be not concealed. Those verses upon women, which are deemed the most satirical, were written principally with a view to correct their foibles, to improve their taste, and to make them as agreeable companions at threescore as at the age of five-and-twenty. By what I can hear, the most exceptionable of his poems in that way have produced some very extraordinary effects in the polite world. This was, in truth, the ultimate design of his writing the Lady's Dressing-room, and other pieces, which are acknowledged to be somewhat liable to censure on account of their indelicacy.

Among the admirers of Dr. Swift, many have compared him to Horace, making proper allowances for the respective ages in which they severally flourished. The resemblance, however, between them is not so exceedingly strong as that a similitude and manner of writing could have excited the least degree of emulation between them, further than to be equally renowned for their peculiar excellencies. Each of them had, independent of what is generally called a fine taste, a thorough knowledge of the world, superadded to an abundance of learning. Both the one and the other of these great men held the numerous tribe of Poets, as well as that motley generation of men called Critics, in the utmost contempt; and at

the same time have manifested themselves to be incomparable judges of all that is truly excellent, whether in books or men. Neither of them had the least regard for the Stoics; and whatever may be said of their being of the Epicurean taste, (which, if rightly understood, is far from being inconsistent with the highest virtue) neither of them was attached to any particular system of philosophy. Homer was the darling author both of Horace and Swift. Horace declares, in his Epistle to Lollius, that Homer had abundantly more good sense and wisdom than all the philosophers; and Swift's opinion was, that Homer had more genius than all the rest of the world put together. Yet neither the one nor the other of them have attempted to imitate his manner; but, like heroes of a bold and true spirit, have industriously followed the bent of nature, and struck out originals of their own. But however strong may be supposed the resemblance between Horace and Swift, they were in fact, upon the whole, quite different men: their tempers, their complexions, and their fortunes, were totally unlike. Each of them had in many respects greatly the advantage of the other.

Poetry was in Horace the business of his life; every desire, every comfort, and every passion, of his mind, were centered in the Muses: he followed the example of the Greek poets *præter laudem nullius avarus*. Poetry in Swift was only an appendage to his character; he wore it as an emblem of wit and spirit, which gave him an air of grandeur in the republic of letters. Horace, by diverting his thoughts from all sublunary affairs,

and perpetually ranging about from flower to flower, among the gardens and groves and wildernesses of the Greeks, with infinite labour extracted, like an industrious bee, the quintessence of their sweets; and by frequently experimenting all the changes of harmony, is deservedly the joy and admiration of the poetical world, for the music of his lines and the variety of his numbers. His addresses to the Emperor, to Agrippa, to Pollio, and his panegyric on Drusus, are prodigiously sublime; but his Hymns to the Muses, to Mercury, to Pan, to Apollo and Diana, to Venus, to his Lyre, and to Bacchus, are absolutely raptures of poetry, even the divine spirit of that *amabilis insania*, that 'delightful madness,' which is only to be felt, impossible to be described. His verses, nevertheless, are but few in number; the whole of his works, at a random computation, amounting only to about 7000 lines, whereof not above one half are of that species of poetry on which he desired to fix all his pretensions to fame; and it was upon these only that he bestowed the greater part of his life. Swift, on the contrary, from the age of one-and-twenty, was deeply immersed in politics during his whole life; sometimes fighting the battles of church and state against a virulent, opposing faction, which threatened to undermine the constitution; sometimes resisting the torrent of ecclesiastical, and frequently the torrent of ministerial power, whenever the rights of the clergy, or the liberties of his country, were occasionally invaded; and generally fighting with beasts of one species or other, like a fierce and bold champion, resolutely bent on either death

or victory: yet still he could find opportunities, by snatching hours of leisure, to write poetry for his amusement. He had read many of the Greek and Latin poets, relished and admired what was agreeable to his own taste, but never devoted either his thoughts or his time to Apollo and the Muses. Throughout his whole works there is no such thing as an ode to Calliope, to Mercury, to Venus, to Apollo and Diana, to his Lyre, to Bacchus or to Pan; nothing which was ever intended as a rapture of poetry. Is it not then somewhat very amazing, if we consider him in this fair and true light, that he should produce, by the mere force of taste and abilities, without any laboured correction at all, such wonders in the poetic strain, as to make any the most partial of his admirers not only prefer him to all the poets of these latter centuries, but compare him to that immortal genius of the Augustan age, whose whole delight, speculation, and amusement, whether in bed or in the fields, was in meditating, writing, polishing, or correcting, his verses?

ENCOMIUMS ON SWIFT.

DR. PARNELL TO DR. SWIFT,

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY, NOV. 30, 1713.

URG'D by the warmth of friendship's sacred flame,
But more by all the glories of thy fame;
By all those offsprings of thy learned mind,
In judgment solid, as in wit refin'd,
Resolv'd I sing, though labouring up the way
To reach my theme. O Swift! accept my lay.
Rapt by the force of thought, and rais'd above,
Through Contemplation's airy fields I rove,
Where powerful Fancy purifies my eye,
And lights the beauties of a brighter sky,
Fresh paints the meadows, bids green shades ascend,
Clear rivers wind, and opening plains extend;
Then fills its landscape through the varied parts
With Virtues, Graces, Sciences, and Arts;
Superior forms, of more than mortal air,
More large than mortals, more serenely fair.
Of these two Chiefs, the guardians of thy name,
Conspire to raise thee to the point of fame.
Ye future Times! I heard the silver sound,
I saw the graces form a circle round;
Each where she fix'd attentive seem'd to root,
And all but Eloquence herself was mute.
High o'er the rest I see the goddess rise,
Loose to the breeze her upper garment flies:

By turns within her eyes the passions burn,
And softer passions languish in their turn:
Upon her tongue persuasion or command,
And decent Action dwells upon her hand.
From out her breast ('twas there the treasure lay)
She drew thy labours to the blaze of day;
Then gaz'd, and read the charms she could inspire,
And taught the listening audience to admire.
How strong thy flight, how large thy grasp of thought,
How just thy schemes, how regularly wrought!
How sure you wound when Ironies deride,
Which must be seen, and feign to turn aside!
'Twas thus exploring she rejoic'd to see
Her brightest features drawn so near by thee:
'Then here, (she cries) let future ages dwell,
And learn to copy where they can't excel.'
She spake; applause attended on the close:
Then Poesy, her sister-art, arose;
Her fairer sister, born in deeper ease,
Not made so much for business, more to please.
Upon her cheek sits Beauty, ever young;
The soul of Music warbles on her tongue;
Bright in her eyes a pleasing ardour glows,
And from her heart the sweetest temper flows;
A laurel-wreath adorns her curls of hair,
And binds their order to the dancing air:
She shakes the colours of her radiant wing,
And from the spheres she takes a pitch to sing.
'Thrice happy genius his! whose Works have hit
The lucky point of business and of wit:
They seem like showers, which April months prepare,
To call their flowery glories up to air;

The drops, descending, take the painted bow,
And dress with sunshine, while for good they flow:
To me retiring oft, he finds relief
In slowly-wasting care and biting grief:
From me retreating oft, he gives to view
What eases care and grief in others too.
Ye fondly grave! be wise enough to know,
'Life ne'er unbent were but a life of woe.'
Some full in stretch for greatness, some for gain,
On his own rack each puts himself to pain.
I'll gently steal you from your toils away,
Where balmy winds with scents ambrosial play;
Where on the banks, as crystal rivers flow,
They teach immortal amaranths to grow;
Then from the mild indulgence of the scene
Restore your tempers strong for toils again.'
  She ceas'd; soft music trembled in the wind,
And sweet delight diffus'd through every mind:
The little Smiles, which still the goddess grace,
Sportive arose, and ran from face to face.
But chief (and in that place the Virtues bless)
A gentle band their eager joys express:
Here Friendship asks, and Love of Merit longs
To hear the goddesses renew their songs;
Here great Benevolence to man is pleas'd;
These own their Swift, and grateful hear him prais'd.
You gentle band! you well may bear your part,
You reign superior graces in his heart.
  O Swift! if fame be life, (as well we know
That bards and heroes have esteem'd it so)
Thou canst not wholly die; thy Works will shine
To future times, and life in fame be thine.

MISCELLANIES.

FROM 1689 TO 1713.

ODE TO

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

WRITTEN AT MOOR PARK, JUNE 1689.

VIRTUE, the greatest of all monarchies,
Till its first emperor, rebellious man,
Depos'd from off his seat
It fell, and broke with its own weight
Into small states and principalities,
By many a petty lord possest,
But ne'er since seated in one single breast;
'Tis you who must this land subdue,
The mighty conquest's left for you,
The conquest and discovery too:
Search out this Utopian ground;
Virtue's *Terra Incognita*,
Where none ever led the way,
Nor ever since but in descriptions found,
Like the philosopher's stone,

With rules to search it, yet obtain'd by none.
We have too long been led astray;
Too long have our misguided souls been taught
With rules from musty morals brought;
'Tis you must put us in the way;

Let us (for shame!) no more be fed
With antique relics of the dead,
The gleanings of philosophy;
Philosophy! the lumber of the schools,
The roguery of alchemy;
And we, the bubbled fools,
Spend all our present stock in hopes of golden rules.

But what does our proud ignorance learning call?
We oddly Plato's paradox make good;
Our knowledge is but mere remembrance all;
Remembrance is our treasure and our food.
Nature's fair table-book, our tender souls,
We scrawl all o'er with old and empty rules,
Stale memorandums of the schools;
For Learning's mighty treasures look
In that deep grave a book,
Think she there does all her treasures hide,
And that her troubled ghost still haunts there since
Confine her walks to colleges and schools; [she died;
Her priests her train and followers show,
As if they all were spectres too;
They purchase knowledge at the' expense
Of common breeding, common sense,
And at once grow scholars and fools;
Affect ill-manner'd pedantry,
Rudeness, ill-nature, incivility,
And, sick with dregs of knowledge grown,
Which greedily they swallow down,
Still cast it up and nauseate company.

Curs'd be the wretch! nay, doubly curs'd
(If it may lawful be
To curse our great enemy)
Who learn'd himself that heresy first,

(Which since has seiz'd on all the rest)
That knowledge forfeits all humanity;
Taught us, like Spaniards, to be proud and poor,
And fling our scraps before our door.
Thrice happy, you have 'scap'd this general pest!
Those mighty epithets, Learn'd, Good, and Great,
Which we ne'er join'd before, but in romances meet,
We find in you at last united grown.
You cannot be compar'd to one;
I must, like him that painted Venus' face,
Borrow from every one a grace:
Virgil and Epicurus will not do,
They're courting a retreat like you,
Unless I put in Cæsar's learning too:
Your happy frame at once controls
This great triumvirate of souls.

Let not old Rome boast Fabius' fate;
He sav'd his country by delays,
But you by peace:
You bought it at a cheaper rate;
Nor has it left the usual bloody scar,
To show it cost its price in war;
War! that mad game the world so loves to play,
And for it does so dearly pay;
For though with loss or victory awhile
Fortune the gamesters does beguile,
Yet, at the last, the box sweeps all away.

Only the laurel got by peace
No thunder e'er can blast:
The' artillery of the skies
Shoots to the earth and dies;
Nor ever green and flourishing 'twill last,

Nor dipt in blood, nor widows' tears, nor orphans'
About the head crown'd with these bays [cries:
Like lambent fire the lightning plays;
Nor, its triumphal cavalcade to grace,
Make up its solemn train with death;
It melts the sword of war, yet keeps it in the sheath.

The wily shifts of state, those jugglers' tricks
Which we call deep design and politics,
(As in a theatre the ignorant fry,
Because the cords escape their eye,
Wonder to see the motions fly)
Methinks, when you expose the scene,
Down the ill-organ'd engines fall;
Off fly the vizors and discover all.
How plain I see through the deceit!
How shallow! and how gross the cheat!
Look where the pully's tied above.
'Great God! (said I) what have I seen!
On what poor engines move
The thoughts of monarchs and designs of states!
What pretty motives rule their fates!
How the mouse makes the mighty mountain shake,
The mighty mountain labours with its birth;
Away the frighted peasants fly,
Scar'd at the' unheard-of prodigy,
Expect some great gigantic son of earth:
Lo, it appears!
See, how they tremble! how they quake!
Out starts the little beast, and mocks their idle fears.'

Then tell (dear favourite Muse!)
What serpent's that which still resorts,
Still lurks in palaces and courts?

Take thy unwonted flight,
And on the terrace light,
See where she lies!
See how she rears her head,
And rolls about her dreadful eyes,
To drive all virtue out, or look it dead!
'Twas sure this basilisk sent Temple thence;
And though as some ('tis said) for their defence
Have worn a casement o'er their skin,
So he wore his within,
Made up of virtue and transparent innocence;
And though he oft renew'd the fight,
And almost got priority of sight,
He ne'er could overcome her quite;
In pieces cut, the viper still did reunite;
Till at last, tir'd with loss of time and ease,
Resolv'd to give himself as well as country peace.

Sing (beloved Muse!) the pleasures of retreat,
And in some untouch'd virgin strain
Show the delights thy sister Nature yields;
Sing of thy vales, sing of thy woods, sing of thy fields;
Go publish o'er the plain
How mighty a proselyte you gain!
How noble a reprisal on the great!
How is the Muse luxuriant grown!
Whene'er she takes this flight
She soars clear out of sight;
These are the Paradises of her own;
(The Pegasus, like an unruly horse,
Though ne'er so gently led
To the lov'd pasture where he us'd to feed,
Runs violently o'er his usual course.)

Wake from thy wanton dreams,
Come from thy dear lov'd streams,
The crooked paths of wondering Thames.
Fain the fair nymph would stay,
Oft she looks back in vain,
Oft 'gainst her fountain does complain,
And softly steals in many windings down,
As loth to see the hated court and town,
And murmurs as she glides away.

In this new happy scene
Are nobler subjects for your learned pen:
Here we expect from you
More than your predecessor Adam knew;
Whatever moves our wonder or our sport,
Whatever serves for innocent emblems of the court;
How that which we a kernel see,
(Whose well-compacted forms escape the light,
Unpierc'd by the blunt rays of sight)
Shall ere long grow into a tree,
Whence takes it its increase, and whence its birth,
Or from the sun, or from the air, or from the earth?
Where all the fruitful atoms lie;
How some go downward to the root,
Some more ambitiously upwards fly,
And form the leaves, the branches, and the fruit.
You strove to cultivate a barren court in vain,
Your garden's better worth your noble pain;
Here mankind fell, and hence must rise again.

Shall I believe a spirit so divine
Was cast in the same mould with mine?

Why then does Nature so unjustly share
Among her elder sons the whole estate,
And all her jewels and her plate?
Poor we, cadets of Heaven, not worth her care,
Take up at best with lumber, and the leavings of [a fate.
Some she binds 'prentice to the spade,
Some to the drudgery of a trade;
Some she does to Egyptian bondage draw,
Bids us make bricks, yet sends us to look out for [straw;
Some she condemns for life to try
To dig the leaden mines of deep philosophy:
Me she has to the Muse's galleys tied;
In vain I strive to cross this spacious main,
In vain I tug and pull the oar,
And when I almost reach the shore, [again:
Straight the Muse turns the helm, and I launch out
And yet, to feed my pride,
Whene'er I mourn, stops my complaining breath
With promise of a mad reversion after death.

Then, Sir, accept this worthless Verse,
The tribute of an humble Muse,
'Tis all the portion of my niggard stars.
Nature the hidden spark did at my birth infuse,
And kindled first with indolence and ease,
And since, too oft debauch'd by praise,
'Tis now grown an incurable disease.
In vain to quench this foolish fire I try
In wisdom and philosophy;
In vain all wholesome herbs I sow,
Where nought but weeds will grow.
Whate'er I plant (like corn on barren earth)
By an equivocal birth
Seeds, and runs up to poetry.

TO THE

ATHENIAN SOCIETY.

GENTLEMEN, Moor Park, Feb. 14, 1691.

SINCE every body pretends to trouble you with their follies, I thought I might claim the privilege of an Englishman, and put in my share among the rest. Being last year in Ireland, (from whence I returned about half a year ago) I heard only a loose talk of your Society, and believed the design to be only some new folly just suitable to the age, which, God knows, I little expected ever to produce any thing extraordinary. Since my being in England, having still continued in the country, and much out of company, I had but little advantage of knowing any more, till about two months ago passing through Oxford, a very learned gentleman there first showed me two or three of your volumes, and gave me his account and opinion of you. Awhile after I came to this place upon a visit to ——, where I have been ever since, and have seen all the four volumes, with their Supplements, which answering my expectation, the perusal has produced what you find inclosed.

As I have been somewhat inclined to this folly, so I have seldom wanted some body to flatter me in it. And for the Ode inclosed, I have sent it to a person of very great learning and honour, and

since to some others, the best of my acquaintance, (to which I thought very proper to enure it for a greater light) and they have all been pleased to tell me that they are sure it will not be unwelcome, and that I should beg the honour of you to let it be printed before your next volume, (which, I think, is soon to be published) it being so usual before most books of any great value among poets; and before its seeing the world, I submit it wholly to the correction of your pens.

I entreat, therefore, one of you would descend so far as to write two or three lines to me of your pleasure upon it; which, as I cannot but expect from gentlemen who have so well shown, upon so many occasions, that greatest character of scholars, in being favourable to the ignorant; so I am sure nothing at present can more highly oblige me, or make me happier. I am,

Gentlemen,

Your ever most humble,

and most admiring servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.

ODE TO THE

ATHENIAN SOCIETY.

As when the deluge first began to fall,
That mighty ebb never to flow again,
(When this huge body's moisture was so great,
It quite o'ercame the vital heat)
That mountain which was highest first of all
Appear'd above the universal main,
To bless the primitive sailors' weary sight,
And 'twas perhaps Parnassus, if in height
It be as great as 'tis in fame,
And nigh to heaven as is its name:
So after the' inundation of a war,
When Learning's little household did embark
With her world's fruitful system in her sacred ark,
At the first ebb of noise and fears
Philosophy's exalted head appears,
And the dove-muse will now no longer stay,
But plumes her silver wings, and flies away;
And now a laurel-wreath she brings from far,
To crown the happy conqueror,
To show the flood begins to cease,
And brings the dear reward of victory and peace.

The eager Muse took wing upon the waves' decline,
When War her cloudy aspect just withdrew,
When the bright sun of Peace began to shine,
And for awhile in heavenly contemplation sat
On the high top of peaceful Ararat, [that grew,
And pluck'd a laurel branch, (for laurel was the first

The first of plants after the thunder, storm, and [rain)
And thence with joyful nimble wing
Flew dutifully back again,
And made an humble chaplet for the king.
And the dove-muse is fled once more,
(Glad of the victory, yet frighted at the war)
And now discovers from afar
A peaceful and a flourishing shore.
No sooner did she land
On the delightful strand,
Than straight she sees the country all around,
Where fatal Neptune rul'd erewhile,
Scatter'd with flowery vales, with fruitful gardens [crown'd,
And many a pleasant wood,
As if the universal Nile
Had rather water'd it than drown'd.
It seems some floating piece of Paradise,
Preserv'd by wonder from the flood,
Long wandering through the deep, as we are told
Fam'd Delos did of old,
And the transported Muse imagin'd it
To be a fitter birthplace for the god of Wit,
Or the much talk'd-of oracular grove;
When with amazing joy she hears
An unknown music all around.
Charming her greedy ears
With many a heavenly song
Of nature and of art, of deep philosophy and love,
Whilst angels tune the voice, and God inspires the tongue.
In vain she catches at the empty sound,
In vain pursues the music with her longing eye,
And courts the wanton Echoes as they fly.

Pardon, ye great unknown and far exalted Men!
The wild excursions of a youthful pen;
Forgive a young, and (almost) virgin Muse,
Whom blind and eager curiosity
(Yet curiosity, they say,
Is in her sex a crime needs no excuse)
Has forc'd to grope her uncouth way
After a mighty light that leads her wandering eye:
No wonder then she quits the narrow path of sense,
For a dear ramble through impertinence;
Impertinence! the scurvy of mankind:
And all we fools, who are the greater part of it,
Though we be of two different factions still,
Both the good-natur'd and the ill,
Yet wheresoe'er you look, you'll always find
We join like flies and wasps in buzzing about wit.
In me, who am of the first sect of these,
All merit that transcends the humble rules
Of my own dazzled scanty sense
Begets a kinder folly and impertinence
Of admiration and of praise;
And our good brethren of the surly sect
Must e'en all herd with us their kindred-fools;
For though, possess'd of present vogue, they've made
Railing a rule of wit, and obloquy a trade,
Yet the same want of brains produces each effect;
And you, whom Pluto's helm does wisely shroud,
From us the blind and thoughtless crowd,
Like the fam'd hero in his mother's cloud,
Who both our follies and impertinences see,
Do laugh perhaps at theirs, and pity mine and me.

But censure's to be understood
The' authentic mark of the elect, [and good,
The public stamp Heaven sets on all that's great
Our shallow search and judgment to direct.
The war, methinks, has made
Our wit and learning narrow as our trade:
Instead of boldly sailing far to buy
A stock of wisdom and philosophy,
We fondly stay at home, in fear
Of every censuring privateer;
Forcing a wretched trade by beating down the sale,
And selling basely by retail.
The wits, I mean the Atheists of the age,
Who fain would rule the pulpit as they do the stage,
Wondrous refiners of philosophy,
Of morals and divinity!
By the new modish system of reducing all to sense,
Against all logic and concluding laws,
Do own the' effects of Providence,
And yet deny the cause.

This hopeful sect, now it begins to see
How little, very little, do prevail
Their first and chiefest force,
To censure, to cry down, and rail,
Not knowing what, or where, or who, you be,
Will quickly take another course,
And by their never-failing ways
Of solving all appearances they please; [fall,
We soon shall see them to their ancient methods
And straight deny you to be men, or any thing at all.
I laugh at the grave answer they will make,
Which they have always ready, general, and cheap;
'Tis but to say we daily meet,

And by a fond mistake
Perhaps imagine to be wondrous wit,
And think, alas! to be by mortals writ,
Is but a crowd of atoms jostling in a heap,
Which from eternal seeds begun,
Jostling some thousand years, till ripen'd by the sun;
They're now, just now, as naturally born
As from the womb of earth a field of corn.

But as for poor contented me,
Who must my weakness and my ignorance confess,
That I believe in much I ne'er can hope to see,
Methinks I'm satisfied to guess
That this new, noble, and delightful scene,
Is wonderfully mov'd by some exalted men,
Who have well studied in the world's disease,
(That epidemic error and depravity
Or in our judgment or our eye)
That what surprises us can only please.
We often search, contentedly, the whole world round
To make some great discovery,
And scorn it when 'tis found.
Just so the mighty Nile has suffer'd in its fame,
Because 'tis said (and perhaps only said)
We've found a little inconsiderable head
That feeds the huge unequal stream.
Consider human folly, and you'll quickly own
That all the praises it can give,
By which some fondly boast they shall for ever live,
Won't pay the' impertinence of being known;
Else why should the fam'd Lydian king,
Whom all the charms of an usurped wife and state,

With all that power unfelt courts mankind to be
Did with new unexperienc'd glories wait, [great,
Still wear, still dote, on his invisible ring?

Were I to form a regular thought of Fame,
Which is perhaps as hard to' imagine right
As to paint Echo to the sight,
I would not draw the' idea from an empty name;
Because, alas! when we all die,
Careless and ignorant posterity,
Although they praise the learning and the wit,
And though the title seems to show
The name and man by whom the book was writ,
Yet how shall they be brought to know
Whether that very name was he, or you, or I?
Less should I daub it o'er with transitory praise,
And water-colours of these days;
These days! where e'en the' extravagance of poetry
Is at a loss for figures to express
Men's folly, whimsies, and inconstancy,
And by a faint description makes them less. [it?
Then tell us what is fame, where shall we search for
Look where exalted Virtue and Religion sit
Inthron'd with heavenly wit;
Look where you see
The greatest scorn of learned vanity,
(And then how much a nothing is mankind!
Whose reason is weigh'd down by popular air,
Who by that vainly talks of baffling death,
And hopes to lengthen life by a transfusion of breath,
Which yet whoe'er examines right will find
To be an art as vain as bottling up of wind)
And when you find out these, believe true fame is
there,

Far above all reward, yet to which all is due;
And this, ye great unknown! is only known in you.

The juggling sea-god, when by chance trepann'd
By some instructed querist, sleeping on the sand,
Impatient of all answers, straight became
A stealing brook, and strove to creep away
Into his native sea,
Vex'd at their follies, murmur'd in his stream;
But disappointed of his fond desire,
Would vanish in a pyramid of fire.
This surly, slippery god, when he design'd
To furnish his escapes,
Ne'er borrow'd more variety of shapes
Than you to please and satisfy mankind,
And seem (almost) transform'd to water, flame, and air,
So well you answer'd all phenomenas there:
Though madmen and the wits, philosophers and fools,
With all that factious or enthusiastic dotards dream,
And all the incoherent jargon of the schools;
Though all the fumes of fear, hope, love, and shame,
Contrive to shock your minds with many a senseless doubt;
Doubts where the Delphic god would grope in ignorance and night,
The god of learning and of light
Would want a god himself to help him out.

Philosophy, as it before us lies,
Seems to have borrow'd some ungrateful taste
Of doubts, impertinence, and niceties,
From every age through which it past,
But always with a stronger relish of the last.

This beauteous queen, by Heaven design'd
To be the great original
For man to dress and polish his uncourtly mind,
In what mock habits have they put her since the fall!
More oft in fools' and madmen's hands than sages,
She seems a medley of all ages,
With a huge farthingale to swell her fustian stuff,
A new commode, a top-knot, and a ruff,
Her face patch'd o'er with modern pedantry,
With a long sweeping train
Of comments and disputes, ridiculous and vain,
All of old cut with a new dye:
How soon have you restor'd her charms,
And rid her of her lumber and her books!
Dress'd her again genteel and neat,
And rather tight than great;
How fond we are to court her to our arms!
How much of heaven is in her naked looks!

Thus the deluding Muse oft blinds me to her ways!
And ev'n my very thoughts transfers,
And changes all to beauty and the praise
Of that proud tyrant-sex of her's.
The rebel-muse, alas! takes part
But with my own rebellious heart,
And you with fatal and immortal wit conspire
To fan the' unhappy fire.
Cruel unknown! what is it you intend?
Ah! could you, could you hope a poet for your friend?
Rather forgive what my first transport said;
May all the blood which shall by woman's scorn be shed
Lie upon you, and on your children's head;

For you, (ah! did I think I e'er should live to see
The fatal time when that could be!)
Have e'en increas'd their pride and cruelty.
Woman seems now above all vanity grown,
Still boasting of her great unknown
Platonic champions, gain'd without one female wile,
Or the vast charges of a smile;
Which 'tis a shame to see how much of late
You've taught the covetous wretches to o'er-rate,
And which they've now the conscience to weigh
In the same balance with our tears,
And with such scanty wages pay
The bondage and the slavery of years.
Let the vain sex dream on, their empire comes from us,
And had they common generosity
They would not use us thus.
Well—though you've rais'd her to this high degree,
Ourselves are rais'd as well as she;
And, spite of all that they or you can do,
'Tis pride and happiness enough to me
Still to be of the same exalted sex with you.

Alas! how fleeting and how vain
Is even the nobler man, our learning, and our wit!
I sigh whene'er I think of it;
As at the closing an unhappy scene
Of some great king and conqueror's death,
When the sad melancholy Muse
Stays but to catch his utmost breath:
I grieve this noble work, so happily begun,
So quickly and so wonderfully carried on,
Must fall at last to interest, folly, and abuse.
There is a noon-tide in our lives,
Which still the sooner it arrives,

Although we boast our winter-sun looks bright,
And foolishly are glad to see it at its height,
Yet so much sooner comes the long and gloomy night.
No conquest ever yet begun,
And by one mighty hero carried to its height,
E'er flourish'd under a successor or a son;
It lost some mighty pieces through all hands it past,
And vanish'd to an empty title in the last:
For when the animating mind is fled,
(Which nature never can retain,
Nor e'er call back again)
The body, though gigantic, lies all cold and dead.

And thus undoubtedly 'twill fare
With what unhappy men shall dare
To be successors to these great unknown
On Learning's high-establish'd throne.
Censure, and Pedantry, and Pride,
Numberless nations, stretching far and wide,
Shall (I foresee it) soon with Gothic swarms come forth
From Ignorance's universal North,
And with blind rage break all this peaceful government;
Yet shall these traces of your wit remain,
Like a just map, to tell the vast extent
Of conquest in your short and happy reign,
And to all future mankind shew
How strange a paradox is true,
That men, who liv'd and died without a name,
Are the chief heroes in the sacred list of Fame.

MRS. HARRIS' PETITION

TO THEIR EXCELLENCIES THE LORDS JUSTICES OF IRELAND.

1701.

The humble petition of Frances Harris,
Who must starve, and die a maid, if it miscarries,

HUMBLY SHEWETH,

THAT I went to warm myself in Lady Betty's chamber, because I was cold;
And I had in a purse seven pounds four shillings and sixpence, besides farthings, in money and gold:
So, because I had been buying things for my Lady last night,
I was resolv'd to tell my money, to see if it was right.
Now you must know, because my trunk has a very bad lock,
Therefore all the money I have, which, God knows, is a very small stock,
I keep in my pocket, tied about my middle, next to my smock:
So when I went to put up my purse, as God would have it, my smock was unript,
And, instead of putting it into my pocket, down it slipt:
Then the bell rung, and I went down to put my Lady to bed;
And, God knows, I thought my money was as safe as my maidenhead:

So when I came up again, I found my pocket feel very light;
But when I search'd, and miss'd my purse, Lord! I thought I should have sunk outright.
'Lord! Madam, (says Mary,) how d'ye do?' 'Indeed, (says I,) never worse;
But pray, Mary, can you tell what I have done with my purse?'
'Lord help me! (said Mary,) I never stirr'd out of this place.'
'Nay, (said I,) I had it in Lady Betty's chamber, that's a plain case.'
So Mary got me to bed, and cover'd me up warm;
However, she stole away my garters, that I might do myself no harm:
So I tumbled and toss'd all night, as you may very well think,
But hardly ever set my eyes together, or slept a wink.
So I was a-dream'd, methought, that we went and search'd the folks round,
And in a corner of Mrs. Duke's box, tied in a rag, the money was found.
So next morning we told Whittle, and he fell a-swearing;
Then my Dame Wadgar came, and she, you know, is thick of hearing:
'Dame, (said I, as loud as I could bawl,) do you know what a loss I have had?'
'Nay (said she,) my Lord Colway's folks are all very sad;
For my Lord Dromedary comes a Tuesday without fail.'
'Pugh! (said I,) but that's not the business that I ail.'

Says Cary, says he, ' I have been a servant this
five-and-twenty years come spring,
And in all the places I liv'd I never heard of such
a thing.'
' Yes, (says the steward,) I remember, when I was
at my Lady Shrewsbury's,
Such a thing as this happen'd just about the time
of gooseberries.'
So I went to the party suspected, and I found her
full of grief;
Now you must know, of all things in the world,
I hate a thief;
However, I was resolved to bring the discourse
slily about:
' Mrs. Dukes, (said I,) here's an ugly accident
has happen'd out:
'Tis not that I value the money three skips of a louse,
But the thing I stand upon is the credit of the
house.
'Tis true, seven pounds four shillings and sixpence
makes a great hole in my wages;
Besides, as they say, service is no inheritance in
these ages.
Now, Mrs. Dukes, you know, and every body
understands,
That though 'tis hard to judge, yet money can't go
without hands.'
' The devil take me,' said she, (blessing herself)
' If ever I saw't:'
So she roar'd like a bedlam, as though I had call'd
her all to naught.
So you know, what could I say to her any more?
I e'en left her, and came away as wise as I was
before.

Well, but then they would have had me gone to the cunning man;
'No, (said I,) 'tis the same thing, the Chaplain will be here anon.'
So the Chaplain came in. Now the servants say he is my sweetheart,
Because he's always in my chamber, and I always take his part;
So, as the devil would have it, before I was aware, out I blunder'd,
'Parson, (said I,) can you cast a nativity when a body's plunder'd?'
(Now you must know he hates to be call'd Parson like the devil)
'Truly, (says he,) Mrs. Nab, it might become you to be more civil;
If your money be gone, as a learned divine says, d'ye see,
You are no text for my handling; so take that from me:
I was never taken for a conjurer before, I'd have you to know.'
'Lord! (said I,) don't be angry, I am sure I never thought you so:
You know I honour the cloth; I design to be a parson's wife;
I never took one in your coat for a conjurer, in all my life.'
With that he twisted his girdle at me like a rope, as who should say,
Now you may go hang yourself for me, and so went away.

Well; I thought I should have swoon'd. 'Lord!
(said I,) what shall I do?
I have lost my money, and shall lose my true-love
too.'
Then my Lord call'd me: 'Harry, (said my Lord,)
don't cry,
I'll give you something towards your loss:' 'and
(says my Lady,) so will I.'
'Oh! but, (said I,) what if, after all, my Chaplain
won't come to?'
'For that,' he said, (an't please your Excellencies)
'I must petition you.'
The premises tenderly consider'd, I desire your
Excellencies' protection,
And that I may have a share in next Sunday's col-
lection;
And, over and above, that I may have your Ex-
cellencies' letter,
With an order for the Chaplain aforesaid, or instead
of him, a better:
And then your poor petitioner, both night and
day,
Or the Chaplain, for 'tis his trade, as in duty
bound, shall ever pray.

VERSES

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S IVORY TABLE-BOOK.

1706.

PERUSE my leaves through every part,
And think thou seest my owner's heart,
Scrawl'd o'er with trifles thus, and quite
As hard, as senseless, and as light;
Expos'd to every coxcomb's eyes,
But hid with caution from the wise.
Here you may read, 'Dear charming Saint,'
Beneath, 'A new receipt for paint;'
Here in beau-spelling, 'Tru tel deth,'
There in her own, 'Far an ell breth;'
Here, 'Lovely Nymph, pronounce my doom,'
There, 'A safe way to use perfume;'
Here, a page fill'd with billet-doux,
On t'other side, 'Laid out for shoes;'
'Madam, I die without your grace;'
'*Item*, For half a yard of lace.'—
Who that had wit would place it here,
For every peeping fop to jeer,
In power of spittle and a clout,
Whene'er he please, to blot it out;
And then, to heighten the disgrace,
Clap his own nonsense in the place?
Whoe'er expects to hold his part
In such a book and such a heart,
If he be wealthy and a fool,
Is in all points the fittest tool;
Of whom it may be justly said,
He's a gold pencil tipp'd with lead.

VANBRUGH'S HOUSE.

BUILT FROM THE RUINS OF WHITEHALL THAT WAS BURNT.

1706.

In times of old, when Time was young,
And poets their own verses sung,
A verse could draw a stone or beam,
That now would overload a team:
Lead them a dance of many a mile,
Then rear them to a goodly pile:
Each number had its different pow'r:
Heroic strains could build a tow'r;
Sonnets or elegies to Chloris
Might raise a house about two stories;
A lyric ode would slate; a catch
Would tile; an epigram would thatch.
  But to their own or Landlord's cost,
Now poets feel this art is lost;
Not one of all our tuneful throng
Can raise a lodging for a song:
For Jove consider'd well the case,
Observ'd they grew a numerous race,
And should they build as fast as write,
'Twould ruin undertakers quite.
This evil therefore to prevent,
He wisely chang'd their element;
On earth the god of Wealth was made
Sole patron of the building-trade,
Leaving the wits the spacious air,
With licence to build castles there;

And 'tis conceiv'd their old pretence
To lodge in garrets comes from thence.
  Premising thus, in modern way,
The better half we have to say:
Sing, Muse! the House of Poet Van
In higher strains then we began.
  Van (for 'tis fit the reader know it)
Is both a herald and a poet;
No wonder then if nicely skill'd
In both capacities to build.
As herald, he can in a day
Repair a House gone to decay,
Or by achievement, arms, device,
Erect a new one in a trice;
And as a poet, he has skill
To build in speculation still.
'Great Jove! (he cried,) the art restore
To build by verse as heretofore,
And make my Muse the architect;
What palaces shall we erect!
No longer shall forsaken Thames
Lament his old Whitehall in flames;
A pile shall from its ashes rise
Fit to invade or prop the skies.'
  Jove smil'd, and, like a gentle god,
Consenting with the usual nod,
Told Van he knew his talent best,
And left the choice to his own breast:
So Van resolv'd to write a farce;
But, well perceiving wit was scarce,
With cunning that defect supplies,
Takes a French play as lawful prize,
Steals thence his plot and every joke,
Not once suspecting Jove would smoke,

And, like a wag, sat down to write,
Would whisper to himself, 'A bite;'
Then from the motley-mingled style
Proceeded to erect his pile.
So men of old, to gain renown, did
Build Babel with their tongues confounded.
Jove saw the cheat, but thought it best
To turn the matter to a jest.
Down from Olympus' top he slides,
Laughing as if he'd burst his sides:
'Ay, (thought the god,) are these your tricks?
Why, then old plays deserve old bricks;
And since you're sparing of your stuff,
Your building shall be small enough.'
He spake, and, grudging, lent his aid;
The' experienc'd bricks, that knew their trade,
(As being bricks at second-hand)
Now move, and now in order stand.
The building, as the poet writ,
Rose in proportion to his wit.
And first, the prologue built a wall
So wide as to encompass all:
The scene, a wood, produc'd no more
Than a few scrubby trees before:
The plot as yet lay deep, and so
A cellar next was dug below;
But this a work so hard was found,
Two acts it cost him under ground:
Two other acts, we may presume,
Were spent it building each a room.
Thus far advanc'd, he made a shift
To raise a roof with act the fift;
The epilogue behind did frame
A place not decent here to name.

Now poets from all quarters ran
To see the House of Brother Van;
Look'd high and low, walk'd often round,
But no such House was to be found.
One asks the waterman hard by,
Where may the poet's palace lie?
Another of the Thames inquires
If he has seen its gilded spires?
At length they in the rubbish spy
A thing resembling a goose-pye:
Thither in haste the poets throng,
And gaze in silent wonder long,
Till one in raptures thus began
To praise the pile and builder Van.

'Thrice happy Poet! who may'st trail
Thy House about thee like a snail;
Or, harness'd to a nag, at ease
Take journeys in it, like a chaise;
Or in a boat, whene'er thou wilt,
Canst make it serve thee for a tilt.
Capacious House! 'tis own'd by all
Thou'rt well contriv'd, though thou art small;
For every wit in Britain's isle
May lodge within thy spacious pile.
Like Bacchus thou, as poets feign,
Thy mother burnt, art born again,
Born like a phœnix from the flame,
But neither bulk nor shape the same:
As animals of largest size
Corrupt to maggots, worms, and flies,
A type of modern wit and style,
The rubbish of an ancient pile;
So chemists boast they have a pow'r
From the dead ashes of a flow'r

Some faint resemblance to produce,
But not the virtue, taste, or juice.
Some modern rhymers wisely blast
The poetry of ages past,
Which after they have overthrown,
They from its ruins build their own.'

TO THE

EARL OF PETERBOROUGH,

WHO COMMANDED THE BRITISH FORCES IN SPAIN. 1706.

Mordanto fills the trump of Fame;
The Christian world his deeds proclaim,
And prints are crowded with his name.

In journeys he outrides the post,
Sits up till midnight with his host,
Talks politics, and gives the toast.

Knows every prince in Europe's face,
Flies like a squib from place to place,
And travels not, but runs a race.

From Paris Gazette a-la-main,
This day arriv'd, without his train,
Mordanto, in a week from Spain.

A messenger comes all a-reek
Mordanto at Madrid to seek;
He left the town above a week.

Next day the postboy winds his horn,
And rides through Dover in the morn;
Mordanto's landed from Leghorn.

Mordanto gallops on alone,
The roads are with his followers strown,
This breaks a girth, and that a bone.

His body, active as his mind,
Returning sound in limb and wind,
Except some leather lost behind.

A skeleton in outward figure,
His meagre corpse, though full of vigour,
Would halt behind him were it bigger.

So wonderful his expedition,
When you have not the least suspicion,
He's with you—like an apparition.

Shines in all climates like a star;
In senates bold, and fierce in war;
A land commander and a tar.

Heroic actions early bred in,
Ne'er to be match'd in modern reading,
But by his namesake—Charles of Sweden.

MOTTO ON WHITSHED'S COACH[1].

LIBERTAS ET NATALE SOLUM!

'Liberty and my native country!'

1706.

Libertas et natale solum!
Fine words! I wonder where you stole 'em:
Could nothing but thy chief reproach
Serve for a Motto on thy Coach?
But let me now the words translate:
Natale solum, my estate;
My dear estate! how well I love it!
My tenants, if you doubt, will prove it;
They swear I am so kind and good,
I hug them till I squeeze their blood.
Libertas bears a large import:
First, how to swagger in a court;
And, secondly, to show my fury
Against an uncomplying jury:
And, thirdly, 'tis a new invention
To favour Wood and keep my pension:
And, fourthly, 'tis to play an odd trick,
Get the great seal, and turn out Broderick:
And, fifthly, (you know whom I mean)
To humble that vexatious Dean:

[1] The noted Chief Justice who twice prosecuted the Drapier, and dissolved the Grand Jury for not finding the bill against him.

And, sixthly, for my soul to barter it,
For fifty times its worth, to Carteret.
Now since your Motto thus you construe,
I must confess you've spoken once true.
Libertas et natale solum!
You had good reason when you stole 'em.

ON

MRS. BIDDY FLOYD:

OR, THE RECEIPT TO FORM A BEAUTY.

1707.

When Cupid did his grandsire Jove entreat
To form some Beauty by a new receipt,
Jove sent, and found, far in a country scene,
Truth, innocence, good-nature, look serene;
From which ingredients first the dextrous boy
Pick'd the demure, the awkward, and the coy:
The Graces from the court did next provide
Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride;
These Venus gleans from every spurious grain
Of nice coquette, affected, pert, and vain:
Jove mix'd up all, and his best clay employ'd,
Then call'd the happy composition Floyd.

APOLLO OUTWITTED.

TO THE HONOURABLE MRS. FINCH,

AFTERWARDS COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA, UNDER HER NAME OF ARDELIA.

1707.

Phœbus, now shortening every shade,
  Up to the northern tropic came,
And thence beheld a lovely maid
  Attending on a royal dame.

The god laid down his feeble rays,
  Then lighted from his glittering coach;
But fenc'd his head with his own bays,
  Before he durst the nymph approach.

Under those sacred leaves, secure
  From common lightning of the skies,
He fondly thought he might endure
  The flashes of Ardelia's eyes.

The nymph, who oft had read in books
  Of that bright god whom bards invoke,
Soon knew Apollo by his looks,
  And guess'd his business ere he spoke.

He in the old celestial cant
  Confess'd his flame, and swore by Styx,
Whate'er she would desire, to grant.—
  But wise Ardelia knew his tricks.

Ovid had warn'd her to beware
  Of strolling gods, whose usual trade is,
Under pretence of taking air,
  To pick up sublunary ladies.

Howe'er, she gave no flat denial,
  As having malice in her heart,
And was resolv'd, upon a trial,
  To cheat the god in his own art.

'Hear my request! (the virgin said)
  Let which I please of all the Nine
Attend whene'er I want their aid,
  Obey my call, and only mine.'

By vow oblig'd, by passion led,
  The god could not refuse her pray'r;
He wav'd his wreath thrice o'er her head,
  Thrice mutter'd something to the air.

And now he thought to seize his due;
  But she the charm already tried:
Thalia heard the call, and flew
  To wait at bright Ardelia's side.

On sight of this celestial prude
  Apollo thought it vain to stay,
Nor in her presence durst be rude,
  But made his leg, and went away.

He hop'd to find some lucky hour
  When on the Queen the Muses wait;
But Pallas owns Ardelia's pow'r,
  For vows divine are kept by Fate.

Then, full of rage, Apollo spoke;
  'Deceitful Nymph! I see thy art,
And though I can't my gift revoke,
  I'll disappoint its nobler part.

'Let stubborn pride possess thee long,
And be thou negligent of fame;
With every Muse to grace thy song,
May'st thou despise a poet's name.

'Of modest poets be thou first;
To silent shades repeat thy verse,
Till Fame and Echo almost burst,
Yet hardly dare one line rehearse.

'And, last, my vengeance to complete,
May you descend to take renown,
Prevail'd on by the thing you hate,
A Whig, and one that wears a gown.'

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

(IMITATED FROM OVID, BOOK VIII.)

1708.

In ancient times, as story tells,
The saints would often leave their cells,
And stroll about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hospitality.
It happen'd on a winter-night,
As authors of the legend write,
Two brother hermits, saints by trade,
Taking their tour in masquerade,
Disguis'd in tatter'd habits, went
To a small village down in Kent;
Where, in the strollers' canting strain,
They begg'd from door to door in vain,
Tried every tone might pity win,
But not a soul would let them in.

Our wandering saints in woful state,
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having through all the village past,
To a small cottage came at last,
Where dwelt a good old honest ye'man,
Call'd in the neighbourhood—Philemon,
Who kindly did these saints invite
In his poor hut to pass the night;
And then the hospitable sire
Bid Goody Baucis mend the fire,
While he from out the chimney took
A flitch of bacon off the hook,
And freely from the fattest side
Cut out large slices to be fried;
Then stepp'd aside to fetch 'em drink,
Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,
And saw it fairly twice go round;
Yet (what is wonderful!) they found
'Twas still replenish'd to the top,
As if they had not touch'd a drop.
The good old couple were amaz'd,
And often on each other gaz'd,
For both were frighten'd to the heart,
And just began to cry—'What art?'
Then softly turn'd aside to view
Whether the lights were burning blue.
The gentle pilgrims, soon aware on't,
Told them their calling and their errant.
'Good folks! you need not be afraid,
We are but saints, (the hermits said:)
No hurt shall come to you or yours;
But for that pack of churlish boors,
Not fit to live on Christian-ground,
They and their houses shall be drown'd,

Whilst you shall see your cottage rise,
And grow a church before your eyes.'
They scarce had spoke, when fair and soft
The roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft rose every beam and rafter,
The heavy wall climb'd slowly after.
The chimney widen'd and grew higher;
Became a steeple with a spire.
The kettle to the top was hoist,
And there stood fasten'd to a joist,
But with the upside down, to show
Its inclination for below:
In vain, for a superior force
Applied at bottom, stops its course;
Doom'd ever in suspense to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.
A wooden jack, which had almost
Lost by disuse the art to roast,
A sudden alteration feels,
Increas'd by new intestine wheels,
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion slower.
The flier, though it had leaden feet,
Turn'd round so quick, you scarce could see't;
But, slacken'd by some secret pow'r,
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.
The jack and chimney, near allied,
Had never left each other's side:
The chimney to a steeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone,
But, up against the steeple rear'd,
Became a clock, and still adher'd;
And still its love to household cares,
By a shrill voice, at noon declares,

Warning the cook-maid not to burn
That roast-meat which it cannot turn.
The groaning chair began to crawl,
Like a huge snail, along the wall;
There stuck aloft in public view,
And, with small change, a pulpit grew.
The porringers, that in a row
Hung high, and made a glittering show,
To a less noble substance chang'd,
Were now but leathern buckets rang'd.
The ballads pasted on the wall,
Of Joan of France and English Moll,
Fair Rosamond and Robin Hood,
The Little Children in the Wood,
Now seem'd to look abundance better,
Improv'd in picture, size, and letter,
And, high in order plac'd, describe
The heraldry of every tribe.
A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphos'd into pews,
Which still their ancient nature keep,
By lodging folks dispos'd to sleep.
The cottage, by such feats as these
Grown to a church by just degrees;
The hermits then desir'd their host
To ask for what he fancied most.
Philemon, having paus'd awhile,
Return'd them thanks in homely style;
Then said, 'My house is grown so fine,
Methinks I still would call it mine;
I'm old, and fain would live at ease;
Make me the Parson if you please.'

He spoke; and presently he feels
His grazier's coat fall down his heels;
He sees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding-sleeve;
His waistcoat to a cassock grew,
And both assum'd a sable hue,
But, being old, continued just
As threadbare and as full of dust.
His talk was now of tythes and dues;
He smok'd his pipe and read the news;
Knew how to preach old sermons next,
Vamp'd in the preface and the text;
At christenings well could act his part,
And had the Service all by heart;
Wish'd women might have children fast,
And thought whose sow had farrow'd last;
Against Dissenters would repine,
And stood up firm for right divine;
Found his head fill'd with many a system;
But classic authors,—he ne'er miss'd 'em.

Thus having furbish'd up a parson,
Dame Baucis next they play'd their farce on.
Instead of homespun coifs, were seen
Good pinners edg'd with Colberteen;
Her petticoat, transform'd apace,
Became black satin flounc'd with lace.
Plain Goody would no longer down;
'Twas Madam, in her grogram gown.
Philemon was in great surprise,
And hardly could believe his eyes,
Amaz'd to see her look so prim,
And she admir'd as much at him.

Thus happy in their change of life
Were several years this man and wife,

When on a day, which prov'd their last,
Discoursing o'er old stories past,
They went by chance, amidst their talk,
To the church-yard to take a walk,
When Baucis hastily cry'd out,
'My Dear, I see your forehead sprout!'
'Sprout! (quoth the man;) what's this you tell us?
I hope you don't believe me jealous:
But yet, methinks, I feel it true;
And really your's is budding too——
Nay,—now I cannot stir my foot;
It feels as if 'twere taking root.'
Description would but tire my Muse;
In short, they were both turn'd to yews.
Old Goodman Dobson of the Green
Remembers he the trees has seen;
He'll talk of them from noon till night,
And goes with folks to show the sight:
On Sundays, after evening-pray'r,
He gathers all the parish there;
Points out the place of either yew,
Here Baucis, there Philemon, grew;
Till once a parson of our town,
To mend his barn, cut Baucis down,
At which 'tis hard to be believ'd
How much the other tree was griev'd,
Grew scrubby, died a-top, was stunted,
So the next parson stubb'd and burnt it.

HISTORY OF VANBRUGH'S HOUSE.

1708.

When Mother Clud had rose from play,
And call'd to take the cards away,
Van saw, but seem'd not to regard,
How Miss pick'd every painted card,
And, busy both with hand and eye,
Soon rear'd a House two stories high.
Van's genius, without thought or lecture,
Is hugely turn'd to architecture;
He view'd the edifice, and smil'd,
Vow'd it was pretty for a child:
It was so perfect in its kind,
He kept the model in his mind.
But when he found the boys at play,
And saw them dabbling in their clay,
He stood behind a stall to lurk,
And mark the progress of their work;
With true delight observ'd them all
Raking up mud to build a wall:
The plan he much admir'd, and took
The model in his table-book;
Thought himself now exactly skill'd,
And so resolv'd a House to build,
A real House, with rooms and stairs,
Five times at least as big as theirs;
Taller than Miss's by two yards;
Not a sham thing of clay or cards:—
And so he did; for in awhile
He built up such a monstrous pile,

That no two chairmen could be found
Able to lift it from the ground.
Still at Whitehall it stands in view,
Just in the place where first it grew;
There all the little schoolboys run,
Envying to see themselves outdoue.
  From such deep rudiments as these
Van is become, by due degrees,
For building fam'd, and justly reckon'd
At court, Vitruvius the Second:
No wonder, since wise authors show
That best foundations must be low:
And now the Duke has wisely ta'en him
To be his architect at Blenheim.
But, raillery for once apart,
If this rule holds in every art,
Or if his Grace were no more skill'd in
The art of battering walls than building,
We might expect to see next year
A mouse-trap-man chief engineer.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MORNING.

1712.

Now hardly here and there a hackney-coach
Appearing, show'd the ruddy Morn's approach:
Now Betty from her master's bed had flown,
And softly stole to discompose her own:
The slipshod 'prentice from his master's door
Had par'd the dirt, and sprinkled round the floor:
Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dextrous airs,
Prepar'd to scrub the entry and the stairs:

The youth with broomy stumps began to trace
The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the place:
The small-coal man was heard with cadence deep,
Till drown'd in shriller notes of chimney-sweep:
Duns at his Lordship's gate began to meet,
And brick-dust Moll had scream'd through half the street:
The turnkey now his flock returning sees,
Duly let out a-nights to steal for fees:
The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands,
And schoolboys lag with satchels in their hands.

THE VIRTUES OF
SID HAMET THE MAGICIAN'S ROD.

1712.

THE Rod was but a harmless wand
While Moses held it in his hand,
But soon as e'er he laid it down,
'Twas a devouring serpent grown.
  Our great Magician, Hamet Sid,
Reverses what the prophet did;
His Rod was honest English wood,
That senseless in a corner stood,
Till, metamorphos'd by his grasp,
It grew an all-devouring asp;
Would hiss, and sting, and roll, and twist,
By the mere virtue of his fist;
But when he laid it down, as quick
Resum'd the figure of a stick.
  So to her midnight-feast the hag
Rides on a broomstick for a nag,

That, rais'd by magic of her breech,
O'er sea and land conveys the witch,
But with the morning dawn resumes
The peaceful state of common brooms.
They tell us something strange and odd
About a certain magic rod,
That, bending down its top, divines
Whene'er the soil has golden mines;
Where there are none it stands erect,
Scorning to show the least respect.
As ready was the wand of Sid
To bend where golden mines were hid;
In Scottish hills found precious ore,
Where none ere look'd for it before;
And by a gentle bow divin'd
How well a cully's purse was lin'd;
To a forlorn and broken rake,
Stood without motion, like a stake.
The rod of Hermes was renown'd
For charms above and under ground;
To sleep could mortal eyelids fix,
And drive departed souls to Styx:
That rod was just a type of Sid's,
Which o'er a British senate's lids
Could scatter opium full as well,
And drive as many souls to hell.
Sid's Rod was slender, white, and tall,
Which oft he us'd to fish withal;
A plaice was fasten'd to the hook,
And many score of gudgeons took;
Yet still so happy was his fate,
He caught his fish and sav'd his bait.

Sid's brethren of the conjuring tribe
A circle with their rods describe,
Which proves a magical redoubt
To keep mischievous spirits out.
Sid's Rod was of a larger stride,
And made a circle thrice as wide,
Where spirits throng'd with hideous din,
And he stood there to take them in;
But when the' inchanted rod was broke,
They vanish'd in a stinking smoke.

Achilles' sceptre was of wood,
Like Sid's, but nothing near so good,
That down from ancestors divine
Transmitted to the hero's line,
Thence, through a long descent of kings,
Came an heir-loom, as Homer sings.
Though this description looks so big,
That sceptre was a sapless twig,
Which from the fatal day, when first
It left the forest where 'twas nurst,
As Homer tells us o'er and o'er,
Nor leaf, nor fruit, nor blossom bore.
Sid's sceptre, full of juice, did shoot
In golden boughs and golden fruit;
And he, the dragon, never sleeping,
Guarded each fair Hesperian pippin.
No hobby-horse with gorgeous top,
The dearest in Charles Mather's shop,
Or glittering tinsel of May-Fair,
Could with this Rod of Sid compare.

Dear Sid! then, why wert thou so mad
To break thy Rod like naughty lad?

You should have kiss'd it in your distress,
And then return it to your mistress,
Or made it a Newmarket switch,
And not a Rod for thy own breech:
But since old Sid has broken this,
His next may be a Rod in p—.

ATLAS; OR, THE MINISTER OF STATE.

TO THE LORD TREASURER OXFORD.

1712.

Atlas, we read in ancient song,
Was so exceeding tall and strong,
He bore the skies upon his back,
Just as a pedlar does his pack;
But as a pedlar over-prest,
Unloads upon a stall to rest,
Or, when he can no longer stand,
Desires a friend to lend a hand;
So Atlas, lest the pondrous spheres
Should sink and fall about his ears,
Got Hercules to bear the pile,
That he might sit and rest awhile.
  Yet Hercules was not so strong,
Nor could have borne it half so long.
  Great statesmen are in this condition,
And Atlas is a politician,
A premier-minister of state,
Alcides one of second rate.
Suppose, then, Atlas ne'er so wise,
Yet when the weight of kingdoms lies
Too long upon his single shoulders,
Sink down he must, or find upholders.

CORINNA.

1712.

This day (the year I dare not tell)
  Apollo play'd the midwife's part;
Into the world Corinna fell,
  And he endow'd her with his art:

But Cupid with a Satyr comes,
  Both softly to the cradle creep;
Both stroke her hands and rub her gums,
  While the poor child lay fast asleep.

Then Cupid thus: 'This little maid
  Of love shall always speak and write:'—
'And I pronounce, (the Satyr said)
  The world shall feel her scratch and bite.'

Her talent she display'd betimes;
  For in twice twelve revolving moons
She seem'd to laugh and squall in rhymes,
  And all her gestures were lampoons.

At six years old the subtle jade
  Stole to the pantry-door, and found
The butler with my lady's maid,
  And you may swear the tale went round.

She made a song, how little Miss
  Was kiss'd and slobber'd by a lad;
And how when Master went to p—,
  Miss came, and peep'd at all he had.

At twelve a wit and a coquette,
  Marries for love, half whore, half wife;
Cuckolds, clopes, and runs in debt;
  Turns authoress, and is Curll's for life.

Her common-place book all gallant is,
Of scandal now a *cornucopia*,
She pours it out in Atalantis,
Or Memoirs of the new Utopia.

THE FABLE OF MIDAS.

1712.

Midas, we are in story told,
Turn'd every thing he touch'd to gold.
He chipp'd his beard; the pieces round
Glitter'd like spangles on the ground.
A codling, ere it went his lip in,
Would straight become a golden-pippin.
He call'd for drink; you saw him sup
Potable gold in golden cup.
His empty paunch that he might fill,
He suck'd his victuals through a quill;
Untouch'd it pass'd between his grinders,
Or't had been happy for gold-finders.
He cock'd his hat, you would have said
Mambrino's helm adorn'd his head.
Whene'er he chanc'd his hands to lay
On magazines of corn or hay,
Gold ready coin'd appear'd, instead
Of paltry provender and bread:
Hence, by wise farmers we are told,
Old hay is equal to old gold;
And hence a critic deep maintains,
We learn'd to weigh our gold by grains.
This fool had got a lucky hit,
And people fancied he had wit.

Two gods their skill in music tried,
And both chose Midas to decide;
He against Phœbus' harp decreed,
And gave it for Pan's oaten reed:
The god of Wit, to show his grudge,
Clapt asses' ears upon the judge;
A goodly pair, erect and wide,
Which he could neither gild nor hide.
And now the virtue of his hands
Was lost among Pactolus' sands,
Against whose torrent while he swims,
The golden scurf peels of his limbs:
Fame spreads the news, and people travel
From far to gather golden gravel:
Midas, expos'd to all their jeers,
Had lost his art, and kept his ears.
This tale inclines the gentle reader
To think upon a certain leader,
To whom from Midas down descends
That virtue in the fingers' ends.
What else by perquisites are meant,
By pensions, bribes, and three *per cent?*
By places and commissions sold,
And turning dung itself to gold?
By starving in the midst of store,
As t'other Midas did before?
None e'er did modern Midas choose
Subject or patron of his Muse,
But found him thus their merit scan,
That Phœbus must give place to Pan:
He values not the poet's praise,
Nor will exchange his plums[1] for bays:
To Pan alone rich misers call;
And there's the jest, for Pan is All.

[1] A cant word for 100,000*l.*

Here English wits will be to seek;
Howe'er, 'tis all one in the Greek.
Besides, it plainly now appears
Our Midas too hath asses' ears,
Where every fool his mouth applies,
And whispers in a thousand lies:
Such gross delusions could not pass
Through any ears but of an ass.
But gold defiles with frequent touch;
There's nothing fouls the hand so much;
And scholars give it for the cause
Of British Midas' dirty paws,
Which while the senate strove to scour,
They wash'd away the chemic power.
While he his utmost strength applied,
To swim against this pop'lar tide,
The golden spoils flew off apace;
Here fell a pension, there a place:
The torrent merciless imbibes
Commissions, perquisites, and bribes;
By their own weight sunk to the bottom,
Much good may't do 'em that have caught 'em;
And Midas now neglected stands,
With asses' ears and dirty hands.

DEAN SWIFT'S ANSWER

TO VERSES BY DR. SHERIDAN.

SIR,

In reading your letter alone in my hackney,
Your damnable riddle my poor brains did rack nigh;
And when with much labour the matter I crackt,
I found you mistaken in matter of fact.

A woman's no sieve, (for with that you begin)
Because she lets out more than e'er she takes in;
And that she's a riddle can never be right,
For a riddle is dark, but a woman is light:
But grant her a sieve, I can say something archer,
Pray what is a man? he's a fine linen searcher.

Now tell me a thing that wants interpretation,
What name for a maid was the first man's damnation?
If your Worship will please to explain me this rebus,
I swear from henceforward you shall be my Phœbus.

From my hackney-coach, Sept. 11,
1712, *past* 12 *at noon.*

CADENUS AND VANESSA.

1713.

The shepherds and the nymphs were seen
Pleading before the Cyprian Queen.
The Counsel for the fair began,
Accusing the false creature Man:
The brief with weighty crimes was charg'd,
On which the pleader much enlarg'd;
'That Cupid now has lost his art,
Or blunts the point of every dart;—
His altar now no longer smokes,
His Mother's aid no youth invokes;
This tempts Freethinkers to refine,
And bring in doubt their powers divine:
Now love has dwindled to intrigue,
And marriage grown a money-league.
Which crimes aforesaid (with her leave)
Were (as he humbly did conceive)

Against our sovereign lady's peace,
Against the statute in that case,
Against her dignity and crown,
Then pray'd an answer;' and sat down.
The nymphs with scorn beheld their foes,
When the defendant's counsel rose,
And, what no lawyer ever lack'd,
With impudence own'd all the fact;
But, what the gentlest heart would vex,
Laid all the fault on t'other sex:
'That modern love is no such thing,
As what those ancient poets sing,
A fire celestial, chaste, refin'd,
Conceiv'd and kindled in the mind,
Which having found an equal flame,
Unites, and both become the same,
In different breasts together burn,
Together both to ashes turn:
But women now feel no such fire,
And only know the gross desire;
Their passions move in lower spheres,
Where'er caprice or folly steers.
A dog, a parrot, or an ape,
Or some worse brute in human shape,
Engross the fancies of the fair;
The few soft moments they can spare
From visits to receive and pay,
From scandal, politics, and play,
From fans, and flounces, and brocades,
From equipage and Park-parades,
From all the thousand female toys,
From every trifle that employs
The out or inside of their heads,
Between their toilettes and their beds.

'In a dull stream, which moving slow,
You hardly see the current flow,
If a small breeze obstructs the course,
It whirls about for want of force,
And in its narrow circle gathers
Nothing but chaff, and straws, and feathers:
The current of a female mind
Stops thus, and turns with every wind;
Thus whirling round, together draws
Fools, fops, and rakes, for chaff and straws:
Hence we conclude, no women's hearts
Are won by virtue, wit, and parts;
Nor are the men of sense to blame
For breasts incapable of flame;
The fault must on the nymphs be plac'd,
Grown so corrupted in their taste.'

The pleader, having spoke his best,
Had witness ready to attest,
Who fairly could on oath depose,
When questions on the fact arose,
That every article was true;
Nor further these deponents knew;—
Therefore he humbly would insist
The bill might be with costs dismist.

The cause appear'd of so much weight,
That Venus, from her judgment-seat,
Desir'd them not to talk so loud,
Else she must interpose a cloud;
For if the heavenly folk should know
These pleadings in the courts below,
That mortals here disdain to love,
She ne'er could show her face above;
For gods, their betters, are too wise
To value that which men despise.

'And then, (said she,) my Son and I
Must stroll in air, 'twixt earth and sky;
Or else, shut out from heav'n and earth,
Fly to the sea, my place of birth,
There live, with daggled mermaids pent,
And keep on fish perpetual Lent.'
But since the case appear'd so nice,
She thought it best to take advice.
The Muses, by their king's permission,
Though foes to love, attend the session,
And on the right hand took their places
In order; on the left, the Graces;
To whom she might her doubts propose
On all emergencies that rose.
The Muses oft were seen to frown,
The Graces half-asham'd look down;
And 'twas observ'd there were but few
Of either sex among the crew,
Whom she or her assessors knew.
The goddess soon began to see
Things were not ripe for a decree,
And said she must consult her books,
The lovers' Fletas, Bractons, Cokes.
First to a dapper clerk she beckon'd
To turn to Ovid, book the second;
She then refer'd them to a place
In Virgil, (*vide* Dido's case:)
As for Tibullus's reports,
They never pass'd for law in courts;
For Cowley's briefs, and pleas of Waller,
Still their authority was smaller.
There was on both sides much to say;
She'd hear the cause another day;

And so she did, and then a third
She heard it—there she kept her word:
But with rejoinders and replies,
Long bills, and answers stuff'd with lies,
Demur, imparlance, and essoign,
The parties ne'er could issue join:
For sixteen years the cause was spun,
And then stood where it first begun.

Now, gentle Clio! sing or say
What Venus meant by this delay.
The goddess, much perplex'd in mind
To see her empire thus declin'd,
When first this grand debate arose,
Above her wisdom to compose,
Conceiv'd a project in her head
To work her ends, which, if it sped,
Would show the merits of the cause
Far better than consulting laws.

In a glad hour Lucina's aid
Produc'd on earth a wondrous maid,
On whom the Queen of Love was bent
To try a new experiment:
She threw her law-books on the shelf,
And thus debated with herself:

'Since men alledge they ne'er can find
These beauties in a female mind
Which raise a flame, that will endure
For ever uncorrupt and pure;
If 'tis with reason they complain,
This instant shall restore my reign:
I'll search where every virtue dwells,
From courts inclusive down to cells,
What preachers talk, or sages write;
These I will gather and unite,

And represent them to mankind
Collected in that infant's mind.'
  This said, she plucks, in heaven's high bow'rs
A sprig of amaranthine flow'rs;
In nectar thrice infuses bays,
Three times refin'd in Titan's rays;
Then calls the Graces to her aid,
And sprinkles thrice the new-born maid,
From whence the tender skin assumes
A sweetness above all perfumes,
From whence a cleanliness remains,
Incapable of outward stains;
From whence that decency of mind
So lovely in the female kind,
Where not one careless thought intrudes
Less modest than the speech of prudes;
Where never blush was call'd in aid,
That spurious virtue in a maid,
A virtue but at second-hand;
They blush because they understand.
  The Graces next would act their part,
And show'd but little of their art;
Their work was half already done,
The child with native beauty shone,
The outward form no help requir'd;
Each breathing on her thrice, inspir'd
That gentle, soft, engaging air,
Which in old times adorn'd the fair,
And said 'Vanessa be the name
By which thou shalt be known to fame;
Vanessa by the gods enroll'd;
Her name on earth—shall not be told.'
  But still the work was not complete,
When Venus thought on a deceit:

Drawn by her doves away she flies,
And finds out Pallas in the skies.
'Dear Pallas! I have been this morn
To see a lovely infant born;
A boy in yonder isle below,
So like my own without his bow;
By beauty could your heart be won,
You'd swear it is Apollo's son:
But it shall ne'er be said a child
So hopeful, has by me been spoil'd;
I have enough besides to spare,
And give him wholly to your care.'
Wisdom's above suspecting wiles;
The Queen of Learning gravely smiles,
Down from Olympus comes with joy,
Mistakes Vanessa for a boy,
Then sows within her tender mind
Seeds long unknown to woman-kind,
For manly bosoms chiefly fit,
The seeds of knowledge, judgment, wit:
Her soul was suddenly endued
With justice, truth, and fortitude;
With honour, which no breath can stain,
Which malice must attack in vain;
With open heart and bounteous hand;
But Pallas here was at a stand:
She knew in our degenerate days
Bare virtue could not live on praise;—
That meat must be with money bought;
She therefore, upon second thought,
Infus'd, yet as it were by stealth,
Some small regard for state and wealth,
Of which, as she grew up, there stay'd
A tincture in the prudent maid:

She manag'd her estate with care,
Yet lik'd three footmen to her chair:
But lest he should neglect his studies
Like a young heir, the thrifty goddess
(For fear young master should be spoil'd)
Would use him like a younger child;
And, after long computing, found
'Twould come to just five thousand pound.

The Queen of Love was pleas'd, and proud
To see Vanessa thus endow'd;
She doubted not but such a dame
Through every breast would dart a flame;
That every rich and lordly swain
With pride would drag about her chain;
That scholars would forsake their books
To study bright Vanessa's looks;
As she advanc'd, that woman-kind
Would by her model form their mind,
And all their conduct would be tried
By her, as an unerring guide;
Offending daughters oft would hear
Vanessa's praise rung in their ear.
Miss Betty, when she does a fault,
Lets fall her knife, or spills the salt,
Will thus be by her mother chid,
'"Tis what Vanessa never did.'
Thus by the nymphs and swains ador'd,
My power shall be again restor'd,
And happy lovers bless my reign—
So Venus hop'd, but hop'd in vain.

For when in time the martial maid
Found out the trick that Venus play'd,
She shakes her helm, she knits her brows,
And, fir'd with indignation, vows

To-morrow, e'er the setting sun,
She'd all undo that she had done.
  But in the poets we may find
A wholesome law, time out of mind,
Had been confirm'd by Fate's decree,
That gods, of whatsoe'er degree,
Resume not what themselves have giv'n,
Or any brother-god in heav'n,
Which keeps the peace among the gods,
Or they must always be at odds;
And Pallas, if she broke the laws,
Must yield her foe the stronger cause,
A shame to one so much ador'd
For wisdom at Jove's council-board.
Besides, she fear'd the Queen of Love
Would meét with better friends above;
And though she must with grief reflect
To see a mortal virgin deck'd
With graces hitherto unknown
To female breasts except her own,
Yet she would act as best became
A goddess of unspotted fame.
She knew, by augury divine,
Venus would fail in her design;
She studied well the point, and found
Her foe's conclusions were not sound,
From premises erroneous brought,
And therefore the deduction's nought,
And must have contrary effects
To what her treacherous foe expects.
  In proper season Pallas meets
The Queen of Love, whom thus she greets:
(For gods, we are by Homer told,
Can in celestial language scold)

'Perfidious Goddess! but in vain
You form'd this project in your brain,
A project for thy talents fit,
With much deceit and little wit.
Thou hast, as thou shalt quickly see,
Deceiv'd thyself instead of me;
For how can heavenly wisdom prove
An instrument to earthly love?
Know'st thou not yet that men commence
Thy votaries, for want of sense?
Nor shall Vanessa be the theme
To manage thy abortive scheme;
She'll prove the greatest of thy foes;
And yet I scorn to interpose,
But using neither skill nor force,
Leave all things to their natural course.'
The goddess thus pronounc'd her doom;
When, lo! Vanessa, in her bloom,
Advanc'd like Atalanta's star,
But rarely seen, and seen from far;
In a new world with caution stept,
Watch'd all the company she kept,
Well knowing, from the books she read,
What dangerous paths young virgins tread;
Would seldom at the Park appear,
Nor saw the play-house twice a year;
Yet, not incurious, was inclin'd
To know the converse of mankind.
First issued from perfumers' shops
A crowd of fashionable fops:
They ask'd her how she lik'd the play?
Then told the tattle of the day;
'A duel fought last night at two,
About a lady——you know who;

Mention'd a new Italian, come
Either from Muscovy or Rome;
Gave hints of who, and who's together,
Then fell to talking of the weather;
Last night was so extremely fine,
The ladies walk'd till after nine:
Then in soft voice, and speech absurd,
With nonsense every second word,
With fustian from exploded plays,
They celebrate her beauty's praise,
Run o'er their cant of stupid lies,
And tell the murders of her eyes.'
With silent scorn Vanessa sat,
Scarce listening to their idle chat,
Further than sometimes by a frown,
When they grew pert, to pull them down.
At last, she spitefully was bent
To try their wisdom's full extent,
And said, 'she valued nothing less
Than titles, figure, shape, and dress;
That merit should be chiefly plac'd
In judgment, knowledge, wit, and taste;
And these, she offer'd to dispute,
Alone distinguish'd man from brute;
That present times have no pretence
To virtue in the noble sense
By Greeks and Romans understood,
To perish for our country's good.
She nam'd the ancient heroes round,
Explain'd for what they were renown'd,
Then spoke with censure or applause
Of foreign customs, rites, and laws;
Through nature, and through art she rang'd,
And gracefully her subject chang'd:'

In vain; her hearers had no share
In all she spoke, except to stare:
Their judgment was, upon the whole,
——'That lady is the dullest soul'——
Then tipt their forehead in a jeer,
As who should say——'She wants it *here:*
She may be handsome, young, and rich,
But none will burn her for a witch.'
A party next of glittering dames,
From round the purlieus of St. James,
Came early, out of pure good-will,
To see the girl in dishabille:
Their clamour, 'lighting from their chairs,
Grew louder all the way up stairs;
At entrance loudest, where they found
The room with volumes litter'd round.
Vanessa held Montaigne, and read,
Whilst Mrs. Susan comb'd her head.
They call'd for tea and chocolate,
And fell into their usual chat,
Discoursing, with important face,
On ribbons, fans, and gloves, and lace;
Show'd patterns just from India brought,
And gravely ask'd her 'what she thought?
Whether the red or green were best?
And what they cost?'—Vanessa guest
As came into her fancy first,
Nam'd half the rates, and lik'd the worst.
To scandal next——'What awkward thing
Was the last Sunday in the ring;
I'm sorry Mopsa breaks so fast;
I said her face would never last.
Corinna, with that youthful air,
Is thirty, and a bit to spare:

Her fondness for a certain earl
Began when I was but a girl.
Phillis, who but a month ago
Was married to the Tunbridge beau,
I saw coquetting t'other night
In public with that odious knight.'
They rallied next Vanessa's dress;
'That gown was made for old Queen Bess.
Dear Madam! let me see your head;
Don't you intend to put on red?
A petticoat without a hoop!
Sure you are not asham'd to stoop:
With handsome garters at your knees,
No matter what a fellow sees.'
Fill'd with disdain, with rage inflam'd,
Both of herself and sex asham'd,
The nymph stood silent out of spite,
Nor would vouchsafe to set them right.
Away the fair detractors went,
And gave by turns their censures vent.
'She's not so handsome in my eyes;
For wit, I wonder where it lies.
She's fair and clean, and that's the most;
But why proclaim her for a toast?
A baby-face, no life, no airs,
But what she learns at country-fairs:
Scarce knows what difference is between
Rich Flanders lace and Colberteen.
I'll undertake, my little Nancy
In flounces hath a better fancy.
With all her wit, I would not ask
Her judgment how to buy a mask.
We begg'd her but to patch her face,
She never hit one proper place,

Which every girl at five years old
Can do, as soon as she is told.
I own that out-of-fashion stuff
Becomes the creature well enough.
The girl might pass, if we could get her
To know the world a little better.'
(To know the world! a modern phrase
For visits, ombre, balls, and plays.)
Thus, to the world's perpetual shame,
The Queen of Beauty lost her aim:
Too late, with grief she understood
Pallas had done more harm than good;
For great examples are but vain,
Where ignorance begets disdain.
Both sexes, arm'd with guilt and spite,
Against Vanessa's power unite;
To copy her few nymphs aspir'd,
Her virtues fewer swains admir'd:
So stars beyond a certain height
Give mortals neither heat nor light.
Yet some of either sex, endow'd
With gifts superior to the crowd,
With virtue, knowledge, taste, and wit,
She condescended to admit.
With pleasing arts she could reduce
Men's talents to their proper use;
And with address each genius held
To that, wherein it most excell'd;
Thus making others' wisdom known,
Could please them, and improve her own.
A modest youth said something new;
She plac'd it in the strongest view.
All humble worth she strove to raise,
Would not be prais'd, yet lov'd to praise.

The learned met with free approach,
Although they came not in a coach:
Some clergy, too, she would allow,
Nor quarrell'd at their awkward bow;
But this was for Cadenus' sake,
A gownman of a different make,
Whom Pallas, once Vanessa's tutor,
Had fix'd on for her coadjutor.

But Cupid, full of mischief, longs
To vindicate his mother's wrongs.
On Pallas all attempts are vain:
One way he knows to give her pain:
Vows on Vanessa's heart to take
Due vengeance for her patron's sake.
Those early seeds by Venus sown,
In spite of Pallas now were grown;
And Cupid hop'd they would improve
By time, and ripen into love.
The boy made use of all his craft,
In vain discharging many a shaft,
Pointed at col'nels, lords, and beaus;
Cadenus warded off the blows;
For placing still some book betwixt,
The darts were in the cover fix'd,
Or, often blunted and recoil'd,
On Plutarch's Morals struck, were spoil'd.

The Queen of Wisdom could foresee,
But not prevent, the Fates' decree;
And human caution treis in vain
To break that adamantine chain.
Vanessa, though by Pallas taught,
By Love invulnerable thought,
Searching in books for wisdom's aid,
Was in the very search betray'd.

Cupid, though all his darts were lost,
Yet still resolv'd to spare no cost;
He could not answer to his fame
The triumphs of that stubborn dame,
A nymph so hard to be subdued,
Who neither was coquette nor prude.
'I find, (said he) she wants a Doctor
Both to adore her and instruct her:
I'll give her what she most admires
Among those venerable sires.
Cadenus is a subject fit,
Grown old in politics and wit,
Caress'd by ministers of state,
Of half mankind the dread and hate:
Whate'er vexations love attend,
She need no rivals apprehend.
Her sex, with universal voice,
Must laugh at her capricious choice.'
Cadenus many things had writ;
Vanessa much esteem'd his wit,
And call'd for his Poetic Works;
Meantime the boy in secret lurks,
And, while the book was in her hand,
The urchin from his private stand
Took aim, and shot with all his strength
A dart of such prodigious length,
It pierc'd the feeble volume through,
And deep transfix'd her bosom too.
Some lines, more moving than the rest,
Stuck to the point that pierc'd her breast,
And, borne directly to the heart,
With pains unknown increas'd her smart.
Vanessa, not in years a score,
Dreams of a gown of forty-four;

Imaginary charms can find
In eyes with reading almost blind.
Cadenus now no more appears
Declin'd in health, advanc'd in years;
She fancies music in his tongue,
Nor farther looks, but thinks him young.
What mariner is not afraid
To venture in a ship decay'd?
What planter will attempt to yoke
A sapling with a falling oak?
As years increase she brighter shines,
Cadenus with each day declines;
And he must fall a prey to time,
While she continues in her prime.
Cadenus, common forms apart,
In every scene had kept his heart;
Had sigh'd and languish'd, vow'd and writ,
For pastime, or to show his wit:
But time, and books, and state-affairs,
Had spoil'd his fashionable airs:
He now could praise, esteem, approve,
But understood not what was love.
His conduct might have made him styl'd
A father, and the nymph his child.
That innocent delight he took
To see the virgin mind her book,
Was but the master's secret joy
In school to hear the finest boy.
Her knowledge with her fancy grew;
She hourly press'd for something new;
Ideas came into her mind
So fast, his lessons lagg'd behind;
She reason'd without plodding long,
Nor ever gave her judgment wrong.

But now a sudden change was wrought,
She minds no longer what he taught.
Cadenus was amaz'd to find
Such marks of a distracted mind;
For though she seem'd to listen more
To all he spoke than e'er before,
He found her thoughts would absent range,
Yet guess'd not whence could spring the change.
And first he modestly conjectures
His pupil might be tir'd with lectures,
Which help'd to mortify his pride,
Yet gave him not the heart to chide:
But in a mild dejected strain,
At last he ventur'd to complain;
Said she should be no longer teas'd;
Might have her freedom when she pleas'd;
Was now convinc'd he acted wrong
To hide her from the world so long,
And in dull studies to engage
One of her tender sex and age;
That every nymph with envy own'd
How she might shine in the *grand monde*,
And every shepherd was undone
To see her cloister'd like a nun.
This was a visionary scheme;
He wak'd and found it but a dream;
A project far above his skill,
For nature must be nature still.
If he was bolder than became
A scholar to a courtly dame,
She might excuse a man of letters;
Thus tutors often treat their betters:
And since his talk offensive grew,
He came to take his last adieu!

Vanessa, fill'd with just disdain,
Would still her dignity maintain,
Instructed from her early years
To scorn the art of female tears.
  Had he employ'd his time so long
To teach her what was right and wrong,
Yet could such notions entertain,
That all his lectures were in vain?
She own'd the wandering of her thoughts,
But he must answer for her faults.
She well remember'd, to her cost,
That all his lessons were not lost:
Two maxims she could still produce,
And sad experience taught their use,
That virtue, pleas'd by being shown,
Knows nothing which it dares not own;
Can make us without fear disclose
Our inmost secrets to our foes:
That common forms were not design'd
Directors to a noble mind.
'Now, (said the nymph) I'll let you see
My actions with your rules agree;
That I can vulgar forms despise,
And have no secrets to disguise.
I knew, by what you said and writ,
How dangerous things were men of wit;
You caution'd me against their charms,
But never gave me equal arms;
Your lessons found the weakest part,
Aim'd at the head, but reach'd the heart.'
  Cadenus felt within him rise
Shame, disappointment, guilt, surprise:
He knew not how to reconcile
Such language with her usual style;

And yet her words were so exprest,
He could not hope she spoke in jest.
His thoughts had wholly been confin'd
To form and cultivate her mind:
He hardly knew, till he was told,
Whether the nymph were young or old;
Had met her in a public place,
Without distinguishing her face:
Much less could his declining age
Vanessa's earliest thoughts engage;
And if her youth indifference met,
His person must contempt beget:
Or, grant her passion be sincere,
How shall his innocence be clear!
Appearances were all so strong,
The world must think him in the wrong;
Would say he made a treacherous use
Of wit, to flatter and seduce:
The Town would swear he had betray'd,
By magic spells, the harmless maid,
And every beau would have his jokes,
'That scholars were like other folks;
That when Platonic flights were over,
The tutor turn'd a mortal lover.
So tender of the young and fair!
It show'd a true paternal care——
Five thousand guineas in her purse!
The Doctor might have fancied worse.'——
  Hardly at length he silence broke,
And falter'd every word he spoke,
Interpreting her complaisance,
Just as a man *sans consequence.*
She rallied well, he always knew;
Her manner now was something new;

And what she spoke was in an air
As serious as a tragic player:
But those who aim at ridicule
Should fix upon some certain rule,
Which fairly hints they are in jest,
Else he must enter his protest;
For let a man be ne'er so wise,
He may be caught with sober lies;
A science which he never taught,
And, to be free, was dearly bought;
For, take it in its proper light,
'Tis just what coxcombs call a Bite.
But not to dwell on things minute,
Vanessa finish'd the dispute,
Brought weighty arguments to prove
That reason was her guide in love:
She thought he had himself describ'd
His doctrines when she first imbib'd:
What he had planted now was grown;
His virtues she might call her own:
As he approves, as he dislikes,
Love or contempt her fancy strikes.
Self-love in nature rooted fast,
Attends us first, and leaves us last.
Why she likes him, admire not at her;
She loves herself, and that's the matter.
How was her tutor wont to praise
The geniuses of ancient days!
(Those authors he so oft had nam'd,
For learning, wit, and wisdom fam'd)
Was struck with love, esteem, and awe,
For persons whom he never saw.
Suppose Cadenus flourish'd then,
He must adore such godlike men.

If one short volume could comprise
All that was witty, learn'd, and wise,
How would it be esteem'd and read,
Although the writer long were dead!
If such an author were alive,
How all would for his friendship strive,
And come in crowds to see his face!
And this she takes to be her case:
Cadenus answers every end,
The book, the author, and the friend:
The utmost her desires will reach,
Is but to learn what he can teach:
His converse is a system fit,
Alone to fill up all her wit,
While every passion of her mind
In him is center'd and confin'd.
  Love can with speech inspire a mute,
And taught Vanessa to dispute.
This topic, never touch'd before,
Display'd her eloquence the more:
Her knowledge, with such pains acquir'd,
By this new passion grew inspir'd,
Through this she made all objects pass,
Which gave a tincture o'er the mass;
As rivers, though they bend and twine,
Still to the sea their course incline;
Or as philosophers, who find
Some favourite system to their mind,
In every point to make it fit,
Will force all Nature to submit.
  Cadenus, who could ne'er suspect
His lessons would have such effect,
Or be so artfully applied,
Insensibly came on her side.

It was an unforeseen event;
Things took a turn he never meant.
Whoe'er excels in what we prize,
Appears a hero in our eyes.
Each girl, when pleas'd with what is taught,
Will have the teacher in her thought.
The nymph in sober words entreats
A truce with all sublime conceits;
For why such raptures, flights, and fancies,
To her who durst not read romances?
In lofty style to make replies,
Which he had taught her to despise?
But when her tutor will affect
Devotion, duty, and respect,
He fairly abdicates his throne,
The government is now her own:
But though her arguments were strong,
At least could hardly wish them wrong,
Howe'er it came he could not tell,
But sure she never talk'd so well.
His pride began to interpose;
Prefer'd before a crowd of beaus!
So bright a nymph to come unsought!
Such wonder by his merit wrought!
'Tis merit must with her prevail;
He never knew her judgment fail:
She noted all she ever read,
And had a most discerning head.
'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That vanity's the food of fools;
Yet now-and-then your men of wit
Will condescend to take a bit.
So when Cadenus could not hide,
He chose to justify his pride.

When Miss delights in her spinnet,
A fiddler may a fortune get:
A blockhead with melodious voice
In boarding-schools can have his choice;
And oft the dancing-master's art
Climbs from the toe to touch the heart.
In learning let a nymph delight,
The pedant gets a mistress by't.
Cadenus, to his grief and shame,
Could scarce oppose Vanessa's flame,
Where hot and cold, where sharp and sweet
In all their equipages meet;
Where pleasures mix'd with pains appear,
Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear;
Wherein his dignity and age
Forbid Cadenus to engage;
But friendship in its greatest height,
A constant, rational delight,
On virtue's basis fix'd to last,
When love's allurements long are past,
Which gently warms, but cannot burn,
He gladly offers in return:
His want of passion will redeem
With gratitude, respect, esteem;
With that devotion we bestow,
When goddesses appear below.
  While thus Cadenus entertains
Vanessa in exalted strains,
Const'ring the passion she had shown
Much to her praise, more to his own;
Nature in him had merit plac'd,
In her a most judicious taste:
Love, hitherto a transient guest,
Ne'er held possession in his breast;

So long attending at the gate,
Disdain'd to enter in so late.
Love why do we one passion call,
When 'tis a compound of them all?
He has a forfeiture incurr'd;
She vows to take him at his word,
And hopes he will not think it strange
If both should now their stations change.
The nymph will have her turn to be
The tutor, and the pupil he;
Though she already can discern,
Her scholar is not apt to learn,
Or wants capacity to reach
The science she designs to teach;
Wherein his genius was below
The skill of every common beau,
Who, though he cannot spell, is wise
Enough to read a lady's eyes,
And will each accidental glance
Interpret for a kind advance.

But what success Vanessa met
Is to the world a secret yet:
Whether the nymph, to please her swain,
Talks in a high romantic strain,
Or whether he at last descends
To like with less seraphic ends;
Or, to compound the business, whether
They temper love and books together;
Must never to mankind be told,
Nor shall the conscious Muse unfold.

Meantime, the mournful Queen of Love
Led but a weary life above:
She ventures now to leave the skies,
Grown by Vanessa's conduct wise;

For though by one perverse event
Pallas had cross'd her first intent,
Though her design was not obtain'd,
Yet had she much experience gain'd,
And by the project vainly tried,
Could better now the cause decide.
She gave due notice that both parties,
Coram regina prox' die Martis,
Should at their peril, without fail,
Come and appear, and save their bail.
All met; and, silence thrice proclaim'd,
One lawyer to each side was nam'd.
The judge discover'd in her face
Resentments for her late disgrace,
And, full of anger, shame, and grief,
Directed them to mind their brief,
Nor spend their time to show their reading;
She'd have a summary proceeding.
She gather'd under every head
The sum of what each lawyer said,
Gave her own reasons last, and then
Decreed the cause against the Men.
But in a weighty case like this,
To show she did not judge amiss,
Which evil tongues might else report,
She made a speech in open court,
Wherein she grievously complains
'How she was cheated by the swains;'
On whose petition, (humbly shewing
That women were not worth the wooing,
And that, unless the sex would mend,
The race of lovers soon must end)
'She was at lord-knows-what expense,
To form a nymph of wit and sense,

A model for her sex design'd,
Who never could one lover find.
She saw her favour was misplac'd;
The fellows had a wretched taste;
She needs must tell them to their face,
They were a senseless, stupid race;
And, where she to begin again,
She'd study to reform the Men,
Or add some grains of folly more
To Women than they had before,
To put them on an equal foot;
And this, or nothing else, would do't:
This might their mutual fancy strike,
Since every being loves its like.

'But now, repenting what was done,
She left all business to her son;
She puts the world in his possession,
And let him use it at discretion.'

The crier was order'd to dismiss
The court, so made his last 'Oyes.'
The goddess would no longer wait,
But, rising from her chair of state,
Left all below at six and seven,
Harness'd her doves, and flew to heaven.

TO LORD HARLEY,

AFTERWARDS EARL OF OXFORD;

ON HIS MARRIAGE WITH LADY HENRIETTA CAVENDISH HOLLES.

1713.

AMONG the numbers who employ
Their tongues and pens to give you joy,
Dear Harley! generous youth! admit
What friendship dictates more than wit.
  Forgive me when I fondly thought
(By frequent observation taught)
A spirit so inform'd as yours
Could never prosper in amours.
The god of Wit, and Light, and Arts,
With all acquir'd and natural parts,
Whose harps could savage beasts enchant,
Was an unfortunate gallant.
Had Bacchus after Daphne reel'd,
The nymph had soon been brought to yield;
Or had embroider'd Mars pursued,
The nymph would ne'er have been a prude.
Ten thousand footsteps, full in view,
Mark out the way where Daphne flew:
For such is all the sex's flight;
They fly from learning, wit, and light;
They fly, and none can overtake
But some gay coxcomb or a rake.
  How then, dear Harley! could I guess
That you should meet in love success?

For if those ancient tales be true,
Phœbus was beautiful as you;
Yet Daphne never slack'd her pace;
For wit and learning spoil'd his face.
And since the same resemblance held
In gifts wherein you both excell'd,
I fancied every nymph would run
From you, as from Latona's son.
'Then where, (said I) shall Harley find
A virgin of superior mind,
With wit and virtue to discover
And pay the merit of her lover?'
This character shall Ca'ndish claim,
Born to retrieve her sex's fame.
The chief among that glittering crowd,
Of titles, birth, and fortune proud,
(As fools are insolent and vain)
Madly aspir'd to wear her chain;
But Pallas, guardian of the maid,
Descending to her charge's aid,
Held out Medusa's snaky locks,
Which stupified them all to stocks.
The nymph, with indignation, view'd
The dull, the noisy, and the lewd;
For Pallas with celestial light
Had purified her mortal sight,
Show'd her the Virtues all combin'd
Fresh blooming in young Harley's mind.
Terrestrial nymphs, by formal arts,
Display their various nets for hearts:
Their looks are all by method set,
When to be prude, and when coquette;
Yet wanting skill and power to choose,
Their only pride is to refuse.

But when a goddess would bestow
Her love on some bright youth below,
Round all the earth she casts her eyes,
And then, descending from the skies,
Makes choice of him she fancies best,
And bids the ravish'd youth be blest.
  Thus the bright empress of the Morn
Chose for her spouse a mortal born:
The goddess made advances first,
Else what aspiring hero durst?
Though, like a virgin of fifteen,
She blushes when by mortals seen;
Still blushes and with speed retires,
When Sol pursues her with his fires.
  Diana thus, heaven's chastest queen,
Struck with Endymion's graceful mien,
Down from her silver chariot came,
And to the shepherd own'd her flame.
  Thus Ca'ndish, as Aurora bright,
And chaster than the Queen of Night,
Descended from her sphere to find
A mortal of superior kind.

THE FAGGOT.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1713, WHEN THE QUEEN'S MINISTERS WERE QUARRELLING AMONG THEMSELVES.

OBSERVE the dying father speak;
Try, Lads! can you this bundle break?
Then bids the youngest of the six
Take up a well-bound heap of sticks:

They thought it was an old man's maggot,
And strove by turns to break the Faggot:
In vain; the complicated wands
Were much too strong for all their hands.
'See, (said the sire) how soon 'tis done;'
Then took and broke them one by one.
'So strong you'll be, in friendship tied;
So quickly broke if you divide.
Keep close then, Boys! and never quarrel.'
Here ends the fable and the moral.

This tale may be applied in few words
To Treasurers, Comptrollers, Stewards,
And others who, in solemn sort,
Appear with slender wands at court,
Not firmly join'd to keep their ground,
But lashing one another round;
While wise men think they ought to fight
With quarter staves instead of white;
Or constable, with staff of peace,
Should come and make the clattering cease,
Which now disturbs the Queen and court,
And give the Whigs and rabble sport.

In history we never found
The Consul's fasces were unbound;
Those Romans were too wise to think on't,
Except to lash some grand delinquent.
How would they blush to hear it said
The Prætor broke the Consul's head,
Or Consul in his purple gown
Came up, and knock'd the Prætor down!

Come, Courtiers! every man his stick;
Lord-Treasurer, for once be quick;
And that they may the closer cling,
Take your blue ribbon for a string.

Come, trimming Harcourt! bring your mace,
And squeeze it in, or quit your place:
Dispatch, or else that rascal Northy
Will undertake to do it for thee;
And be assur'd the court will find him
Prepar'd to leap o'er sticks, or bind 'em.
To make the bundle strong and safe,
Great Ormond! lend thy general's staff:
And, if the crosier could be cramm'd in,
A fig for Lechmere, King, and Hambden:
You'll then defy the strongest Whig
With both his hands to bend a twig,
Though with united strength they all pull,
From Somers down to Craggs and Walpole.

THE

AUTHOR UPON HIMSELF.

1713.

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By an old ———————— pursued,
A crazy prelate and a royal prude;
By dull divines, who look with envious eyes
On every genius that attempts to rise,
And, pausing o'er a pipe with doubtful nod,
Give hints that poets ne'er believe in God:
So clowns on scholars as on wizards look,
And take a folio for a conjuring-book.

Swift had the sin of wit, no venial crime;
Nay, 'tis affirm'd he sometimes dealt in rhyme:
Humour and mirth had place in all he writ;
He reconcil'd divinity and wit:
He mov'd, and bow'd, and talk'd, with too much grace,
Nor show'd the parson in his gait or face;
Despis'd luxurious wines and costly meat,
Yet still was at the tables of the great;
Frequented lords; saw those that saw the Queen;
At Child's or Truby's never once had been,
Where town and country vicars flock in tribes,
Secur'd by numbers from the laymen's gibes,
And deal in vices of the graver sort,
Tobacco, censure, coffee, pride, and port.

But after sage monitions from his friends
His talents to employ for nobler ends,
To better judgments willing to submit,
He turns to politics his dangerous wit.
And now, the public interest to support,
By Harley Swift invited, comes to court;
In favour grows with ministers of state,
Admitted private when superiors wait;
And Harley, not asham'd his choice to own,
Takes him to Windsor in his coach alone.
At Windsor, Swift no sooner can appear,
But St. John comes and whispers in his ear:
The waiters stand in ranks; the yeomen cry
'Make room,' as if a duke were passing by.

Now Finch alarms the Lords; he hears for certain
This dangerous priest is got behind the curtain:
Finch, fam'd for tedious elocution, proves
That Swift oils many a spring which Harley moves.
Walpole and Aislabie, to clear the doubt,
Inform the Commons that the secret's out:

'A certain Doctor is observ'd of late
To haunt a certain minister of state;
From whence with half an eye we may discover
The peace is made, and Perkin must come over.
York is from Lambeth sent to show the Queen
A dangerous treatise writ against the spleen[1];
Which, by the style, the matter, and the drift,
'Tis thought could be the work of none but Swift.
Poor York! the harmless tool of others' hate;
He sues for pardon, and repents too late.
Now —— her vengeance vows
On Swift's reproaches for her ——
From her red locks her mouth with venom fills,
And thence into the royal ear instils.
The Queen, incens'd, his services forgot,
Leaves him a victim to the vengeful Scot.
Now through the realm a proclamation spread[2],
To fix a price on his devoted head;
While, innocent, he scorns ignoble flight,
His watchful friends preserve him by a sleight.
By Harley's favour once again he shines;
Is now caress'd by candidate-divines,
Who change opinions with the changing scene:
Lord! how were they mistaken in the Dean!
Now Delaware[3] again familiar grows,
And in Swift's ear thrusts half his powder'd nose.

[1] Tale of a Tub.

[2] The proclamation was against the author of a pamphlet called, 'The public Spirit of the Whigs;' against which the Scotch Lords complained.

[3] Delaware, then Lord Treasurer of the Household, always caressed the Author at court; but, during the trial of the printers before the House of Lords, and while the proclamation hung over the Author, his Lordship would not seem to know him.

The Scottish nation, whom he durst offend,
Again apply that Swift would be their friend[4].
By faction tir'd, with grief he waits awhile,
His great contending friends to reconcile;
Performs what friendship, justice, truth, require:
What could he more but decently retire?

IN SICKNESS.

WRITTEN SOON AFTER THE AUTHOR'S COMING TO LIVE IN IRELAND, UPON THE QUEEN'S DEATH, OCTOBER 1714.

'Tis true—then why should I repine
To see my life so fast decline?
But why obscurely here alone,
Where I am neither lov'd nor known?
My state of health none care to learn;
My life is here no soul's concern;
And those with whom I now converse,
Without a tear will tend my hearse.
Remov'd from kind Arbuthnot's aid,
Who knows his art but not his trade,
Preferring his regard for me
Before his credit or his fee.
Some formal visits, looks, and words,
What mere humanity affords,
I meet, perhaps, from three or four
From whom I once expected more,

[4] The Scotch Lords treated and visited the Author more after the proclamation than before, except the Duke of Argyle, who would never be reconciled.

Which those who tend the sick for pay
Can act as decently as they;
But no obliging tender friend
To help at my approaching end.
My life is now a burden grown
To others, ere it be my own.
Ye formal Weepers for the sick!
In your last offices be quick,
And spare my absent friends the grief
To hear, yet give me no relief:
Expir'd to-day, entomb'd to-morrow,
When known will save a double sorrow.

PHILLIS:

OR, THE PROGRESS OF LOVE.

1716.

Desponding Phillis was endued
With every talent of a prude;
She trembled when a man drew near;
Salute her, and she turn'd her ear:
If o'er against her you were plac'd,
She durst not look above your waist:
She'd rather take you to her bed,
Than let you see her dress her head.
In church you hear her, through the crowd
Repeat the Absolution loud:
In church secure behind her fan,
She durst behold that monster Man;
There practis'd how to place her head,
And bite her lips to make them red;

Or on the mat devoutly kneeling,
Would lift her eyes up to the ceiling,
And heave her bosom unaware,
For neighbouring beaux to see it bare.
At length a lucky lover came,
And found admittance to the dame.
Suppose all parties now agreed,
The writings drawn, the lawyer fee'd,
The vicar and the ring bespoke;
Guess, how could such a match be broke?
See then what mortals place their bliss in!
Next morn betimes the bride was missing:
The mother scream'd, the father chid;
Where can this idle wench be hid?
No news of Phil! The bridegroom came,
And thought his bride had sculk'd for shame,
Because her father us'd to say,
The girl had such a bashful way.
Now John the butler must be sent
To learn the road that Phillis went:
The groom was wish'd to saddle Crop,
For John must neither light nor stop,
But find her, wheresoe'er she fled,
And bring her back, alive or dead.
See here again the devil to do,
For truly John was missing too;
The horse and pillion both were gone:
Phillis, it seems, was fled with John!
Old Madam, who went up to find
What papers Phil had left behind,
A letter on the toilette sees,
'To my much honour'd father—these,'
('Tis always done, romances tell us,
When daughters run away with fellows)

Fill'd with the choicest common-places
By others us'd in the like cases:
'That long ago a fortune-teller
Exactly said what now befel her,
And in a glass had made her see
A serving-man of low degree:
It was her fate, must be forgiven,
For marriages were made in heaven:
His pardon begg'd; but, to be plain,
She'd do't, if 'twere to do, again:
Thank'd God 'twas neither shame nor sin,
For John was come of honest kin:
Love never thinks of rich and poor;
She'd beg with John from door to door:
Forgive her if it be a crime;
She'll never do't another time:
She ne'er before in all her life,
Once disobey'd him, maid nor wife.'
One argument she summ'd up all in,
'The thing was done, and past recalling;
And therefore hop'd she should recover
His favour, when his passion's over:
She valued not what others thought her,
And was—his most obedient daughter.'
Fair maidens all! attend the Muse
Who now the wandering pair pursues:
Away they rode in homely sort,
Their journey long, their money short:
The loving couple well bemir'd,
The horse and both the riders tir'd,
Their victuals bad, their lodging worse,
Phil cried, and John began to curse;
Phil wish'd that she had strain'd a limb
When first she ventur'd out with him;

John wish'd that he had broke a leg,
When first for her he quitted Peg.
But what adventures more befel 'em
The Muse hath now no time to tell 'em;
How Johnny wheedled, threaten'd, fawn'd,
Till Phillis all her trinkets pawn'd;
How oft she broke her marriage-vows
In kindness, to maintain her spouse,
Till swains unwholesome spoil'd the trade;
For now the surgeons must be paid,
To whom those perquisites are gone
In Christian justice due to John.
When food and raiment now grew scarce,
Fate put a period to the farce,
And with exact poetic justice,
For John is landlord, Phillis hostess;
They keep at Staines the Old Blue Boar,
Are cat and dog, and rogue and whore.

AD AMICUM ERUDITUM

THOMAM SHERIDAN.

SCRIPSIT OCT. ANN. DOM. 1717.

Deliciæ Sheridan Musarum, dulcis Amice,
Sic tibi propitius Permessi ad flumen Apollo
Occurrat, seu te mimum convivia rident,
Æquivocosque sales spargis, seu ludere versu
Malles; dic, Sheridan, quisnam fuit ille deorum,
Quæ melior natura orto tibi tradidit artem
Rimandi genium puerorum, atque ima cerebri
Scrutandi? Tibi nascenti ad cunabula Pallas

Astitit; et dixit, mentis præsaga futuræ,
Heu, puer infelix! nostro sub sidere natus;
Nam tu pectus eris sine corpore, corporis umbra;
Sed levitate umbram superabis, voce cicadem:
Musca femur, palmas tibi mus dedit, ardea crura.
Corpore sed tenui tibi quod natura negavit,
Hoc animi dotes supplebunt; teque docente,
Nec longum tempus, surget tibi docta juventus,
Artibus egregiis animas instructa novellas.
Grex hinc Pœonius venit, ecce, salutifer orbi.
Ast, illi causas orant: his insula visa est,
Divinam capiti nodo constringere mitram.
Natalis te horæ non fallunt signa, sed usque
Conscius, expedias puero seu lætus Apollo
Nascenti arrisit; sive illum frigidus horror
Saturni premit, aut septem inflavere triones.
Quin tu altè penitusque latentia semina cernis,
Quæque diu obtundendo olim sub luminis auras
Erumpent, promis; quo ritu sæpè puella
Sub cinere hesterno sopitas suscitat ignes.
Te dominum agnoscit quocunque sub aëre natus;
Quos indulgentis nimium custodia matris
Pessundat: nam sæpè vides in stipite matrem.
Aureus at ramus, venerandæ dona Sibyllæ,
Æneæ sedes tantùm patefecit Avernus;
Sæpè puer, tua quem tetigit semel aurea virga,
Cœlumque terrasque videt, noctemque profundam.

A LETTER

TO THE REV. DR. SHERIDAN.

SEPT. 5, 1718.

SIR,

WHATEVER predecessors taught us,
I have a great esteem for Plautus,
And think your boys may gather there-hence
More wit and humour than from Terence;
But as to comic Aristophanes,
The rogue too bawdy and too profane is.
I went in vain to look for Eupolis,
Down in the Strand, just where the New Pole is;
For I can tell you one thing, that I can,
You will not find it in the Vatican.
He and Cratinus used, as Horace says,
To take the greatest grandees for asses:
Poets, in those days, used to venture high;
But these are lost full many a century.
Thus you may see, dear Friend! *ex pede* hence
My judgment of the old comedians.
Proceed to tragics. First, Euripides
(An author where I sometimes dip a-days)
Is rightly censur'd by the Stagirite,
Who says his numbers do not fadge aright.
A friend of mine that author despises
So much, he swears the very best piece is,
For aught he knows, as bad as Thespis's;
And that a woman in those tragedies,
Commonly speaking, but a sad jade is:

At least I'm well assur'd that no folk lays
The weight on him they do on Sophocles:
But above all I prefer Æschylus,
Whose moving touches, when they please, kill us.
  And now I find my Muse but ill able
To hold out longer in trisyllable.
I chose these rhymes out for their difficulty;
Will you return as hard ones if I call t'ye?

TO MR. DELANY.

NOV. 10, 1718.

To you, whose virtues, I must own
With shame, I have too lately known;
To you, by Art and Nature taught
To be the man I long have sought,
Had not ill Fate, perverse and blind,
Plac'd you in life too far behind;
Or, what I should repine at more,
Plac'd me in life too far before;
To you the Muse this verse bestows,
Which might as well have been in prose:
No thought, no fancy, no sublime,
But simple topics told in rhyme.
  Talents for conversation fit
Are humour, breeding, sense, and wit:
The last, as boundless as the wind,
Is well conceiv'd, though not defin'd;
For, sure, by wit is chiefly meant
Applying well what we invent.
What humour is not, all the tribe
Of logic-mongers can describe;

Here Nature only acts her part,
Unhelp'd by practice, books, or art;
For wit and humour differ quite;
That gives surprise, and this delight.
Humour is odd, grotesque, and wild,
Only by affectation spoil'd:
'Tis never by invention got;
Men have it when they know it not.
  Our conversation to refine,
Humour and wit must both combine:
From both we learn to rally well,
Wherein, sometimes, the French excel.
Voiture, in various lights, displays
That irony which turns to praise:
His genius first found out the rule
For an obliging ridicule:
He flatters with peculiar air
The brave, the witty, and the fair;
And fools would fancy he intends
A satire, where he most commends.
  But as a poor pretending beau,
Because he fain would make a show,
Nor can arrive at silver lace,
Takes up with copper in the place;
So the pert dunces of mankind,
Whene'er they would be thought refin'd,
As if the difference lay abstruse
'Twixt raillery and gross abuse,
To show their parts will scold and rail,
Like porters o'er a pot of ale.
Such is that clan of boistrous bears,
Always together by the ears;
Shrewd fellows and arch wags! a tribe
That meet for nothing but to gibe;

Who first run one another down,
And then fall foul on all the Town;
Skill'd in the horse-laugh and dry rub,
And call'd by excellence The Club;
I mean your Butler, Dawson, Car,
All special friends, and always jar.
  The mettled and the vicious steed
Differ as little in their breed;
Nay, Voiture is as like Tom Lee
As rudeness is to repartee.
  If what you said I wish unspoke,
'Twill not suffice it was a joke;
Reproach not, though in jest, a friend
For those defects he cannot mend:
His lineage, calling, shape, or sense,
If nam'd with scorn, gives just offence.
  What use in life to make men fret,
Part in worse humour than they met?
Thus all society is lost,
Men laugh at one another's cost;
And half the company is teaz'd,
That came together to be pleas'd;
For all buffoons have most in view
To please themselves by vexing you.
  You wonder now to see me write
So gravely on a subject light.
Some part of what I here design
Regards a friend[1] of yours and mine,
Who, neither void of sense nor wit,
Yet seldom judges what is fit,
But sallies oft beyond his bounds,
And takes unmeasurable rounds.

[1] He means Dr. Sheridan.

When jests are carried on too far,
And the loud laugh begins the war,
You keep your countenance for shame,
Yet still you think your friend's to blame:
For though men cry—they love a jest,
'Tis but when others stand the test;
And, would you have their meaning known,
They love a jest that is their own.

You must, although the point be nice,
Bestow your friend some good advice:
One hint from you will set him right,
And teach him how to be polite.
Bid him, like you, observe with care
Whom to be hard on, whom to spare;
Nor, indistinctly, to suppose
All subjects like Dan Jackson's nose;
To study the obliging jest
By reading those who teach it best.
For prose I recommend Voiture's,
For verse (I speak my judgment) yours.
He'll find the secret out from thence,
To rhyme all day without offence,
And I no more shall then accuse
The flirts of his ill-manner'd Muse.

If he be guilty, you must mend him;
If he be innocent, defend him.

THE

PROGRESS OF POETRY.

1720.

THE farmer's goose, who in the stubble
Has fed without restraint or trouble,
Grown fat with corn, and sitting still,
Can scarce get o'er the barn-door sill,
And hardly waddles forth to cool
Her belly in the neighbouring pool,
Nor loudly cackles at the door;
For cackling shows the goose is poor.
  But when she must be turn'd to graze,
And round the barren common strays,
Hard exercise and harder fare
Soon make my dame grow lank and spare;
Her body light, she tries her wings,
And scorns the ground, and upward springs,
While all the parish, as she flies,
Hears sounds harmonious from the skies.
  Such is the poet, fresh in pay,
(The third night's profits of his play)
His morning-draughts till noon can swill
Among his brethren of the quill;
With good roast beef his belly full,
Grown lazy, foggy, fat, and dull,
Deep sunk in plenty and delight,
What poet e'er could take his flight?
Or, stuff'd with phlegm up to the throat,
What poet e'er could sing a note?

Nor Pegasus could bear the load
Along the high celestial road;
The steed, oppress'd, would break his girth,
To raise the lumber from the earth.
  But view him in another scene,
When all his drink is Hippocrene,
His money spent, his patrons fail,
His credit out for cheese and ale,
His two-years' coat so smooth and bare,
Through every thread it lets in air,
With hungry meals his body pin'd,
His guts and belly full of wind,
And, like a jockey for a race,
His flesh brought down to flying case;
Now his exalted spirit loathes
Incumbrances of food and clothes,
And up he rises like a vapour
Supported high on wings of paper;
He singing flies, and flying sings,
While from below all Grub-street rings.

THE

PROGRESS OF BEAUTY.

1720.

When first Diana leaves her bed,
  Vapours and steams her look disgrace,
A frowzy dirty-colour'd red
  Sits on her cloudy wrinkled face;

But by degrees, when mounted high,
Her artificial face appears
Down from her window in the sky,
Her spots are gone, her visage clears.

'Twixt earthly females and the moon
All parallels exactly run:
If Celia should appear too soon,
Alas! the nymph would be undone.

To see her from her pillow rise,
All reeking in a cloudy steam,
Crack'd lips, foul teeth, and gummy eyes,
Poor Strephon! how would he blaspheme.

Three colours, black, and red, and white,
So graceful in their proper place,
Remove them to a different site,
They form a frightful hideous face.

For instance, when the lily skips
Into the precincts of the rose,
And takes possession of the lips,
Leaving the purple to the nose.

So Celia went entire to bed,
All her complexion safe and sound,
But when she rose, white, black, and red,
Though still in sight, had chang'd their ground.

The black, which would not be confin'd,
A more inferior station seeks,
Leaving the fiery red behind,
And mingles in her muddy cheeks.

But Celia can with ease reduce,
By help of pencil, paint, and brush,
Each colour to its place and use,
And teach her cheeks again to blush.

She knows her early self no more,
But, fill'd with admiration, stands;
As other painters oft adore
The workmanship of their own hands.

Thus, after four important hours,
Celia's the wonder of her sex:
Say which among the heavenly pow'rs
Could cause such marvellous effects?

Venus, indulgent to her kind,
Gave women all their hearts could wish,
When first she taught them where to find
White-lead and Lusitanian dish.

Love with white-lead cements his wings:
White-lead was sent us to repair
Two brightest, brittlest, earthly things,
A lady's face and China ware.

She ventures now to lift the sash;
The window is her proper sphere:
Ah! lovely Nymph! be not too rash,
Nor let the beaux approach too near.

Take pattern by your sister-star;
Delude at once and bless our sight;
When you are seen, be seen from far,
And chiefly choose to shine by night.

But art no longer can prevail,
When the materials all are gone;
The best mechanic hand must fail
Where nothing's left to work upon.

Matter, as wise logicians say,
Cannot without a form subsist;
And form, say I, as well as they,
Must fail, if matter brings no grist.

And this is fair Diana's case;
For all astrologers maintain
Each night a bit drops off her face,
When mortals say she's in her wane.

While Partridge wisely shows the cause
Efficient of the moon's decay,
That Cancer with his poisonous claws
Attacks her in the Milky-way:

But Gadbury, in art profound,
From her pale cheeks pretends to show
That swain Endymion is not sound,
Or else that Mercury's her foe.

But let the cause be what it will,
In half a month she looks so thin,
That Flamstead can, with all his skill,
See but her forehead and her chin.

Yet as she wastes she grows discreet,
Till midnight never shows her head;
So rotting Celia strolls the street
When sober folks are all a-bed.

For sure if this be Luna's fate,
Poor Celia, but of mortal race,
In vain expects a longer date
To the materials of her face.

When Mercury her tresses mows,
To think of black-lead combs is vain:
No painting can restore a nose,
Nor will her teeth return again.

Ye Pow'rs who over love preside!
Since mortal beauties drop so soon,
If you would have us well supplied,
Send us new nymphs with each new moon.

APOLLO TO THE DEAN.

1720.

RIGHT Trusty! and so forth;—we let you to know
We are very ill us'd by your mortals below:
For, first, I have often by chemists been told,
Though I know nothing on't, it is I that make gold,
Which when you have got, you so carefully hide it,
That since I was born I hardly have spied it.
Then it must be allow'd, that whenever I shine
I forward the grass and I ripen the vine;
To me the good fellows apply for relief, [beef;
Without whom they could get neither claret nor
Yet their wine and their victuals these curmudgeon lubbards
Lock up from my sight, in cellars and cupboards.
That I have an ill eye they wickedly think,
And taint all their meat, and sour all their drink.
But, thirdly, and lastly, it must be allow'd
I alone can inspire the poetical crowd;
This is gratefully own'd by each boy in the College,
Whom if I inspire, it is not to my knowledge;
This every pretender to rhyme will admit,
Without troubling his head about judgment or wit.
These gentlemen use me with kindness and freedom,
And as for their works, when I please I may read 'em:
They lie open on purpose on counters and stalls,
And the titles I view when I shine on the walls.
But a comrade of your's, that traitor Delany,
Whom I, for your sake, love better than any;
And of my mere motion and special good grace,
Intended in time to succeed in your place,

On Tuesday the tenth seditiously came
With a certain false traitress, one Stella by name,
To the Deanery-house, and on the north glass,
Where, for fear of the cold, I never can pass,
Then and there, *vi et armis*, with a certain utensil,
Of value five shillings, in English a pencil,
Did maliciously, falsely, and trait'rously, write,
Whilst Stella aforesaid stood by with a light.
My Sister has lately depos'd upon oath,
That she stopt in her course to look at them both:
That Stella was helping, abetting, and aiding,
And still, as he writ, stood smiling and reading:
That her eyes were as bright as myself at noonday,
But her graceful black locks were mingled with grey,
And by the description I certainly know
'Tis the nymph that I courted some ten years ago;
Whom when I with the best of my talents endued,
On her promise of yielding, she acted the prude:
That some verses were writ with felonious intent,
Direct to the north, where I never went;
That the letters appear'd reverse through the pane,
But in Stella's bright eyes they were plac'd right again,
Wherein she distinctly could read every line,
And presently guess'd the fancy was mine.
Now you see why his verses so seldom are shown;
The reason is plain, they're none of his own:
And observe while you live, that no man is shy
To discover the goods he came honestly by.
If I light on a thought he'll certainly steal it,
And when he has got it, find ways to conceal it.
Of all the fine things he keeps in the dark,
There's scarce one in ten but what has my mark;

And let them be seen by the world if he dare,
I'll make it appear they are all stolen ware.
But as for the poem he writ on your sash,
I think I have now got him under my lash;
My sister transcrib'd it last night to his sorrow,
And the public shall see't, if I live till to-morrow;
Through the zodiac around it shall quickly be spread,
In all parts of the globe where your language is [read.
He knows very well I ne'er gave a refusal,
When he ask'd for my aid in the forms that are usual;
But the secret is this:—I did lately intend
To write a few verses on you as my friend;
I studied a fortnight before I could find,
As I rode in my chariot, a thought to my mind,
And resolv'd the next winter, (for that is my time,
When the days are at shortest) to get it in rhyme;
Till then it was lock'd in my box at Parnassus,
When that subtle companion, in hopes to surpass us,
Conveys out my paper of hints by a trick, [Nick)
(For I think in my conscience he deals with Old
And from my own stock provided with topics,
He gets to a window beyond both the tropics;
There, out of my sight, just against the north zone,
Writes down my conceits, and calls them his own;
And you, like a cully, the bubble can swallow;
Now, who but Delany that writes like Apollo!
High treason, by statute! but here you object,
'He only stole hints, but the verse is correct;
Though the thought be Apollo's, 'tis finely express'd;'
So a thief steals my horse, and has him well dress'd.
Now, whereas the said criminal seems past repentance,
We Phœbus think fit to proceed to the sentence.

Since Delany has dar'd, like Prometheus his sire,
To climb to our region, and thence to steal fire,
We order a vulture, in shape of the Spleen,
To prey on his liver, but not to be seen:
And we order our subjects of every degree
To believe all his verses were written by me;
And, under the pain of our highest displeasure,
To call nothing his, but the rhyme and the measure.
And, lastly, for Stella, just out of her prime,
I'm too much reveng'd already by Time.
In return to her scorn I sent her diseases,
But will now be her friend whenever she pleases;
And the gifts I bestow'd her will find her a lover,
Though she lives to be grey as a badger all over.

THE RUN UPON THE BANKERS.

1720.

The bold encroachers on the deep
  Gain'd by degrees huge tracts of land,
Till Neptune with one general sweep
  Turns all again to barren strand.

The multitude's capricious pranks
  Are said to represent the seas,
Which breaking Bankers and the banks,
  Resume their own whene'er they please.

Money, the life-blood of the nation,
  Corrupts and stagnates in the veins,
Unless a proper circulation
  Its motion and its heat maintains.

Because 'tis lordly not to pay,
Quakers and aldermen in state,
Like peers, have levees every day
Of duns attending at their gate.

We want our money on the nail;
The Banker's ruin'd if he pays:
They seem to act an ancient tale;
The birds are met to strip the jays.

Riches, the wisest monarch sings,
Make pinions for themselves to fly;
They fly like bats on parchment wings,
And geese their silver plumes supply.

No money left for squandering heirs!
Bills turn the lenders into debtors:
The wish of Nero now is theirs,
That they had never known their letters.

Conceive the works of midnight-hags,
Tormenting fools behind their backs:
Thus Bankers o'er their bills and bags
Sit squeezing images of wax.

Conceive the whole enchantment broke;
The witches left in open air,
With power no more than other folk,
Expos'd with all their magic ware.

So powerful are a Banker's bills
Where creditors demand their due,
They break up counters, doors, and tills,
And leave the empty chests in view.

Thus when an earthquake lets in light
Upon the god of gold and hell,
Unable to endure the sight,
He hides within his darkest cell.

As when a conjurer takes a lease
From Satan, for a term of years;
The tenant's in a dismal case,
Whene'er the bloody bond appears.

A baited Banker thus desponds,
From his own hand foresees his fall;
They have his soul who have his bonds;
'Tis like the writing on the wall.

How will the caitiff wretch be scar'd,
When first he finds himself awake
At the last trumpet, unprepar'd,
And all his grand account to make?

For in that universal call
Few Bankers will to heaven be mounters;
They'll cry, 'Ye Shops! upon us fall;
Conceal and cover us, ye Counters!'

When other hands the scales shall hold,
And they in men and angels' sight
Produc'd with all their bills and gold,
Weigh'd in the balance, and found light.

THE

DESCRIPTION OF AN IRISH FEAST.

TRANSLATED ALMOST LITERALLY OUT OF THE ORIGINAL IRISH, 1720.

O ROURKE'S noble fare
Will ne'er be forgot
By those who were there,
Or those who were not.

His revels to keep,
We sup and we dine
On seven score sheep,
Fat bullocks and swine.

Usquebaugh to our feast
In pails was brought up,
An hundred at least,
And a madder[1] our cup.

O there is the sport!
We rise with the light
In disorderly sort
From snoring all night.

O how I was trick'd!
My pipe it was broke,
My pocket was pick'd,
I lost my new cloak.

'I'm rifled (quoth Nell),
Of mantle and kercher:
Why then, fare them well,
The de'il take the searcher.

'Come, Harper, strike up:
But, first, by your favour,
Boy, give us a cup:
Ah! this has some savour.'

O Rourke's jolly boys
Ne'er dream'd of the matter,
Till, rous'd by the noise
And musical clatter,

[1] A wooden vessel.

They bounce from their nest,
No longer will tarry,
They rise ready drest,
Without one Ave Mary.

They dance in a round,
Cutting capers and ramping:
A mercy the ground
Did not burst with their stamping!

The floor is all wet
With leaps and with jumps,
While the water and sweat
Splish splash in their pumps.

Bless you, late and early,
Laughlin O Enagin;
By my hand, you dance rarely,
Margery Grinagin.

Bring straw for our bed,
Shake it down to the feet;
Then over us spread
The winnowing sheet.

To show I don't flinch,
Fill the bowl up again,
Then give us a pinch
Of your sneezing, a yean[2].

Good Lord! what a sight,
After all their good cheer
For people to fight
In the midst of their beer?

[2] An Irish word for woman.

They rise from their feast,
And hot are their brains,
A cubit at least,
The length of their skeans[3].

What stabs, and what cuts,
What clattering of sticks!
What strokes on the guts,
What bastings and kicks!

With cudgels of oak
Well harden'd in flame;
An hundred heads broke,
An hundred struck lame.

You churl, I'll maintain
My father built Lusk,
The castle of Slain,
And Carrick Drumrusk:

The Earl of Kildare,
And Moynalta his brother,
As great as they are,
I was nurs'd by their mother.

Ask that of old Madam,
She'll tell you who's who,
As far up as Adam:
She knows it is true.

Come, down with that beam,
If cudgels are scarce;
A blow on the weam,
Or a kick on the a—se.

[3] Daggers, or short swords.

CLEVER TOM CLINCH,

GOING TO BE HANGED.

1720.

As clever Tom Clinch, while the rabble was bawling,
Rode stately through Holborn to die in his calling,
He stopt at the George for a bottle of sack,
And promis'd to pay for it, when he came back.
His waistcoat, and stockings, and breeches, were white;
His cap had a new cherry ribbon to tye't;
The maids to the doors and the balconies ran,
And said, 'Lack-a-day! he's a proper young man.'
But as from the windows the ladies he spied,
Like a beau in the box, he bow'd low on each side;
And when his last speech the loud hawkers did cry,
He swore, from his cart, it was all a damn'd lie.
The hangman for pardon fell down on his knee,
Tom gave him a kick in the guts for his fee;
Then said, 'I must speak to the people a little,
'But I'll see you all damn'd before I will whittle[1].
My honest friend Wild[2], may he long hold his place,
He lengthen'd my life with a whole year of grace.
Take courage, dear comrades! and be not afraid,
Nor slip this occasion to follow your trade;
My conscience is clear, and my spirits are calm,
And thus I go off without pray'r-book or psalm:
Then follow the practice of Clever Tom Clinch,
Who hung like a hero, and never would flinch.'

[1] A cant word for confessing at the gallows.

[2] Jonathan Wild, the noted thief-catcher, under-keeper of Newgate, who was hanged for receiving stolen goods.

GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN'S INVITATION[1]

TO MR. THOMAS SHERIDAN.

Gallstown, Aug. 2, 1721.

DEAR Tom! this verse, which, however the beginning may appear, yet in the end's good metre,
Is sent to desire that, when your August-vacation comes, your friends you'd meet here;
For why should you stay in that filthy hole, I mean the city so smoky,
When you have not one friend left in town, or at least one that's witty, to joke w'ye?
For as for honest John, though I am not sure on't, yet I'll be hang'd 'less he
Be gone down to the county of Wexford, with that great peer the Lord Anglesey.
Oh! but I forgot, perhaps, by this time, you may have one come to town, but I don't know whether he be friend or foe, Delany;
But, however, if he be come, bring him down, and you shall go back in a fortnight, for I know there's no delaying ye.
Oh! I forgot too, I believe there may be one more; I mean that great fat joker, Friend Helsham, he
That wrote the Prologue, and if you stay with him, depend on't, in the end he'll sham ye.

[1] This Invitation seems to have been the joint composition of George Rochfort, John Rochfort, (who was called Nim, or Nimrod, by Dr. Swift, because he was fond of hunting) Dan Jackson, and Dr. Swift, in a vein of whim and merriment; and, in all probability, was sent off directly by the post to Sheridan.

Bring down Longshanks Jim too; but now I think on't, he's not come yet from Courtown, I fancy;
For I heard, a month ago, that he was down there a-courting Sly Nancy.
However, bring down yourself, and you bring down all; for, to say it we may venture,
In thee Delany's spleen, John's mirth, Helsham's jokes, and the soft soul of amourous Jemmy, centre.

POSTSCRIPT.

I had forgot to desire you to bring down what I say you have, and you'll believe me as sure as a gun, and own it,
I mean, what no other mortal in the universe can boast of, your own spirit of pun, and own wit.
And now I hope you'll excuse this rhyming, which I must say is (though written somewhat at large) trim and clean;
And so I conclude with humble respects, as usual,
Your most dutiful and obedient

GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN.

TO GEORGE-NIM-DAN-DEAN, ESQ.

UPON HIS INCOMPARABLE VERSES, &C. OF AUG. 2, 1721.

Written by Dr. Delany, in the name of Thomas Sheridan[1].

HAIL! human compound quadrifarious,
Invincible as wight Briareus!
Hail! doubly doubled mighty merry one,
Stronger that triple-bodied Geryon!
O may your vastness deign t'excuse
The praises of a puny Muse,
Unable, in her utmost flight,
To reach thy huge Colossian height!
To' attempt to write like thee were frantic,
Whose lines are, like thyself, gigantic.
Yet let me bless, in humbler strain,
Thy vast, thy bold, Cambysian vein,
Pour'd out t'enrich thy native isle,
As Egypt wont to be with Nile.
Oh! how I joy to see thee wander
In many a winding loose meander,
In circling mazes, smooth and supple,
And ending in a clink quadruple;
Loud, yet agreeable withal,
Like rivers rattling in their fall.
Thine, sure, is poetry divine,
Where wit and majesty combine;

[1] These verses were all written in circles, one within another, as appears from the observations in the following poem by Dr. Swift.

Where every line, as huge as seven,
If stretch'd in length would reach to heaven;
Here all comparing would be slandering,
The least is more than Alexandrine.

Against thy verse Time sees with pain,
He whets his envious scythe in vain;
For though from thee he much may pare,
Yet much thou still wilt have to spare.

Thou hast alone the skill to feast
With Roman elegance of taste;
Who hast of rhymes as vast resources
As Pompey's caterer of courses.

Oh thou! of all the Nine inspir'd,
My languid soul, with teaching tir'd,
How is it raptur'd when it thinks
On thy harmonious set of clinks!
Each answering each in various rhymes,
Like Echo to St. Patrick's chimes!

Thy Muse, majestic in her rage,
Moves like Statira on the stage,
And scarcely can one page sustain
The length of such a flowing train:
Her train, of variegated dye,
Shows like Thaumantia's in the sky;
Alike they glow, alike they please,
Alike imprest by Phœbus' rays.

Thy verse—(ye Gods! I cannot bear it)
To what, to what shall I compare it?
'Tis like, what I have oft heard spoke on,
The famous statue of Laocoon.
'Tis like—O yes! 'tis very like it,
The long long string with which you fly kite.

'Tis like what you, and one or two more,
Roar to your Echo[2] in good humour,
And every couplet thou hast writ
Concludes like Rhattah whittah-whit[3].

TO

MR. THOMAS SHERIDAN,

UPON HIS VERSES WRITTEN IN CIRCLES.

It never was known that circular letters
By humble companions were sent to their betters;
And as to the subject, our judgment mehercle
Is this, that you argue like fools in a circle.
But now for your verses; we tell you, *imprimis*,
The segment so large 'twixt your reason and rhyme is,
That we walk all about, like a horse in a pound,
And before we find either, our noddles turn round.
Sufficient it were, one would think, in your mad rant,
To give us your measures of lines by a quadrant;
But we took our dividers, and found your d——'d metre,
In each single verse took up a diameter.

[2] At Gal'stown there is so famous an Echo, that, if you repeat two lines of Virgil out of a speaking-trumpet, you may hear the nymph return them to your ear with great propriety and clearness.

[3] These words allude to their amusements with the Echo, having no other signification but to express the sound of stones returned by the Echo, when beaten one against the other.

But how, Mr. Sheridan, came you to venture
George, Dan, Dean, and Nim, to place in the centre[1]?
'Twill appear, to your cost, you are fairly trepann'd,
For the cord of your circle is now in their hand;
The cord, or the radius, it matters not whether,
By which your jade Pegasus, fixt in a tether,
As his betters are us'd, shall be lash'd round the ring,
Three fellows with whips, and the Dean holds the string.
Will Hancock declares you are out of your compass,
To encroach on his art by writing of bombas,
And has taken just now a firm resolution
To answer your style without circumlocution.
Lady Betty[2] presents you her service most humble,
And is not afraid your Worship will grumble
That she makes of your verses a hoop for Miss Tam[3],
Which is all at present; and so I remain—

1 There were four human figures in the centre of the circular verses.

2 Daughter of the Earl of Drogheda, married George Rochfort, Esq.

3 Miss Tam, (a short name for Thomason) Lady Betty's daughter, then perhaps about a year old. She was afterwards married to Gustavus Lambert, Esq. of Paynstown, in the county of Meath.

EPILOGUE TO A PLAY,

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE WEAVERS IN IRELAND, 1721.

Who dares affirm this is no pious age,
When Charity begins to tread the stage?
When actors, who at best are hardly savers,
Will give a night of benefit to Weavers?
Stay——let me see; how finely will it sound!
Imprimis, from his Grace a hundred pound.
Peers, clergy, gentry, all are benefactors;
And then comes in the *item* of the actors':
Item, the actors freely give a day ———
The poet had no more who made the play.

But whence this wondrous charity in play'rs?
They learn'd it not at sermons or at pray'rs.
Under the rose, since here are none but friends,
To own the truth, we have some private ends.
Since waiting-women, like exacting jades,
Hold up the prices of their old brocades,
We'll dress in manufactures made at home,
Equip our kings and generals at the Comb;
We'll rig in Meath-Street Egypt's haughty queen,
And Anthony shall court her in rateen:
In blue shalloon shall Hannibal be clad,
And Scipio trail an Irish purple plaid:
In drugget dress'd, of thirteen-pence a-yard,
See Philip's son amidst his Persian guard;
And proud Roxana, fir'd with jealous rage,
With fifty yards of crape shall sweep the stage.

In short, our kings and princesses within
Are all resolv'd the project to begin;
And you, our subjects, when you here resort,
Must imitate the fashions of the court.
  Oh! could I see this audience clad in stuff,
Though money's scarce, we should have trade enough:
But chintze, brocades, and lace, take all away,
And scarce a crown is left to see a play.
Perhaps you wonder whence this friendship springs
Between the weavers and us playhouse-kings;
But wit and weaving had the same beginning;
Pallas first taught us poetry and spinning.
And next observe how this alliance fits,
For Weavers now are just as poor as wits;
Their brother quillmen, workers for the stage,
For sorry stuff can get a crown a page;
But weavers will be kinder to the play'rs,
And sell for twenty-pence a yard of theirs;
And, to your knowledge, there is often less in
The poet's wit than in the player's dressing.

THE SOUTH-SEA, 1721.

Ye wise Philosophers! explain
  What magic makes our money rise
When dropt into the Southern main?
  Or do these jugglers cheat our eyes?

Put in your money fairly told;
  Presto, be gone,—'tis here again;
Ladies and Gentlemen, behold,
  Here's every piece as big as ten.

Thus in a bason drop a shilling,
Then fill the vessel to the brim,
You shall observe, as you are filling,
The pond'rous metal seems to swim.

It rises both in bulk and height,
Behold it swelling like a sop!
The liquid medium cheats your sight;
Behold it mounted to the top!

In stock three hundred thousand pound;
I have in view a lord's estate;
My manors all contiguous round,
A coach and six, and serv'd in plate.

Thus the deluded bankrupt raves,
Puts all upon a desperate bet,
Then plunges in the Southern waves,
Dipt over head and ears——in debt.

So, by a calenture misled,
The mariner with rapture sees
On the smooth ocean's azure bed
Enamell'd fields and verdant trees;

With eager haste he longs to rove
In that fantastic scene, and thinks
It must be some enchanted grove,
And in he leaps, and down he sinks.

Two hundred chariots, just bespoke,
Are sunk in these devouring waves,
The horses drown'd, the harness broke,
And here the owners find their graves.

Like Pharaoh, by Directors led,
They with their spoils went safe before;
His chariots, tumbling out the dead,
Lay shatter'd on the Red Sea shore.

Rais'd up on Hope's aspiring plumes,
The young adventurer o'er the deep
An eagle's flight and state assumes,
And scorns the middle way to keep.

On paper wings he takes his flight;
With wax the father bound them fast;
The wax is melted by the height,
And down the towering boy is cast.

A moralist might here explain
The rashness of the Cretan youth,
Describe his fall into the main,
And from a fable form a truth.

His wings are his paternal rent,
He melts his wax at every flame;
His credit sunk, his money spent,
In Southern Seas he leaves his name.

Inform us, you that best can tell,
Why in yon dangerous gulf profound,
Where hundreds and where thousands fell,
Fools chiefly float, the wise are drown'd?

So have I seen from Severn's brink
A flock of geese jump down together,
Swim where the bird of Jove would sink,
And, swimming, never wet a feather.

One fool may from another win,
And then get off with money stor'd,
But if a sharper once comes in,
He throws at all, and sweeps the board.

As fishes on each other prey,
The great ones swallowing up the small,
So fares it in the Southern Sea,
The whale-Directors eat up all.

When stock is high they come between,
Making by second-hand their offers;
Then cunningly retire unseen,
With each a million in his coffers.

So, when upon a moonshine night
An ass was drinking at a stream,
A cloud arose and stopt the light,
By intercepting every beam:

'The day of judgment will be soon,
(Cries out a sage among the crowd)
An ass hath swallow'd up the moon:'
The moon lay safe behind the cloud.

Each poor subscriber to the Sea
Sinks down at once, and there he lies;
Directors fall as well as they;
Their fall is but a trick to rise.

So fishes, rising from the main,
Can soar with moisten'd wings on high;
The moisture dried, they sink again,
And dip their fins again to fly.

Undone at play, the female troops
Come here their losses to retrieve,
Ride o'er the waves in spacious hoops,
Like Lapland-witches in a sieve.

Thus Venus to the sea descends,
As poets feign; but where's the moral?
It shows the Queen of Love intends
To search the deep for pearl and coral.

The sea is richer than the land,
I heard it from my grannam's mouth,
Which now I clearly understand,
For by the sea she meant the South.

Thus by Directors we are told,
'Pray, Gentlemen, believe your eyes;
Our ocean's cover'd o'er with gold;
Look round, and see how thick it lies.'

Oh! would those patriots be so kind
Here in the deep to wash their hands,
Then, like Pactolus, we should find
The sea indeed had golden sands.

A shilling in the Bath you fling,
The silver takes a nobler hue
By magic virtue in the spring,
And seems a guinea to your view;

But as a guinea will not pass
At market for a farthing more,
Shown through a multiplying glass,
Than what it always did before;

So cast it in the Southern Seas,
And view it through a jobber's bill,
Put on what spectacles you please,
Your guinea's but a guinea still.

One night a fool into a brook
Thus from a hillock looking down,
The golden stars for guineas took,
And silver Cynthia for a crown.

The point he could no longer doubt;
He ran, he leap'd into the flood,
There sprawl'd awhile, and scarce got out,
All cover'd o'er with slime and mud.

'Upon the waters cast thy bread,
And after many days thou'lt find it;'
But gold upon this ocean spread
Shall sink, and leave no mark behind it.

There is a gulf where thousands fell,
Here all the bold adventurers came;
A narrow sound, though deep as hell,
'Change-Alley is the dreadful name.

Nine times a day it ebbs and flows,
Yet he that on the surface lies,
Without a pilot seldom knows
The time it falls, or when 'twill rise.

Subscribers here by thousands float,
And jostle one another down;
Each paddling in his leaky boat,
And here they fish for gold—and drown.

Now buried in the depth below,
Now mounted up to heav'n again,
They reel and stagger to and fro,
At their wits' end, like drunken men.

Meantime secure on Garr'way cliffs,
A savage race, by shipwrecks fed,
Lie waiting for the founder'd skiffs,
And strip the bodies of the dead.

But these, you say, are factious lies,
From some malicious Tory's brain;
For where Directors get a prize,
The Swiss and Dutch whole millions drain.

Thus when by rooks a lord is plied,
Some cully often wins a bet,
By venturing on the cheating side,
Though not into the secret let.

While some build castles in the air,
Directors build them in the seas;
Subscribers plainly see 'em there,
For fools will see as wise men please.

Thus oft by mariners are shown
(Unless the men of Kent are liars)
Earl Godwin's castles overflown,
And palace-roofs and steeple-spires.

Mark where the sly Directors creep,
Nor to the shore approach too nigh;
The monsters nestle in the deep,
To seize you in your passing by.

Then, like the dogs of Nile, be wise,
Who, taught by instinct, how to shun
The crocodile that lurking lies,
Run as they drink, and drink and run.

Antæus could, by magic charms,
Recover strength whene'er he fell;
Alcides held him in his arms,
And sent him up in air to hell:

Directors thrown into the sea
Recover strength and vigour there,
But may be tam'd another way,
Suspended for awhile in air.

Directors! for 'tis you I warn,
By long experience we have found
What planet rul'd when you were born;
We see you never can be drown'd.

Beware, nor over-bulky grow,
Nor come within your cully's reach;
For if the sea should sink so low
To leave you dry upon the beach.

You'll owe your ruin to your bulk;
Your foes already waiting stand,
To tear you like a founder'd hulk,
While you lie helpless on the sand.

Thus when a whale hath lost the tide
The coasters crowd to seize the spoil,
The monster into parts divide,
And strip the bones and melt the oil.

Oh! may some western tempest sweep
These locusts, whom our fruits have fed,
That plague, Directors, to the deep,
Driv'n from the South Sea to the Red!

May he whom Nature's laws obey,
Who lifts the poor and sinks the proud,
Quiet the raging of the sea,
And still the madness of the crowd!

But never shall our isle have rest
Till those devouring swine run down,
(The devils leaving the possest)
And headlong in the waters drown.

The nation then too late will find,
Computing all their cost and trouble,
Directors' promises but wind,
South-Sea at best a mighty bubble.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto,
Arma virum, tabulæque, et Troia gaza per undas.
VIRG.

THE COUNTRY LIFE.

PART OF A SUMMER SPENT AT THE HOUSE OF GEORGE ROCHFORT, ESQ.

1723.

THALIA, tell in sober lays
How George, Nim, Dan, Dean, pass their days.
Begin, my Muse! First, from our bowers,
We sally forth at different hours;
At seven the Dean, in night-gown drest,
Goes round the house to wake the rest;
At nine grave Nim, and George facetious,
Go to the Dean to read Lucretius;
At ten, my Lady comes and hectors,
And kisses George, and ends our lectures;
And when she has him by the neck fast,
Hawls him, and scolds us down to breakfast.
We squander there an hour or more,
And then all hands, Boys! to the oar,
All, heteroclite Dan except,
Who neither time nor order kept,
But, by particular whimsies drawn,
Peeps in the ponds to look for spawn;
O'ersees the work, or Dragon rows,
Or mars a text, or mends his hose;
Or—but proceed we in our journal—
At two, or after, we return all;
From the four elements assembling,
Warn'd by the bell, all folks come trembling:
From airy garrets some descend,
Some from the lake's remotest end:

My Lord and Dean the fire forsake,
Dan leaves the earthly spade and rake:
The loiterers quake, no corner hides them,
And Lady Betty soundly chides them.
Now water's brought, and dinner's done;
With Church and King the Lady's gone;
(Not reckoning half an hour we pass
In talking o'er a moderate glass)
Dan, growing drowzy, like a thief
Steals off to dose away his beef;
And this must pass for reading Hammond——
While George and Dean go to backgammon.
George, Nim, and Dean, set out at four,
And then again, Boys! to the oar.
But when the sun goes to the deep,
(Not to disturb him in his sleep,
Or make a rumbling o'er his head,
His candle out, and he a-bed)
We watch his motions to a minute,
And leave the flood when he goes in it.
Now stinted in the shortening day,
We go to prayers, and then to play
Till supper comes; and after that
We sit an hour to drink and chat.
'Tis late——the old and younger pairs,
By Adam lighted, walk up stairs:
The weary Dean goes to his chamber,
But Nim and Dan to garret clamber:
So when the circle we have run,
The curtain falls, and all is done.

I might have mention'd several facts,
Like Episodes between the acts,
And tell who loses and who wins,
Who gets a cold, who breaks his shins,

How Dan caught nothing in his net,
And how the boat was overset;
For brevity I have retrench'd
How in the lake the Dean was drench'd:
It would be an exploit to brag on,
How valiant George rode o'er the Dragon,
How steady in the storm he sat,
And sav'd his oar, but lost his hat;
How Nim (no hunter e'er could match him)
Still brings us hares when he can catch 'em;
How skilfully Dan mends his nets,
How fortune fails him when he sets;
Or how the Dean delights to vex
The ladies, and lampoon the sex;
Or how our neighbour lifts his nose,
To tell what every schoolboy knows,
Then with his finger on his thumb
Explaining, strikes opposers dumb;
Or how his wife, that female pedant,
(But now there need no more be said on't)
Shows all her secrets of housekeeping;
For candles how she trucks her dripping;
Was forc'd to send three miles for yeast
To brew her ale and raise her paste;
Tells every thing that you can think of,
How she cur'd Tommy of the chincough;
What gave her brats and pigs the measles,
And how her doves were kill'd by weasels;
How Jowler howl'd, and what a fright
She had with dreams the other night.

But now, since I have gone so far on,
A word or two of Lord Chief Baron[1],

[1] Mr. Rochfort's father.

And tell how little weight he sets
On all Whig papers and gazettes;
But for the politics of Pue[2],
Thinks every syllable is true;
And since he owns the King of Sweden
Is dead at last, without evading,
Now all his hopes are in the Czar:
'Why, Muscovy is not so far;
Down the Black Sea and up the Streights,
And in a month he's at your gates;
Perhaps, from what the packet brings,
By Christmas we shall see strange things.'—
Why should I tell of ponds and drains,
What carps we met with for our pains;
Of sparrows tam'd, and nuts innumerable
To choke the girls, and to consume a rabble?
But you, who are a scholar, know
How transient all things are below;
How prone to change is human life!
Last night arriv'd Clem [3] and his wife——
This grand event hath broke our measures;
Their reign began with cruel seizures;
The Dean must with his quilt supply
The bed in which those tyrants lie.
Nim lost his wig-block, Dan his jordan,
(My Lady says she can't afford one)
George is half scar'd out of his wits,
For Clem gets all the dainty bits.
Henceforth expect a different survey,
This house will soon turn topsyturvy;
They talk of further alterations,
Which causes many speculations.

[2] A Tory news-writer. [3] Mr. Clement Barry.

MARY THE COOK-MAID's LETTER

TO DR. SHERIDAN.

1723.

Well, if ever I saw such another man since my mother bound my head!
You a gentleman! marry come up, I wonder where you were bred,
I am sure such words does not become a man of your cloth;
I would not give such language to a dog, faith and troth.
Yes, you call'd my master a Knave: fie! Mr. Sheridan: 'tis a shame
For a parson, who should know better things, to come out with such a name.
Knave in your teeth! Mr. Sheridan; 'tis both a shame and a sin:
And the Dean, my master, is an honester man than you and all your kin:
He has more goodness in his little finger than you have in your whole body:
My master is a personable man, and not a spindle-shank'd hoddy-doddy.
And now, whereby I find you would fain make an excuse,
Because my master one day, in anger, call'd you Goose;
Which, and I am sure I have been his servant four years since October,
And he never call'd me worse than Sweetheart, drunk or sober;

Not that I know his Reverence was ever concern'd to my knowledge,
Though you and your come-rogues keep him out so late in your wicked college.
You say you will eat grass on his grave. A Christian eat grass!
Whereby you now confess yourself to be a goose or an ass.
But that's as much as to say, that my master should die before ye;
Well, well, that's as God pleases; and I don't believe that's a true story;
And so say I told you so, and you may go tell my master; what care I?
And I don't care who knows it; 'tis all one to Mary.
Every body knows that I love to tell truth and shame the devil:
I am but a poor servant; but I think gentlefolks should be civil.
Besides, you found fault with our victuals one day that you was here;
I remember it was on a Tuesday, of all days in the year:
And Saunders, the man, says you are always jesting and mocking.
'Mary,' said he, (one day as I was mending my master's stocking)
'My master is so fond of that minister that keeps the school—
I thought my master a wise man, but that man makes him a fool.'
'Saunders, (said I) I would rather than a quart of ale
He would come into our kitchen, and I would pin a dishclout to his tail.'

And now I must go and get Saunders to direct this letter,
For I write but a sad scrawl; but my sister Marget she writes better.
Well, but I must run and make the bed before my master comes from pray'rs;
And see, now, it strikes ten, and I hear him coming up stairs:
Whereof I could say more to your verses, if I could write written hand;
And so I remain, in a civil way, your servant to command,

MARY.

CARBERIÆ RUPES,

IN COMITATU CORGAGENSI, APUD HIBERNICOS.

Scripsit Jun. ann. Dom. 1723.

Ecce ingens fragmen scopuli, quod vertice summo
Desuper impendet, nullo fundamine nixum
Decidit in fluctus: maria undique et undique saxa
Horrisono stridore tonant, et ad æthera murmur
Erigitur: trepidatque suis Neptunus in undis.
Nam, longâ venti rabie, atque aspergine crebrâ
Æquorei laticis, specus imâ rupe cavatur:
Jam fultura ruit, jam summa cacumina nutant;
Jam cadit in præceps moles, et verberat undas.
Attonitus credas, hinc dejecisse tonantem
Montibus impositos montes, et Pelion altum
In capita anguipedum cœlo jaculâsse gigantum.
Sæpe etiam spelunca immani aperitur hiatu
Exesa è scopulis, et utrinque foramina pandit,

Hinc atque hinc a ponto ad pontum pervia Phœbo.
Cautibus enormè junctis laquearia tecti
Formantur; moles olim ruitura superne.
Fornice sublimi nidos posuere palumbes,
Inque imo stagni posuere cubilia phocæ.
Sed, cum sævit Hyems, et venti, carcere rupto,
Immensos volvunt fluctus ad culmina montis,
Non obsessæ arces, non fulmina vindice dextrâ
Missa Jovis, quoties inimicas sævit in urbes,
Exæquant sonitum undarum, veniente procellâ:
Littora littoribus reboant; vicinia latè,
Gens assueta mari, et pedibus percurrere rupes,
Terretur tamen, et longè fugit, arva relinquens.
Gramina dum carpunt pendentes rupe capellæ,
Vi salientis aquæ de summo præcipitantur,
Et dulces animas imo sub gurgite linquunt.
Piscator terrâ non audet vellere funem:
Sed latet in portu tremebundus, et, aëra sudum
Haud sperans, Nereum precibus votisque fatigat.

CARBERY ROCKS,

IN THE COUNTY OF CORKE, IRELAND [1].

Lo! from the top of yonder cliff, that shrouds
Its airy head amidst the azure clouds,
Hangs a huge fragment, destitute of props;
Prone on the waves the rocky ruin drops!
With hoarse rebuff the swelling seas rebound,
From shore to shore the Rocks return the sound;

[1] This translation of the preceding poem was made by Mr. W. Dunkin, M. A. for whom the Dean expressed a great regard on account of his ingenious performances, though unacquainted with him.

The dreadful murmur Heaven's high convex cleaves,
And Neptune shrinks beneath his subject-waves;
For long the whirling winds and beating tides
Had scoop'd a vault into its nether sides.
Now yields the base, the summits nod, now urge
Their headlong course, and lash the sounding surge:
Not louder noise could shake the guilty world
When Jove heap'd mountains upon mountains, hurl'd
Retorting Pelion from his dread abode,
To crush earth's rebel sons beneath the load.
  Oft, too, with hideous yawn the caverns wide
Present an orifice on either side,
A dismal orifice, from sea to sea
Extended, pervious to the god of Day:
Uncouthly join'd, the rocks stupendous form
An arch, the ruin of a future storm:
High on the cliff their nests the woodquests make,
And sea-calves stable in the oozy lake.
  But when bleak Winter with his sullen train
Awakes the winds to vex the watery plain;
When o'er the craggy steep, without control,
Big with the blast the raging billows roll,
Not towns beleaguer'd, not the flaming brand
Darted from heaven by Jove's avenging hand,
Oft as on impious men his wrath he pours,
Humbles their pride, and blasts their gilded tow'rs,
Equal the tumult of this wild uproar;
Waves rush o'er waves, rebellow shore to shore.
The neighbouring race, though wont to brave the
Of angry seas and run among the rocks, [shocks,
Now pale with terror, while the ocean foams,
Fly far and wide, nor trust their native homes.
  The goats, while pendent from the mountain-top
The wither'd herb improvident they crop,

Wash'd down the precipice with sudden sweep,
Leave their sweet lives beneath the' unfathom'd deep.
The frighted fisher, with desponding eyes,
Though safe, yet trembling in the harbour lies,
Nor hoping to behold the skies serene,
Wearies with vows the monarch of the main.

UPON

THE HORRID PLOT

DISCOVERED BY HARLEQUIN, THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER'S FRENCH DOG[1].

In a Dialogue between a Whig and a Tory.

1723.

TORY.

I ASK'D a Whig the other night,
How came this wicked Plot to light?
He answer'd, that a Dog of late
Inform'd a minister of state.
Said I, from thence I nothing know,
For are not all informers so?
A villain who his friend betrays,
We style him by no other phrase;

[1] See the proceedings in Parliament against Dr. Atterbury, the Bishop of Rochester, State Trials, Vol. VI.—He was tried by the Lords for a plot against the government, deprived of his bishopric, and banished his native country. He died in France, Feb. 15, 1732.

And so a perjur'd Dog denotes
Porter, and Prendergast, and Oates,
And forty others I could name.
WHIG. But you must know this Dog was lame.
TORY. A weighty argument indeed!
Your evidence was lame;—proceed.
Come help your lame Dog o'er the stile.
WHIG. Sir, you mistake me all this while:
I mean a Dog (without a joke)
Can howl and bark, but never spoke.
TORY. I'm still to seek which Dog you mean,
Whether Cur Plunket, or Whelp Skean;
An English or an Irish hound,
Or t'other puppy that was drown'd,
Or Mason, that abandon'd bitch;
Then pray be free, and tell me which,
For every stander-by was marking
That all the noise they made was barking.
You pay them well; the Dogs have got
Their dogs-heads in a porridge-pot:
And 'twas but just; for wise men say
That every Dog must have his day.
Dog Walpole laid a quart of nog on't,
He'd either make a hog or Dog on't,
And look'd, since he has got his wish,
As if he had thrown down a dish:
Yet this I dare foretel you from it,
He'll soon return to his own vomit.
WHIG. Besides, this horrid Plot was found
By Neynoe after he was drown'd.
TORY. Why then the proverb is not right;
Since you can teach dead dogs to bite.
WHIG. I prov'd my proposition full,
But Jacobites are strangely dull.

Now let me tell you plainly, Sir,
Our witness is a real cur,
A Dog of spirit for his years,
Has twice two legs, two hanging ears;
His name is Harlequin I wot,
And that's a name in every plot;
Resolv'd to save the British nation,
(Though French by birth and education,)
His correspondence, plainly dated,
Was all decipher'd and translated;
His answers were exceeding pretty
Before the secret wise Committee;
Confess'd as plain as he could bark,
Then with his forefoot set his mark.

TORY. Then all this while have I been bubbled,
I thought it was a Dog in doublet:
The matter now no longer sticks,
For statesmen never want dog-tricks:
But since it was a real cur,
And not a Dog in metaphor,
I give you joy of the report,
That he's to have a place at court.

WHIG. Yes, and a place he will grow rich in,
A turnspit in the royal kitchen.
Sir, to be plain, I'll tell you what,
We had occasion for a plot,
And when we found the Dog begin it,
We guess'd the Bishop's foot was in it.

TORY. I own it was a dangerous project,
And you have prov'd it by dog-logic.
Sure such intelligence between
A Dog and Bishop ne'er was seen,
Till you began to change the breed;
Your Bishops all are d—gs indeed.

JOAN CUDGELS NED.

1723.

Joan cudgels Ned, yet Ned's a bully;
Will cudgels Bess, yet Will's a cully.
Die Ned and Bess; give Will to Joan,
She dares not say her life's her own.
Die Joan and Will; give Bess to Ned,
And every day she combs his head.

PETHOX THE GREAT.

1723.

From Venus born thy beauty shows,
But who thy father no man knows,
Nor can the skilful herald trace
The founder of thy ancient race:
Whether thy temper, full of fire,
Discovers Vulcan for thy sire,
The god who made Scamander boil,
And round his margin sign'd the soil,
From whence, philosophers agree,
An equal power descends to thee;
Whether from dreadful Mars you claim
The high descent from whence you came:
And, as a proof, show numerous scars
By fierce encounters made in wars,
Those honourable wounds you bore
From head to foot, and all before.

And still the bloody field frequent,
Familiar in each leader's tent;
Or whether, as the learn'd contend,
You from the neighbouring Gaul descend,
Or from Parthenope the proud,
Where numberless thy votaries crowd;
Whether thy great forefathers came
From realms that bear Vesputio's name,
For so conjecturers would obtrude,
And from thy painted skin conclude;
Whether, as Epicurus shows,
The world from jostling seeds arose,
Which mingling with prolific strife
In Chaos, kindled into life;
So your production was the same,
And from contending atoms came.
  Thy fair indulgent mother crown'd
Thy head with sparkling rubies round;
Beneath thy decent steps, the road
Is all with precious jewels strow'd;
The bird of Pallas knows his post,
Thee to attend where'er thou go'st.
  Byzantians boast that on the clod
Where once their Sultan's horse hath trod,
Grows neither grass, nor shrub, nor tree;
The same thy subjects boast of thee.
  The greatest lord, when you appear,
Will deign your livery to wear,
In all the various colours seen
Of red and yellow, blue and green.
  With half a word, when you require,
The man of business must retire.
  The haughty minister of state
With trembling must thy leisure wait.

And while his fate is in thy hands,
The business of the nation stands.
Thou dar'st the greatest prince attack,
Canst hourly set him on the rack,
And, as an instance of thy pow'r,
Inclose him in a wooden tow'r,
With pungent pains on every side;
So Regulus in torments died.
From thee our youth all virtues learn,
Dangers with prudence to discern;
And well thy scholars are endued
With temperance and with fortitude,
With patience, which all ills supports,
And secrecy, the art of courts.
The glittering beau could hardly tell,
Without your aid, to read or spell;
But having long convers'd with you,
Knows how to write a billet-doux.
With what delight, methinks, I trace
Your blood in every noble race!
In whom thy features, shape, and mien,
Are to the life distinctly seen.
The Britons, once a savage kind,
By you were brighten'd and refin'd,
Descendants of the barbarous Huns,
With limbs robust, and voice that stuns;
But you have moulded them afresh,
Remov'd the tough superfluous flesh,
Taught them to modulate their tongues,
And speak without the help of lungs.
Proteus on you bestow'd the boon
To change your visage like the moon;
You sometimes half a face produce,
Keep t'other half for private use.

How fam'd thy conduct in the fight
With Hermes, son of Pleias bright!
Out-number'd, half encompass'd round,
You strove for every inch of ground;
Then by a soldierly retreat
Retir'd to your imperial seat.
The victor, when your steps he trac'd,
Found all the realms before him waste:
You, o'er the high triumphal arch
Pontific, made your glorious march;
The wondrous arch behind you fell,
And left a chasm, profound as hell.
You, in your capitol secur'd,
A siege as long as Troy endur'd.

END OF VOL. I.

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SWIFT

But, as he climb'd to grasp the crown,
She knock'd him with the sceptre down.

Vol. II. Desire & Possession

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JONATHAN SWIFT,

DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

THOMAS PARK, ESQ. F. S. A.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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CONTENTS.

MISCELLANIES, FROM 1689 TO 1713.

	Page
NEW-YEAR'S gift for Bec	5
Prometheus. On Wood the Patentee's Irish Halfpence	6
Sent by Dr. Delany to Dr. Swift, in order to be admitted to speak to him when he was deaf	9
The Dean's Answer	ib.
A Quiet Life and a Good Name. To a Friend who married a Shrew	11
Verses on the upright Judge who condemned the Drapier's Printer	13
On the same	ib.
On the same	14
Simile on our want of Silver, and the only way to remedy it	ib.
On Wood the Ironmonger	16
Wood an Insect	17
To Quilca, a Country-house of Dr. Sheridan	18
On reading Dr. Young's Satire, called the Universal Passion	19
The Dog and Thief	21
Advice to the Grub-street Verse-writers	22
On seeing Verses written upon Windows in Inns	23
On the same	ib.
On the same	ib.
To a Lady, who desired the Author to write some Verses upon her in the heroic Style	24
Bec's Birth-day	33
Extempore Verses written at Chester	35
Verses occasioned by the sudden drying up of St. Patrick's Well	ib.
Pastoral Dialogue between Richmond-lodge and Marble-hill	39
Desire and Possession	43

Page

On Censure 45
The Furniture of a Woman's Mind 46
On cutting down the old Thorn at Market-hill . . 48
The Journal of a modern Lady 51
Pastoral Dialogue between Dermont and Sheelah . 60
Dialogue between mad Mullinix and Timothy . . . 62
On the Five Ladies at Sot's Hole, with the Doctor at their head, sent as from an Officer of the Army 70
The Five Ladies' Answer to the Beau with the Wig and Wings at his head 72
The Beau's Reply to the Five Ladies' Answer . . . 73
Dialogue between an eminent Lawyer and Dr. Swift, D. S. P. D. 74
My Lady's Lamentation and Complaint against the Dean 76
To Dr. Delany, on the Libels written against him 83
Libel on the Rev. Dr. Delany and his Excellency John Lord Carteret 89
On burning a dull Poem 95
To Janus, on New-year's Day 96
Drapier's Hill 97
The grand Question debated 99
Directions for making a Birth-day Song 106
On the Irish Club 115
The Fable of the Bitches 116
The Lady's Dressing-room 118
Answer to Dr. Delany's Fable of the Pheasant and the Lark 122
The Power of Time 126
The Revolution at Market-hill . . . . . ib.
Traulus. A Dialogue between Tom and Robin . . 130
To Betty the Grizette 135
Death and Daphne. To an agreeable young Lady, but extremely lean 136
Panegyric on the Dean, in the Person of a Lady in the North 140
Verses on the Death of Dr. Swift, occasioned by reading a Maxim in Rochefoucault 151

MISCELLANIES.

A

NEW-YEAR'S GIFT FOR BEC[1].

1723-4.

RETURNING Janus now prepares,
For Bec, a new supply of cares,
Sent in a bag to Doctor Swift,
Who thus displays the New-year's Gift.
  First, this large parcel brings you tidings
Of our good Dean's eternal chidings;
Of Nelly's pertness, Robin's leasings,
And Sheridan's perpetual teasings.
This box is cramm'd on every side
With Stella's magisterial pride.
Behold a cage with sparrows fill'd,
First to be fondled, then be kill'd.
Now to this hamper I invite you,
With six imagin'd cares to fright you.
Here in this bundle Janus sends
Concerns by thousands for your friends;
And here's a pair of leathern pokes
To hold your cares for other folks.
Here from this barrel you may broach
A peck of troubles for a coach.
This ball of wax your ears will darken;
Still to be curious never hearken:

[1] Mrs. Rebecca Dingley, Stella's friend and companion.

Lest you the town may have less trouble in,
Bring all your Quilca [2] cares to Dublin,
For which he sends this empty sack,
And so take all upon your back.

PROMETHEUS.

ON WOOD THE PATENTEE'S IRISH HALFPENCE.

1724.

As when the squire and tinker, Wood,
Gravely consulting Ireland's good,
Together mingled in a mass
Smith's dust and copper, lead and brass;
The mixture thus, by chemic art,
United close in every part,
In fillets roll'd, or cut in pieces,
Appear'd like one continued species,
And by the forming engine struck,
On all the same impression stuck:
So, to confound this hated coin,
All parties and religions join;
Whigs, Tories, Trimmers, Hanoverians,
Quakers, Conformists, Presbyterians,
Scotch, Irish, English, French, unite,
With equal interest, equal spite;
Together mingled in a lump,
Do all in one opinion jump,
And every one begins to find
The same impression on his mind.

[2] A country house of Dr. Sheridan's.

A strange event! whom gold incites
To blood and quarrels, brass unites:
So, goldsmiths say, the coarsest stuff
Will serve for solder well enough;
So by the kettle's loud alarm
The bees are gather'd to a swarm;
So by the brazen trumpet's bluster
Troops of all tongues and nations muster;
And so the Harp of Ireland brings
Whole crowds about its brazen strings.

There is a chain let down from Jove,
But fasten'd to his throne above,
So strong, that from the lower end
They say all human things depend:
This chain, as ancient poets hold,
When Jove was young, was made of gold.
Prometheus once this chain purloin'd,
Dissolv'd, and into money coin'd,
Then whips me on a chain of brass,
(Venus was brib'd to let it pass.)
Now while this brazen chain prevail'd,
Jove saw that all devotion fail'd;
No temple to his godship rais'd,
No sacrifice on altars blaz'd:
In short, such dire confusion follow'd,
Earth must have been in chaos swallow'd.
Jove stood amaz'd, and, looking round,
With much ado the cheat he found:
'Twas plain he could no longer hold
The world in any chain but gold,
And to the God of Wealth, his brother,
Sent Mercury to get another.

Prometheus on a rock is laid,
Tied with the chain himself had made,
On icy Caucasus to shiver,
Where vultures eat his growing liver.

Ye Pow'rs of Grub-street! make me able
Discreetly to apply this fable;
Say who is to be understood
By that old thief Prometheus? Wood?
For Jove, it is not hard to guess him:
I mean his Majesty, God bless him!
This thief and blacksmith was so bold,
He strove to steal that chain of gold
Which links the subject to the king,
And change it for a brazen string;
But sure if nothing else must pass
Between the king and us but brass,
Although the chain will never crack,
Yet our devotion may grow slack.
But Jove will soon convert, I hope,
This brazen chain into a rope,
With which Prometheus shall be tied,
And high in air for ever ride,
Where if we find his liver grows
For want of vultures, we have crows.

SENT BY

DR. DELANY TO DR. SWIFT,

IN ORDER TO BE ADMITTED TO SPEAK TO HIM WHEN HE WAS DEAF.

1724.

Dear Sir! I think 'tis doubly hard
Your ears and doors should both be barr'd.
Can any thing be more unkind?
Must I not see 'cause you are blind?
Methinks a friend at night should cheer you,
A friend that loves to see and hear you.
Why am I robb'd of that delight,
When you can be no loser by't?
Nay, when 'tis plain (for what is plainer?)
That if you heard you'd be no gainer:
For sure you are not yet to learn
That hearing is not your concern:
Then be your doors no longer barr'd:
Your business, Sir, is to be heard.

THE DEAN'S ANSWER.

The wise pretend to make it clear
'Tis no great loss to lose an ear:
Why are we then so fond of two,
When, by experience, one would do?
'Tis true, say they, cut off the head,
And there's an end; the man is dead;

Because among all human race
None e'er was known to have a brace;
But confidently they maintain,
That where we find the members twain,
The loss of one is no such trouble,
Since t'other will in strength be double.
The limb surviving, you may swear
Becomes his brother's lawful heir.
Thus, for a trial, let me beg of
Your Reverence but to cut one leg off,
And you shall find by this device
The other will be stronger twice;
For every day you shall be gaining
New vigour to the leg remaining:
So when an eye hath lost its brother,
You see the better with the other.
Cut off your hand, and you may do
With t'other hand the work of two;
Because the soul her power contracts,
And on the brother-limb re-acts.
  But yet the point is not so clear in
Another case, the sense of hearing;
For though the place of either ear
Be distant as one head can bear,
Yet Galen most acutely shows you,
(Consult his book *De partium usu*)
That from each ear, as he observes,
There crept two auditory nerves,
Not to be seen without a glass,
Which near the *os petrosum* pass,
Thence to the neck, and moving thorough there,
One goes to this, and one to t'other ear,
Which made my grand-dame always stuff her ears,
Both right and left, as fellow-sufferers.

You see my learning: but to shorten it,
When my left ear was deaf a fortnight,
To t'other ear I felt it coming on,
And thus I solve this hard phænomenon.
'Tis true, a glass will bring supplies
To weak, or old, or clouded eyes:
Your arms, though both your eyes were lost,
Would guard your nose against a post:
Without your legs, two legs of wood
Are stronger and almost as good:
And as for hands, there have been those
Who, wanting both, have us'd their toes;
But no contrivance yet appears
To furnish artificial ears.

A QUIET LIFE AND A GOOD NAME.

TO A FRIEND WHO MARRIED A SHREW.

1724.

Nell scolded in so loud a din,
That Will durst hardly venture in:
He mark'd the conjugal dispute;
Nell roar'd incessant, Dick sat mute;
But when he saw his friend appear,
Cried bravely, 'Patience, good my Dear!'
At sight of Will she bawl'd no more,
But hurried out, and clapp'd the door.
'Why, Dick! the devil's in thy Nell,
(Quoth Will;) thy house is worse than hell:
Why, what a peal the jade has rung!
D—— her, why don't you slit her tongue?

For nothing else will make it cease.'—
'Dear Will! I suffer this for peace;
I never quarrel with my wife;
I bear it for a Quiet Life:
Scripture, you know, exhorts us to it,
Bids us to seek peace and ensure it.'
Will went again to visit Dick,
And entering in the very nick,
He saw virago Nell belabour
With Dick's own staff his peaceful neighbour;
Poor Will, who needs must interpose,
Receiv'd a brace or two of blows.
But now, to make my story short,
Will drew out Dick to take a quart;
'Why, Dick, thy wife has devilish whims
Odsbuds, why don't you break her limbs?
If she were mine, and had such tricks,
I'd teach her how to handle sticks:
Z——ds! I would ship her to Jamaica,
Or truck the carrion for tobacco:
I'd send her far enough away——'
'Dear Will! but what would people say?
Lord! I should get so ill a name,
The neighbours round would cry out, Shame!'
Dick suffer'd for his peace and credit,
But who believ'd him when he said it?
Can he who makes himself a slave
Consult his peace or credit save?
Dick found it by his ill success,
His quiet small, his credit less.
She serv'd him at the usual rate;
She stunn'd, and then she broke his pate.
And, what he thought the hardest case,
The parish jeer'd him to his face;

Those men who wore the breeches least
Call'd him a cuckold, fool, and beast.
At home, he was pursued with noise;
Abroad, was pester'd by the boys:
Within, his wife would break his bones;
Without, they pelted him with stones:
The 'prentices procur'd a riding[1],
To act his patience and her chiding.
  False patience and mistaken pride!
There are ten thousand Dicks beside;
Slaves to their Quiet and Good Name,
Are us'd like Dick, and bear the blame.

VERSES

ON THE UPRIGHT JUDGE WHO CONDEMNED THE DRAPIER'S PRINTER.

1724.

The church I hate, and have good reason,
For there my grandsire cut his weason:
He cut his weason at the altar;
I keep my gullet for the halter.

ON THE SAME.

In church your grandsire cut his throat:
  To do the job too long he tarried;
He should have had my hearty vote
  To cut his throat before he married.

[1] A riding, a humorous cavalcade practised in some parts of England, to ridicule a scolding wife and henpecked husband. A woman bestrides the horse, and with a ladle chastises a man, who sits on a pillion behind her, with his face to the horse's tail. *Hawkes.*

ON THE SAME.

[THE JUDGE SPEAKS.]

I'm not the grandson of that ass Quin,
Nor can you prove it, Mr. Pasquin:
My grand-dame had gallants by twenties,
And bore my mother by a 'prentice;
This when my grandsire knew, they tell us he
In Christ Church cut his throat for jealousy:
And since the alderman was mad, you say
Then I must be so too, *ex traduce.*

A SIMILE,

ON OUR WANT OF SILVER; AND THE ONLY WAY TO REMEDY IT.

1725.

As when of old some sorceress threw
O'er the moon's face a sable hue,
To drive unseen her magic chair
At midnight through the darken'd air;
Wise people, who believ'd with reason
That this eclipse was out of season,
Affirm'd the moon was sick, and fell,
To cure her by a counter-spell.
Ten thousand cymbals now begin
To rend the skies with brazen din;
The cymbals' rattling sounds dispel
The cloud, and drive the hag to hell:

The moon, deliver'd from her pain,
Displays her silver face again.
(Note here, that in the chemic style
The moon is silver all this while.)
So (if my Simile you minded,
Which I confess is too long-winded)
When late a feminine magician,
Join'd with a brazen politician,
Expos'd (to blind the nation's eyes)
A parchment of prodigious size,
Conceal'd behind that ample screen,
There was no Silver to be seen;
But to this parchment let the Drapier
Oppose his counter-charm of paper,
And ring Wood's copper in our ears
So loud till all the nation hears;
That sound will make the parchment shrivel,
And drive the conjurers to the devil;
And when the sky is grown serene,
Our Silver will appear again.

ON

WOOD THE IRONMONGER.

1725.

Salmoneus, as the Grecian tale is,
Was a mad coppersmith of Elis;
Up at his forge by morning-peep,
No creature in the lane could sleep:
Among a crew of roistering fellows
Would sit whole evenings at the alehouse:

His wife and children wanted bread,
While he went always drunk to bed.
This vapouring scab must needs devise
To ape the thunder of the skies:
With brass two fiery steeds he shod,
To make a clattering as they trod.
Of polish'd brass his flaming car
Like lightning dazzled from afar;
And up he mounts into the box,
And he must thunder, with a pox!
Then furious he begins his march,
Drives rattling o'er a brazen arch,
With squibs and crackers arm'd, to throw
Among the trembling crowd below.
All ran to prayers, both priests and laity,
To pacify this angry deity;
When Jove, in pity to the town,
With real thunder knock'd him down.
Then what a huge delight were all in,
To see the wicked varlet sprawling!
They search'd his pockets on the place,
And found his copper all was base;
They laugh'd at such an Irish blunder,
To take the noise of brass for thunder.
The moral of this tale is proper,
Apply'd to Wood's adulterate copper,
Which, as he scatter'd, we, like dolts,
Mistook at first for thunderbolts;
Before the Drapier shot a letter,
(Nor Jove himself could do it better)
Which lighting on the' impostor's crown,
Like real thunder knock'd him down.

WOOD AN INSECT.

1725.

By long observation I have understood
That two little vermin are kin to Will Wood:
The first is an insect they call a Wood-louse,
That folds up itself in itself for a house,
As round as a ball, without head, without tail,
Inclos'd *cap-à-pée* in a strong coat of mail:
And thus William Wood to my fancy appears,
In fillets of brass roll'd up to his ears,
And over these fillets he wisely has thrown,
To keep out of danger, a doublet of stone[1].
The louse of the wood for a med'cine is us'd,
Or swallow'd alive, or skilfully bruis'd:
And let but our mother Hibernia contrive
To swallow Will Wood either bruis'd or alive,
She need be no more with her jaundice possest,
Or sick of obstructions and pains in her chest.
The next is an insect we call a Wood-worm,
That lies in old wood, like a hare in her form;
With teeth or with claws it will bite or will scratch,
And chambermaids christen this worm a Death-watch,
Because, like a watch, it always cries Click;
Then woe be to those in the house who are sick;
For as sure as a gun they will give up the ghost,
If the maggot cries Click when it scratches the post:
But a kettle of scalding-hot water injected,
Infallibly cures the timber affected;

[1] He was in jail for debt.

The omen is broken, the danger is over;
The maggot will die, and the sick will recover.
Such a worm was Will Wood when he scratch'd at
the door
Of a governing statesman, or favourite whore;
The death of our nation he seem'd to foretel,
And the sound of his brass we took for our knell:
But now since the Drapier has heartily maul'd him,
I think the best thing we can do is to scald him;
For which operation there's nothing more proper
Than the liquor he deals in, his own melted copper;
Unless, like the Dutch, you rather would boil
This coiner of raps in a caldron of oil.
Then choose which you please, and let each bring
a faggot,
For our fear's at an end with the death of the maggot.

TO QUILCA,

A COUNTRY-HOUSE OF DR. SHERIDAN, IN NO VERY GOOD REPAIR, WHERE THE AUTHOR AND SOME OF HIS FRIENDS SPENT A SUMMER IN THE YEAR 1725.

Let me thy properties explain:
A rotten cabin dropping rain;
Chimnies with scorn rejecting smoke;
Stools, tables, chairs, and bedsteads, broke.
Here elements have lost their uses,
Air ripens not, nor earth produces:
In vain we make poor Sheelah toil,
Fire will not roast, nor water boil.

Through all the vallies, hills, and plains,
The goddess Want in triumph reigns;
And her chief officers of state,
Sloth, Dirt, and Theft, around her wait.

ON

READING DR. YOUNG'S SATIRE,

CALLED THE UNIVERSAL PASSION, BY WHICH HE MEANS 'PRIDE.'

1726.

If there be truth in what you sing,
Such godlike virtues in the king,
A minister so fill'd with zeal
And wisdom for the common-weal;
If he who in the chair presides
So steadily the senate guides;
If others whom you make your theme
Are seconds in this glorious scheme;
If every peer whom you commend
To worth and learning be a friend;
If this be truth, as you attest,
What land was ever half so blest?
No falsehood now among the great,
And tradesmen now no longer cheat;
Now on the bench fair Justice shines,
Her scale to neither side inclines;
Now Pride and Cruelty are flown,
And Mercy here exalts her throne;
For such is good Example's power,
It does its office every hour,

Where governors are good and wise,
Or else the truest maxim lies;
For so we find all ancient sages
Decree, that *ad exemplum regis*,
Through all the realm his virtues run,
Ripening and kindling, like the sun:
If this be true, then how much more,
When you have nam'd at least a score
Of courtiers, each in their degree,
If possible, as good as he?
  Or, take it in a different view,
I ask (if what you say be true)
If you affirm the present age
Deserves your satire's keenest rage;
If that same Universal Passion
With every vice hath fill'd the nation;
If Virtue dares not venture down
A single step beneath the crown;
If clergymen, to show their wit,
Praise classics more than Holy Writ;
If bankrupts, when they are undone,
Into the senate-house can run,
And sell their votes at such a rate
As will retrieve a lost estate;
If Law be such a partial whore
To spare the rich and plague the poor;
If these be of all crimes the worst,
What land was ever half so curst?

THE

DOG AND THIEF.

1726.

Quoth the Thief to the Dog, 'Let me into your door,
And I'll give you these delicate bits.'—
Quoth the Dog, 'I should then be more villain than you are;
And, besides, must be out of my wits.

'Your delicate bits will not serve me a meal,
But my master each day gives me bread:
You'll fly when you get what you came here to steal,
And I must be hang'd in your stead.'

The stockjobber thus from 'Change-Alley goes down,
And tips you, the freeman, a wink;
'Let me have but your vote to serve for the town,
And here is a guinea to drink.'

Said the freeman, 'Your guinea to-night would be spent;
Your offers of bribery cease;
I'll vote for my landlord to whom I pay rent,
Or else I may forfeit my lease.'

From London they come silly people to choose,
Their lands and their faces unknown:
Who'd vote a rogue into the Parliament-house,
That would turn a man out of his own?

ADVICE TO THE
GRUB-STREET VERSE-WRITERS.

1726.

Ye Poets, ragged and forlorn!
Down from your garrets haste;
Ye Rhymers! dead as soon as born,
Not yet consign'd to paste;

I know a trick to make you thrive:
O, 'tis a quaint device!
Your still-born poems shall revive,
And scorn to wrap up spice.

Get all your verses printed fair,
Then let them well be dried,
And Curll must have a special care
To leave the margin wide.

Lend these to paper-sparing Pope,
And when he sits to write,
No letter with an envelope
Could give him more delight.

When Pope has fill'd the margins round,
Why then recall your loan;
Sell them to Curll for fifty pound,
And swear they are your own.

ON SEEING VERSES

WRITTEN UPON WINDOWS IN INNS.

1726.

The sage who said he should be proud
  Of Windows in his breast,
Because he ne'er one thought allow'd
  That might not be confest;
His Window scrawl'd by every rake,
  His breast again would cover,
And fairly bid the devil take
  The diamond and the lover.

ANOTHER.

By Satan taught, all conjurers know
Your mistress in a glass to show,
  And you can do as much:
In this the devil and you agree;
None e'er made verses worse than he,
  And thine I swear are such.

ANOTHER.

That love is the devil I'll prove when requir'd,
  Those rhymers abundantly show it;
They swear that they all by love are inspir'd,
  And the devil's a damnable poet.

TO A LADY,

WHO DESIRED THE AUTHOR TO WRITE SOME VERSES UPON HER, IN THE HEROIC STYLE.

WRITTEN AT LONDON, 1726.

'After venting all my spite,
Tell me what have I to write?
Every error I could find
Through the mazes of your mind,
Have my busy Muse employ'd,
Till the company was cloy'd.
Are you positive and fretful,
Heedless, ignorant, forgetful?
These, and twenty follies more,
I have often told before.'
Hearken what my Lady says;
'Have I nothing then to praise?
Ill it fits you to be witty,
Where a fault should move your pity.
If you think me too conceited,
Or to passion quickly heated;
If my wandering head be less
Set on reading than on dress;
If I always seem so dull t'ye,
I can solve the diffi—culty.
'You would teach me to be wise,
Truth and honour how to prize;
How to shine in conversation,
And with credit fill my station;
How to relish notions high;
How to live, and how to die!

'But it was decreed by Fate;
Mr. Dean, you come too late;
Well I know you can discern
I am now too old to learn;
Follies, from my youth instill'd,
Have my soul entirely fill'd;
In my head and heart they centre,
Nor will let your lessons enter.
'Bred a foundling and an heiress,
Dress'd like any lady-may'ress;
Cocker'd by the servants round,
Was too good to touch the ground!
Thought the life of every lady
Should be one continued play-day,
Balls, and masquerades, and shows,
Visits, plays, and powder'd beaux.
'Thus you have my case at large,
And may now perform your charge.
Those materials I have furnish'd,
When by you refin'd and burnish'd,
Must, that all the world may know 'em,
Be reduc'd into a poem.
But, I beg, suspend awhile
That same paltry burlesque style;
Drop for once your constant rule,
Turning all to ridicule;
Teaching others how to ape ye;
Court nor Parliament can 'scape ye;
Treat the public and your friends
Both alike, while neither mends.
'Sing my praise in strain sublime;
Treat not me with doggrel rhyme.
'Tis but just you should produce
With each fault each fault's excuse;

Not to publish every trifle,
And my few perfections stifle.
With some gifts at least endow me,
Which my very foes allow me.
Am I spiteful, proud, unjust?
Did I ever break my trust?
Which of all your modern dames
Censures less, or less defames?
In good manners am I faulty?
Can you call me rude or haughty?
Did I e'er my mite withhold
From the impotent and old?
When did ever I omit
Due regard for men of wit?
When have I esteem express'd
For a coxcomb gaily dress'd?
Do I, like the female tribe,
Think it wit to fleer and gibe?
Who, with less designing ends,
Kindlier entertains their friends?
With good words and count'nance sprightly
Strive to treat them all politely.
'Think not cards my chief diversion;
'Tis a wrong unjust aspersion:
Never knew I any good in 'um,
But to doze my head like laudanum.
We by play, as men by drinking,
Pass our nights to drive out thinking,
From my ailments give me leisure,
I shall read and think with pleasure,
Conversation learn to relish,
And with books my mind embellish.
Now, methinks, I hear you cry,
Mr. Dean, you must reply.'

'Madam, I allow tis true;
All these praises are your due.
You, like some acute philosopher,
Every fault have drawn a gloss over,
Placing in the strongest light
All your virtues to my sight.
'Though you lead a blameless life,
Live an humble prudent wife;
Answer all domestic ends,
What is this to us, your friends?
Though your children by a nod
Stand in awe without the rod;
Though by your obliging sway
Servants love you and obey;
Though you treat us with a smile,
Clear your looks, and smooth your style,
Load our plates from every dish,
This is not the thing we wish:
Col'nel —— may be your debtor;
We expect employment better.
You must learn, if you would gain us,
With good sense to entertain us.
'Scholars, when good sense describing,
Call it tasting and imbibing;
Metaphoric meat and drink
Is to understand and think:
We may carve for others thus,
And let others carve for us:
To discourse, and to attend,
Is to help yourself and friend.
Conversation is but carving;
Carve for all, yourself is starving:
Give no more to every guest
Than he's able to digest;

Give him always of the prime,
And but little at a time.
Carve for all but just enough,
Let them neither starve nor stuff;
And, that you may have your due,
Let your neighbours carve for you.
This comparison will hold,
Could it well in rhyme be told,
How conversing, listening, thinking,
Justly may resemble drinking:
For a friend a glass you fill,
What is this but to instill?
'To conclude this long essay;
Pardon if I disobey,
Nor against my natural vein
Treat you in heroic strain.
I, as all the parish knows,
Hardly can be grave in prose:
Still to lash, and lashing smile,
Ill befits a lofty style.
From the planet of my birth
I encounter vice with mirth.
Wicked ministers of state
I can easier scorn than hate;
And I find it answers right:
Scorn torments them more than spite.
All the vices of a court
Do but serve to make me sport.
Were I in some foreign realm,
Which all vices overwhelm,

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'When my Muse, officious, ventures
On the nation's representers,
Teaching by what golden rules
Into knaves they turn their fools;
How the helm is rul'd by Walpole,
At whose oars, like slaves, they all pull;
Let the vessel split on shelves,
With the freight enrich themselves;
Safe within my little wherry,
All their madness makes me merry:
Like the watermen on Thames,
I row by, and call them names;
Like the ever-laughing sage,
In a jest I spend my rage,
(Though it must be understood,
I would hang them if I could.)
If I can but fill my nich,
I attempt no higher pitch;
Leave to D'Anvers and his mate
Maxims wise to rule the state;
Pulteney deep, accomplish'd St. John's,
Scourge the villains with a vengeance:
Let me, though the smell be noisome,
Strip their bums; let Caleb[1] hoise 'em,
Then apply Alecto's whip,
Till they wriggle, howl, and skip.'

'Deuce is in you, Mr. Dean;
What can all this passion mean?
Mention Courts, you'll ne'er be quiet,
On corruptions running riot.

1 Caleb D'Anvers, the famous writer of the paper called The Craftsman. These papers were supposed to be written by Lord Bolingbroke and Pulteney, Earl of Bath.

End as it befits your station;
Come to use and application;
Nor with senates keep a fuss.'
I submit, and answer thus:
'If the machinations brewing
To complete the public ruin,
Never once could have the pow'r
To affect me half an hour;
(Sooner would I write in buskins
Mournful elegies on Bluskins[2])
If I laugh at Whig and Tory,
I conclude *à fortiori*,
All your eloquence will scarce
Drive me from my favourite farce.
This I must insist on: for, as
It is well observ'd by Horace[3],
Ridicule has greater pow'r
To reform the world than sour.
Horses thus, let jockeys judge else,
Switches better guide than cudgels:
Bastings heavy, dry, obtuse,
Only dulness can produce,
While a little gentle jerking
Sets the spirits all a-working.
'Thus, I find it by experiment,
Scolding moves you less than merriment.
I may storm and rage in vain,
It but stupifies your brain;
But with raillery to nettle,
Sets your thoughts upon their mettle;

[2] A famous thief who was hanged some years since.

[3] 'Ridiculum acri
Fortius et melius,' &c.

Gives imagination scope;
Never lets your mind elope;
Drives out brangling and contention,
Brings in reason and invention.
For your sake, as well as mine,
I the lofty style decline.
'I, who love to have a fling
Both at S—n—e-house and ——,
That they might some better way tread
To avoid the public hatred,
Thought no method more commodious
Than to show their vices odious;
Which I chose to make appear
Not by anger, but a sneer;
As my method of reforming
Is by laughing, not by storming;
(For my friends have always thought
Tenderness my greatest fault.)
Would you have me change my style,
On your faults no longer smile,
But, to patch up all your quarrels,
Quote your texts from Plutarch's Morals,
Or from Solomon produce
Maxim's teaching wisdom's use?
'If I treat you like C——d H——,
You have cheap enough compounded.
Can you put in higher claims
Than the owners of St. J——s?
You are not so great a grievance
As the hirelings of St. Stephen's;
You are of a lower class
Than my friend Sir Robert Brass.
None of these have mercy found;
I have laugh'd and lash'd them round.

'Have you seen a rocket fly?
You would swear it pierc'd the sky;
It but reach'd the middle air,
Bursting into pieces there;
Thousand sparkles, falling down,
Light on many a coxcomb's crown:
See what mirth the sport creates;
Singes hair, but breaks no pates.
Thus, should I attempt to climb,
Treat you in a style sublime,
Such a rocket is my Muse,
Should I lofty numbers choose,
Ere I reach'd Parnassus' top,
I should burst, and bursting drop:
All my fire would fall in scraps,
Give your head some gentle raps,
Only make it smart awhile;
Then could I forbear to smile,
When I found the tingling pain
Entering warm your frigid brain;
Make you able upon sight
To decide of wrong or right;
Talk with sense whate'er you please on,
Learn to relish truth and reason.
'Thus we both should gain our prize,
I to laugh, and you grow wise.'

BEC'S BIRTH-DAY.

NOV. 8, 1726.

THIS day, dear Bec! is thy nativity,
Had Fate a luckier one she'd give it ye:
She chose a thread of greatest length,
And doubly twisted it for strength,
Nor will be able with her shears
To cut it off these forty years.
Then who says care will kill a cat?
Rebecca shows they're out, in that;
For she, though over-run with care,
Continues healthy, fat, and fair.
As if the gout should seize the head,
Doctors pronounce the patient dead;
But if they can by all their arts
Eject it to the' extremest parts,
They give the sick man joy and praise,
The gout that will prolong his days;
Rebecca thus I gladly greet,
Who drives her cares to hands and feet;
For though philosophers maintain
The limbs are guided by the brain,
Quite contrary Rebecca's lead,
Her hands and feet conduct her head,
By arbitrary power convey her,
She ne'er considers why, or where:
Her hands may meddle, feet may wander,
Her head is but a mere by-stander,
And all her bustling but supplies
The part of wholesome exercise.

Thus nature hath resolv'd to pay her
The cat's nine lives, and eke the care.
  Long may she live and help her friends,
Whene'er it suits her private ends;
Domestic business never mind
'Till coffee has her stomach lin'd;
But when her breakfast gives her courage,
Then think on Stella's chicken-porridge;
I mean when Tyger[1] has been serv'd,
Or else poor Stella may be starv'd.
  May Bee have many an evening-nap
With Tyger slabbering in her lap;
But always take a special care
She does not overset the chair;
Still be she curious, never hearken
To any speech but Tyger's barking.
  And when she's in another scene,
(Stella long dead, but first the Dean,)
May Fortune and her coffee get her
Companions that will please her better;
Whole afternoons will sit beside her,
Nor for neglects or blunders chide her;
A goodly set as can be found
Of hearty gossips prating round;
Fresh from a wedding or a christ'ning,
To teach her ears the art of list'ning,
And please her more to hear them tattle
Than the Dean storm or Stella rattle.
  Late be her death, one gentle nod,
When Hermes, waiting with his rod,
Shall to Elysian fields invite her,
Where there will be no cares to fright her.

[1] Mrs. Dingley's favourite lap-dog.

EXTEMPORE VERSES,

WRITTEN AT CHESTER, 1726.

Your mouldering walls are mending still,
  Your churches in neglect lie;
But yet the Scripture you fulfil
  By walking circumspectly[1].

The church and clergy here, no doubt,
  Are very much a-kin;
Both weather-beaten are without,
  Both empty are within.

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY THE SUDDEN DRYING UP OF ST. PATRICK'S WELL, NEAR TRINITY-COLLEGE, DUBLIN, IN 1726.

By holy zeal inspir'd, and led by fame
To thee, once favourite Isle! with joy I came,
What time the Goth, the Vandal, and the Hun,
Had my own native Italy o'er-run;
Ierne! to the world's remotest parts
Renown'd for valour, policy, and arts.
  Hither from Colchos, with thy fleecy ore,
Jason arriv'd two thousand years before.
Thee, happy Island! Pallas call'd her own,
When haughty Britain was a land unknown.
From thee, with pride, the Caledonians trace
The glorious founder of their kingly race.

[1] Round the walls.

Thy martial sons, whom now they dare despise,
Did once their land subdue and civilize:
Their dress, their language, and their Scottish name,
Confess the soil from whence the victors came.
Well may they boast that ancient blood which runs
Within their veins, who are thy younger sons;
A conquest and a colony from thee,
The mother-kingdom left her children free:
From thee no mark of slavery they felt,
Not so with thee thy base invaders dealt;
Invited here to vengeful Morrough's aid,
Those whom they could not conquer, they betray'd.
Britain! by thee we fell, ungrateful Isle!
Not by thy valour, but superior guile.
Britain! with shame confess this land of mine
First taught thee human knowledge and divine;
My prelates and my students, sent from hence,
Made your sons converts both to God and sense;
Not like the pastors of thy ravenous breed,
Who come to fleece the flocks, and not to feed.
  Wretched Ierne! with what grief I see
The fatal changes time hath made in thee!
The Christian rites I introduc'd in vain;
Lo! Infidelity return'd again.
Freedom and virtue in thy sons I found,
Who now in vice and slavery are drown'd.
  By faith and prayer, this crosier in my hand,
I drove the venom'd serpent from thy land;
The shepherd in his bower might sleep or sing,
Nor dread the adder's tooth nor scorpion's sting [1].

[1] There are no snakes, vipers, or toads, in Ireland; and even frogs were not known until about the year 1700. The magpies came a short time before, and the Norway rats since.

With omens oft I strove to warn thy swains,
Omens, the types of thy impending chains:
I sent the magpie from the British soil,
With restless beak thy blooming fruit to spoil;
To din thine ears with unharmonious clack,
And haunt thy holy walls in white and black.
What else are those thou seest in bishop's gcer,
Who crop the nurseries of learning here?
Aspiring, greedy, full of senseless prate,
Devour the church, and chatter to the state.
As you grew more degenerate and base,
I sent you millions of the croaking race;
Emblems of insects vile, who spread their spawn
Through all thy land, in armour, fur, and lawn;
A nauseous brood, that fills your senate-walls,
And in the chambers of your Viceroy crawls.
See where the new-devouring vermin runs,
Sent in my anger from the land of Huns!
With harpy-claws it undermines the ground,
And sudden spreads a numerous offspring round.
The' amphibious tyrant, with his ravenous band,
Drains all thy lakes of fish, of fruits thy land.
Where is the Holy Well that bore my name?—
Fled to the fountain back from whence it came!
Fair Freedom's emblem once, which smoothly flows,
And blessings equally on all bestows.
Here from the neighbouring nursery of arts,
The students, drinking, rais'd their wit and parts;
Here, for an age and more, improv'd their vein,
Their Phœbus I, my spring their Hippocrene.
Discourag'd youths! now all their hopes must fail,
Condemn'd to country cottages and ale;
To foreign prelates make a slavish court,
And by their sweat procure a mean support;

Or for the classics read the' Attorney's Guide,
Collect excise, or wait upon the tide.
Oh! had I been apostle to the Swiss
Or hardy Scot, or any land but this,
Combin'd in arms they had their foes defied,
And kept their liberty, or bravely died.
Thou still with tyrants in succession curst,
The last invaders trampling on the first:
Nor fondly hope for some reverse of fate;
Virtue herself would now return too late.
Not half thy course of misery is run;
Thy greatest evils yet are scarce begun.
Soon shall thy sons, the time is just at hand,
Be all made captives in their native land;
When for the use of no Hibernian born
Shall rise one blade of grass, one ear of corn;
When shells and leather shall for money pass,
Nor thy oppressing lords afford thee brass[2];
But all turn leasers to that mongrel breed[3]
Who from thee sprung, yet on thy vitals feed;
Who to yon ravenous isle thy treasures bear,
And waste in luxury thy harvests there;
For pride and ignorance a proverb grown,
The jest of wits, and to the court unknown.
I scorn thy spurious and degenerate line,
And from this hour my patronage resign.

2 Wood's ruinous project against the people of Ireland was supported by Sir Robert Walpole in 1724.

3 The absentees, who spend the income of their Irish estates, places, and pensions, in England.

A

PASTORAL DIALOGUE

BETWEEN RICHMOND-LODGE AND MARBLE-HILL.

WRITTEN JUNE 1727,

JUST AFTER THE NEWS OF THE DEATH OF GEORGE I.

Richmond-Lodge, a house within a mile of Richmond, with a small park belonging to the crown: it was usually granted by the crown for a lease of years. The Duke of Ormond was the last who had it: after his exile, it was given to the Prince of Wales by the King. The Prince and Princess usually passed their summer there.

Marble-Hill, a house built by Mrs. Howard, then of the bed-chamber, afterwards Countess of Suffolk, and Groom of the Stole to the Queen. It is on the Middlesex side, near Twickenham, where Mr. Pope lived, and about two miles from Richmond-Lodge. Mr. Pope was the contriver of the gardens, Lord Herbert the architect, and the Dean of St. Patrick's chief butler, and keeper of the icehouse. Upon King George's death, these two houses were supposed to meet, and to hold the following dialogue.

In spite of Pope, in spite of Gay,
And all that he or they can say,
Sing on I must, and sing I will,
Of Richmond-Lodge and Marble-Hill.
  Last Friday night, as neighbours use,
This couple met to talk of news,
For by old proverbs it appears
That walls have tongues, and hedges ears.
  Mar.-H. Quoth Marble-Hill, Right well I ween
Your mistress now is grown a queen;

You'll find it soon by woful proof;
She'll come no more beneath your roof.

RICH.-L. The kingly prophet well evinces
That we should put no trust in princes:
My royal master promis'd me
To raise me to a high degree;
But now he's grown a king, God wot,
I fear I shall be soon forgot.
You see when folks have got their ends,
How quickly they neglect their friends;
Yet I may say, 'twixt me and you,
Pray God they now may find as true.

MAR.-H. My house was built but for a show,
My lady's empty pockets know;
And now she will not have a shilling
To raise the stairs or build the ceiling,
For all the courtly Madams round
Now pay four shillings in the pound.
'Tis come to what I always thought;
My dame is hardly worth a groat.
Had you and I been courtiers born,
We should not thus have lain forlorn;
For those we dextrous courtiers call,
Can rise upon their master's fall;
But we, unlucky and unwise,
Must fall because our masters rise.

RICH.-L. My master, scarce a fortnight since,
Was grown as wealthy as a prince,
But now it will be no such thing,
For he'll be poor as any king,
And by his crown will nothing get,
But, like a king, to run in debt.

MAR.-H. No more the Dean, that grave divine,
Shall keep the key of my no——wine,

My icehouse rob, as heretofore,
And steal my artichokes no more;
Poor Patty Blount no more be seen
Bedaggled in my walks so green;
Plump Johnny Gay will now elope,
And here no more will dangle Pope.

RICH.-L. Here wont the Dean, when he's to seek,
To spunge a breakfast once a-week;
To cry the bread was stale, and mutter
Complaints against the royal butter:
But now I fear it will be said
No butter sticks upon his bread.
We soon shall find him full of spleen
For want of tattling to the Queen,
Stunning her royal ears with talking,
His Reverence and her Highness walking;
Whilst Lady Charlotte, like a stroller,
Sits mounted on the garden-roller;
A goodly sight to see her ride,
With ancient Mirmont at her side;
In velvet-cap his head lies warm,
His hat for show below his arm.

MAR.-H. Some South Sea broker from the city
Will purchase me; (the more's the pity)
Lay all my fine plantations waste,
To fit them to his vulgar taste;
Chang'd for the worse in every part,
My master Pope will break his heart.

RICH.-L. In my own Thames may I be drownded,
If e'er I stoop beneath a crown'd head,
Except her Majesty prevails
To place me with the Prince of Wales;
And then I shall be free from fears,
For he'll be prince these fifty years.

I then will turn a courtier too,
And serve the times as others do.
Plain loyalty, not built on hope,
I leave to your contriver, Pope;
None loves his king and country better,
Yet none was ever less their debtor.

MAR.-H. Then let him come and take a nap
In summer on my verdant lap;
Prefer our villas, where the Thames is,
To Kensington or hot St. James's;
Nor shall I dull in silence sit,
For 'tis to me he owes his wit;
My groves, my echoes, and my birds,
Have taught him his poetic words.
We gardens, and you wildernesses,
Assist all poets in distresses.
Him twice a-week I here expect,
To rattle Moody for neglect;
An idle rogue who spends his quartridge
In tippling at the Dog and Partridge,
And I can hardly get him down
Three times a-week to brush my gown.

RICH.-L. I pity you, dear Marble-Hill!
But hope to see you flourish still.
All happiness——and so adieu!

MAR.-H. Kind Richmond-Lodge; the same to you.

DESIRE AND POSSESSION.

1727.

'Tis strange what different thoughts inspire
In men, possession and desire!
Think what they wish so great a blessing,
So disappointed when possessing!
  A moralist profoundly sage,
I know not in what book or page,
Or whether o'er a pot of ale,
Related thus the following tale:
  Possession and Desire, his brother,
(But still at variance with each other),
Were seen contending in a race,
And kept at first an equal pace;
'Tis said their course continued long,
For this was active, that was strong;
Till Envy, Slander, Sloth, and Doubt,
Misled them many a league about.
Seduc'd by some deceiving light,
They take the wrong way for the right;
Through slippery by-roads, dark and deep,
They often climb and often creep.
  Desire, the swifter of the two,
Along the plain like lightning flew,
Till entering on a broad highway,
Where power and titles scatter'd lay,
He strove to pick up all he found,
And by excursions lost his ground:
No sooner got, than with disdain
He threw them on the ground again,

And hasted forward to pursue
Fresh objects fairer to his view,
In hope to spring some nobler game,
But all he took was just the same:
Too scornful now to stop his pace,
He spurn'd them in his rival's face.
  Possession kept the beaten road,
And gather'd all his brother strow'd,
But overcharg'd and out of wind,
Though strong in limbs, he lagg'd behind.
  Desire had now the goal in sight:
It was a tower of monstrous height,
Where on the summit Fortune stands,
A crown and sceptre in her hands;
Beneath, a chasm as deep as hell,
Where many a bold adventurer fell.
Desire in rapture gaz'd awhile,
And saw the treacherous goddess smile,
But as he climb'd to grasp the crown,
She knock'd him with the sceptre down:
He tumbled in the gulf profound,
There doom'd to whirl an endless round.
  Possessions load was grown so great,
He sunk beneath the cumbrous weight,
And as he now expiring lay,
Flocks every ominous bird of prey;
The raven, vulture, owl, and kite,
At once upon his carcass light,
And strip his hide, and pick his bones,
Regardless of his dying groans.

ON CENSURE.

1727.

Ye wise! instruct me to endure
An evil which admits no cure,
Or how this evil can be borne,
Which breeds at once both hate and scorn.
Bare innocence is no support
When you are tried in Scandal's court.
Stand high in honour, wealth, or wit,
All others who inferior sit
Conceive themselves in conscience bound
To join and drag you to the ground.
Your altitude offends the eyes
Of those who want the power to rise.
The world, a willing stander-by,
Inclines to aid a specious lie:
Alas! they would not do you wrong,
But all appearances are strong.
  Yet whence proceeds this weight we lay
On what detracting people say?
For let mankind discharge their tongues
In venom, till they burst their lungs;
Their utmost malice cannot make
Your head, or tooth, or finger ake,
Nor spoil your shape, distort your face,
Or put one feature out of place;
Nor will you find your fortune sink
By what they speak, or what they think;
Nor can ten hundred thousand lies
Make you less virtuous, learn'd, or wise.
The most effectual way to balk
Their malice is—to let them talk!

THE

FURNITURE OF A WOMAN'S MIND.

1727.

A SET of phrases learn'd by rote,
A passion for a scarlet coat;
When at a play to laugh or cry,
Yet cannot tell the reason why;
Never to hold her tongue a minute,
While all she prates has nothing in it;
Whole hours can with a coxcomb sit,
And take his nonsense all for wit;
Her learning mounts to read a song,
But half the words pronouncing wrong;
Hath every repartee in store
She spoke ten thousand times before;
Can ready compliments supply
On all occasions cut and dry;
Such hatred to a parson's gown,
The sight will put her in a swoon;
For conversation well endued,
She calls it witty to be rude;
And placing raillery in railing,
Will tell aloud your greatest failing;
Nor makes a scruple to expose
Your bandy leg or crooked nose;
Can at her morning-tea run o'er
The scandal of the day before;
Improving hourly in her skill
To cheat and wrangle at Quadrille.

In choosing lace a critic nice,
Knows to a groat the lowest price;
Can in her female clubs dispute
What lining best the silk will suit;
What colours each complexion match,
And where with art to place a patch.
If chance a mouse creeps in her sight,
Can finely counterfeit a fright;
So sweetly screams, if it comes near her,
She ravishes all hearts to hear her;
Can dextrously her husband tease,
By taking fits whene'er she please;
By frequent practice, learns the trick
At proper seasons to be sick;
Thinks nothing gives one airs so pretty,
At once creating love and pity:
If Molly happens to be careless,
And but neglects to warm her hair-lace,
She gets a cold as sure as death,
And vows she scarce can fetch her breath;
Admires how modest women can
Be so robustious, like a man.
In party furious to her pow'r;
A bitter Whig, or Tory sour;
Her arguments directly tend
Against the side she would defend;
Will prove herself a Tory plain,
From principles the Whigs maintain;
And to defend the Whiggish cause,
Her topics from the Tories draws.
Oyes! if any man can find
More virtues in a woman's mind,
Let them be sent to Mrs. Harding,
She'll pay the charges to a farthing:

Take notice, she has my commission
To add them in the next edition;
They may outsell a better thing:
So, holla, Boys! God save the King!

ON CUTTING DOWN THE

OLD THORN AT MARKET-HILL[1].

1727.

At Market-Hill, as well appears
By chronicle of ancient date,
There stood for many hundred years
A spacious Thorn before the gate.

Hither came every village-maid,
And on the boughs her garland hung,
And here, beneath the spreading shade,
Secure from Satyrs, sat and sung.

Sir Archibald[2], that valorous knight,
Then lord of all the fruitful plain,
Would come to listen with delight,
For he was fond of rural strain.

(Sir Archibald! whose favourite name
Shall stand for ages on record
By Scottish bards of highest fame,
Wise Hawthornden and Stirling's Lord[3].)

[1] A village near the seat of Sir Arthur Acheson, where the Dean sometimes made a long visit.

[2] Sir Archibald Acheson, Secretary of State for Scotland.

[3] Drummond of Hawthornden, and Sir William Alexander Earl of Stirling, who were both friends to Sir Archibald, and famous for their poetry.

But Time, with iron teeth, I ween,
Has canker'd all its branches round;
No fruit or blossom to be seen,
Its head reclining tow'rds the ground.

This aged, sickly, sapless Thorn,
Which must, alas! no longer stand.
Behold the cruel Dean in scorn
Cut down with sacrilegious hand.

Dame Nature, when she saw the blow,
Astonish'd, gave a dreadful shriek;
And Mother Tellus trembled so,
She scarce recover'd in a week.

The silvan powers, with fear perplex'd,
In prudence and compassion sent
(For none could tell whose turn was next)
Sad omens of the dire event.

The magpie, lighting on the stock,
Stood chatting with incessant din,
And with her beak gave many a knock,
To rouse and warn the nymph within.

The owl foresaw, in pensive mood,
The ruin of her ancient seat,
And fled in haste with all her brood
To seek a more secure retreat.

Last trotted forth the gentle swine,
To ease her itch against the stump;
And dismally was heard to whine,
All as she scrubb'd her measly rump.

The nymph who dwells in every tree,
(If all be true that poets chant)
Condemn'd by Fate's supreme decree,
Must die with her expiring plant.

Thus when the gentle Spina found
The Thorn, committed to her care,
Receiv'd its last and deadly wound,
She fled, and vanish'd into air.

But from the root a dismal groan
First issuing struck the murderer's ears,
And in a shrill revengeful tone
This prophecy he trembling hears;

'Thou chief contriver of my fall,
Relentless Dean! to mischief born,
My kindred oft thine hide shall gall,
Thy gown and cassock, oft be torn.

'And thy confederate dame, who brags
That she condemn'd me to the fire,
Shall rend her petticoats to rags,
And wound her legs with every brier.

'Nor thou, Lord Arthur, shalt escape;
To thee I often call'd in vain
Against that assassin in crape,
Yet thou couldst tamely see me slain.

'Nor when I felt the dreadful blow,
Or chid the Dean, or pinch'd thy spouse,
Since you could see me treated so,
(An old retainer to your house,)

'May that fell Dean, by whose command
Was form'd this Machi'velian plot,
Not leave a thistle on thy land!
Then who will own thee for a Scot?

'Pigs and fanatics, cows and Teagues,
Through all thy empire I foresee,
To tear thy hedges join in leagues,
Sworn to revenge my Thorn and me.

'And thou, the wretch ordain'd by Fate,
Neal Gahagan, Hibernian clown!
With hatchet blunter than thy pate
To hack my hallow'd timber down,

'When thou, suspended high in air,
Diest on a more ignoble tree,
(For thou shalt steal thy landlord's mare)
Then, bloody Caitiff! think on me.'

THE

JOURNAL OF A MODERN LADY.

1728.

It was a most unfriendly part
In you, who ought to know my heart,
So well acquainted with my zeal
For all the female common-weal——
How could it come into your mind
To pitch on me, of all mankind,
Against the sex to write a satire,
And brand me for a woman-hater?
On me, who think them all so fair,
They rival Venus to a hair;
Their virtues never ceas'd to sing,
Since first I learn'd to tune a string?
Methinks, I hear the ladies cry,
Will he his character belie?
Must never our misfortunes end?
And have we lost our only friend?

Ah! lovely Nymphs! remove your fears,
No more let fall those precious tears;
Sooner shall———

[*Here several verses are omitted.*]

The hound be hunted by the hare,
Than I turn rebel to the fair.

'Twas you engag'd me first to write,
Then gave the subject out of spite:
The Journal of a Modern Dame
Is, by my promise, what you claim.
My word is past; I must submit;
And yet, perhaps, you may be bit.
I but transcribe; for not a line
Of all the satire shall be mine.
Compell'd by you to tag in rhymes,
The common slanders of the times;
Of modern times; the guilt is yours,
And me my innocence secures.
Unwilling Muse! begin thy lay,
The Annals of a Female Day.

By Nature turn'd to play the rake well,
(As we shall show you in the sequel)
The modern dame is wak'd by noon,
(Some authors say, not quite so soon)
Because, though sore against her will,
She sat all night up at Quadrille:
She stretches, gapes, unglues her eyes,
And asks if it be time to rise?
Of headach and the spleen complains,
And then, to cool her heated brains,
Her nightgown and her slippers brought her,
Takes a large dram of citron-water:
Then to her glass; and, 'Betty, pray
Don't I look frightfully to-day?

But was it not confounded hard?
Well, if I ever touch a card!
(Four mattadores, and lose codille!)
Depend upon't I never will.
But run to Tom, and bid him fix
The ladies here to-night by six.'—
'Madam, the goldsmith waits below;
He says his business is to know
If you'll redeem the silver-cup
He keeps in pawn?'—'Why, show him up.'—
'Your dressing-plate he'll be content
To take for interest *cent. per cent.*
And, Madam, there's my Lady Spade
Hath sent this letter by her maid.'
'Well, I remember what she won;
And hath she sent so soon to dun?
Here, carry down those ten pistoles
My husband left to pay for coals:
I thank my stars they all are light,
And I may have revenge to-night.'
Now loitering o'er her tea and cream,
She enters on her usual theme,
Her last night's ill success repeats,
Calls Lady Spade a hundred cheats:
'She slipt Spadillo in her breast,
Then thought to turn it to a jest:
There's Mrs. Cut and she combine,
And to each other give the sign.'
Through every game pursues her tale,
Like hunters o'er their evening-ale.
Now to another scene give place.
Enter the folks with silks and lace;
Fresh matter for a world of chat;
Right Indian this, right Mechlin that.

'Observe this pattern; there's a stuff!
I can have customers enough.
Dear Madam! you are grown so hard——
This lace is worth twelve pounds a-yard.
Madam, if there be truth in man,
I never sold so cheap a fan.'
This business of importance o'er,
And Madam almost dress'd by four,
The footman, in his usual phrase,
Comes up with, 'Madam, dinner stays.'
She answers in her usual style,
'The cook must keep it back awhile:
I never can have time to dress;
No woman breathing takes up less:
I'm hurried so it makes me sick;
I wish the dinner at Old Nick.'
At table now she acts her part,
Has all the dinner-cant by heart.
'I thought we were to dine alone,
My Dear! for sure if I had known
This company would come to-day—
But really 'tis my spouse's way;
He's so unkind he never sends
To tell when he invites his friends.
I wish you may but have enough—'
And while with all this paltry stuff
She sits tormenting every guest,
Nor gives her tongue one moment's rest,
In phrases batter'd, stale, and trite,
Which modern ladies call polite,
You see the booby husband sit
In admiration at her wit.
But let me now awhile survey
Our Madam o'er her evening tea,

Surrounded with her noisy clans
Of prudes, coquettes, and harridans;
When, frighted at the clamorous crew,
Away the god of Silence flew,
And fair Discretion left the place,
And Modesty, with blushing face.
Now enters overweening Pride,
And Scandal, ever gaping wide,
Hypocrisy with frown severe,
Scurrility with gibing air,
Rude Laughter, seeming like to burst,
And Malice, always judging worst,
And Vanity, with pocket-glass,
And Impudence with front of brass,
And studied Affectation came,
Each limb and feature out of frame,
While Ignorance, with brain of lead,
Flew hovering o'er each female head.
Why should I ask of thee, my Muse,
An hundred tongues, as poets use,
When, to give every dame her due,
An hundred thousand were too few?
Or how should I, alas! relate
The sum of all their senseless prate,
Their inuendos, hints, and slanders,
Their meanings lewd and double entendres?
Now comes the general scandal-charge,
What some invent, the rest enlarge;
Aud 'Madam, if it be a lie,
You have the tale as cheap as I:
I must conceal my author's name,
But now 'tis known to common fame.'
Say, foolish females! bold and blind,
Say, by what fatal turn of mind

Are you on vices most severe
Wherein yourselves have greatest share?
Thus every fool herself deludes,
The prude condemns the absent prudes:
Mopsa, who stinks her spouse to death,
Accuses Chloe's tainted breath;
Hircina, rank with sweat, presumes
To censure Phillis for perfumes;
While crooked Cynthia sneering says
That Florimel wears iron-stays:
Chloe, of every coxcomb jealous,
Admires how girls can talk with fellows;
And, full of indignation, frets
That women should be such coquettes:
Iris for scandal most notorious,
Cries, 'Lord! the world is so censorious!'
And Rufa, with her combs of lead,
Whispers that Sappho's hair is red:
Aura, whose tongue you hear a mile hence.
Talks half a day in praise of silence;
And Sylvia, full of inward guilt,
Calls Amoret an arrant jilt.
  Now voices over voices rise,
While each to be the loudest vies;
They contradict, affirm, dispute,
No single tongue one moment mute:
All mad to speak, and none to hearken,
They set the very lap-dog barking;
Their chattering makes a louder din
Than fishwives o'er a cup of gin;
Not school-boys at a barring-out
Rais'd ever such incessant rout;
The jumbling particles of matter
In chaos made not such a clatter;

Far less the rabble roar and rail,
When drunk with sour election-ale.
Nor do they trust their tongue alone,
But speak a language of their own;
Can read a nod, a shrug, a look,
Far better than a printed book;
Convey a libel in a frown,
And wink a reputation down;
Or by the tossing of a fan
Describe the lady and the man.
But see, the female-club disbands,
Each twenty visits on her hands.
Now all alone poor Madam sits
In vapours and hysteric fits:
'And was not Tom this morning sent?
I'd lay my life he never went.
Past six, and not a living soul!
I might by this have won a vole.
(A dreadful interval of spleen;
How shall we pass the time between?)
Here, Betty, let me take my drops;
And feel my pulse; I know it stops.
This head of mine, Lord; how it swims!
And such a pain in all my limbs!'
'Dear Madam! try to take a nap'——
But now they hear a footman's rap:
'Go run, and light the ladies up.
It must be one before we sup.'
The table, cards, and counters set,
And all the gamester-ladies met,
Her spleen and fits recover'd quite,
Our Madam can sit up all night.
'Whoever comes, I'm not within:'——
Quadrille's the word, and so begin.

How can the Muse her aid impart,
Unskill'd in all the terms of art!
Or in harmonious numbers put
The deal, the shuffle, and the cut!
The superstitious whims relate,
That fill a female gamester's pate?
What agony of soul she feels
To see a knave's inverted heels?
She draws up card by card, to find
Good Fortune peeping from behind;
With panting heart and earnest eyes,
In hope to see Spadillo rise:
In vain, alas! her hope is fed;
She draws an ace, and sees it red.
In ready counters never pays,
But pawns her snuff-box, rings, and keys;
Ever with some new fancy struck,
Tries twenty charms to mend her luck.
'This morning, when the parson came,
I said I should not win a game.
This odious chair, how came I stuck in't?
I think I never had good luck in't.
I'm so uneasy in my stays:
Your fan a moment, if you please.
Stand further, Girl, or get you gone;
I always lose when you look on.'—
'Lord! Madam, you have lost codille;
I never saw you play so ill.'
'Nay, Madam, give me leave to say
'Twas you that threw the game away;
When Lady Tricksey play'd a four,
You took it with a mattadore;
I saw you touch your wedding-ring
Before my Lady call'd a King;

You spoke a word began with H,
And I know whom you meant to teach,
Because you held the King of Hearts.
Fie! Madam, leave these little arts.'—
'That's not so bad as one that rubs
Her chair to call the King of Clubs,
And makes her partner understand
A mattadore is in her hand.'—
'Madam, you have no cause to flounce;
I swear I saw you thrice renounce.'—
'And truly, Madam, I know when
Instead of five, you scor'd me ten.
Spadillo here has got a mark,
A child may know it in the dark:
I guess the hand; it seldom fails;
I wish some folks would pare their nails.'
While thus they rail, and scold, and storm,
It passes but for common form,
And conscious that they all speak true,
They give each other but their due;
It never interrupts the game,
Or makes them sensible of shame.
The time, too precious now to waste,
And supper gobbled up in haste,
Again afresh to cards they run,
As if they had but just begun.
But I shall not again repeat
How oft they squabble, snarl, and cheat.
At last they hear the watchman knock,
'A frosty morn——past four o'clock.'
The chairmen are not to be found;
'Come, let us play the other round.'
Now all in haste they huddle on
Their hoods and cloaks, and get them gone;

But first the winner must invite
The company to-morrow night.
Unlucky Madam, left in tears,
(Who now again Quadrille forswears)
With empty purse and aking head,
Steals to her sleeping spouse to bed.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

1723.

DERMOT, SHEELAH.

A NYMPH and swain, Sheelah and Dermot hight,
Who wont to weed the court of Gosford Knight[1],
While each with stubbed knife remov'd the roots
That rais'd between the stones their daily shoots,
As at their work they sat in counter view,
With mutual beauty smit, their passion grew:
Sing, heavenly Muse! in sweetly-flowing strain,
The soft endearments of the nymph and swain.
DER. My love to Sheelah is more firmly fixt
Than strongest weeds that grow these stones betwixt;
My spud these nettles from the stones can part,
No knife so keen to weed thee from my heart.
SHEE. My love for gentle Dermot faster grows
Than yon tall dock that rises to thy nose:
Cut down the dock, 'twill sprout again; but, O!
Love rooted out again will never grow.
DER. No more that brier thy tender legs shall rake;
(I spare the thistle for Sir Arthur's[2] sake)

[1] Sir Arthur Acheson, whose great grandfather was Sir Archibald, of Gosford in Scotland.

[2] Who is a great lover of Scotland.

Sharp are the stones; take thou this rushy mat;
The hardest bum will bruise with sitting squat.
SHEE. Thy breeches, torn behind, stand gaping wide;
This petticoat shall save thy dear backside:
Nor need I blush although you feel it wet;
Dermot, I vow 'tis nothing else but sweat.
DER. At an old stubborn root I chanc'd to tug,
When the Dean threw me this tobacco-plug;
A longer ha'p'orth never did I see;
This, dearest Sheelah! thou shalt share with me.
SHEE. In at the pantry-door this morn I slipt,
And from the shelf a charming crust I whipt;
Dennis[3] was out, and I got hither safe;
And thou, my Dear, shalt have the bigger half.
DER. When you saw Tady at long bullets play,
You sat and lous'd him all the sunshine day.
How could you, Sheelah, listen to his tales,
Or crack such lice as his between your nails?
SHEE. When you with Oonah stood behind a ditch,
I peep'd, and saw you kiss the dirty bitch.
Dermot, how could you touch those nasty sluts!
I almost wish'd this spud were in your guts.
DER. If Oonah once I kiss'd, forbear to chide;
Her aunt's my gossip by my father's side;
But if I ever touch her lips again,
May I be doom'd for life to weed in rain. [hold
SHEE. Dermot, I swear though Tady's locks could
Ten thousand lice, and every louse was gold,
Him on my lap you never more should see,
Or may I lose my weeding-knife—and thee.
DER. Oh! could I earn for thee, my lovely lass!
A pair of brogues to bear thee dry to mass:
But see where Norah with the sowins comes—
Then let us rise and rest our weary bums.

[3] Sir Arthur's butler.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN MAD MULLINIX AND TIMOTHY.

1728.

MUL.

I own 'tis not my bread and butter:
But, pr'ythee, Tim, why all this clutter?
Why ever in these raging fits,
Damning to hell the Jacobites?
When if you search the kingdom round,
There's hardly twenty to be found;
No, not among the priests and friars—
TIM. 'Twixt you and me, G— damn the liars.
MUL. The Tories are gone every man over
To our illustrious House of Hanover;
From all their conduct this is plain;
And then—
TIM. G— damn the liars again.
Did not an earl but lately vote
To bring in (I could cut his throat)
Our whole accounts of public debts?
MUL. Lord! how this frothy coxcomb frets!
[*Aside.*
TIM. Did not an able statesman-bishop
This dangerous horrid motion dish-up
As Popish craft? Did he not rail on't?
Show fire and faggot in the tail on't?
Proving the earl a grand offender,
And in a plot for the Pretender;
Whose fleet, 'tis all our friends' opinion,
Was then embarking at Avignon?

MUL. These brangling jars of Whig and Tory
Are stale, and worn as Troy-town story.
The wrong, 'tis certain, you were both in,
And now you find you fought for nothing.
Your faction, when their game was new,
Might want such noisy fools as you;
But you, when all the show is past,
Resolve to stand it out at last;
Like Martin Marall, gaping on,
Nor minding when the song is done.
When all the bees are gone to settle,
You clatter still your brazen kettle.
The leaders whom you listed under
Have dropt their arms, and seiz'd the plunder;
And when the war is past, you come
To rattle in their ears your drum:
And as that hateful hideous Grecian
Thersites (he was your relation)
Was more abhorr'd and scorn'd by those
With whom he serv'd, than by his foes;
So thou art grown the detestation
Of all thy party through the nation.
Thy peevish and perpetual teasing
With plots, and Jacobites, and treason;
Thy busy never-meaning face,
Thy screw'd-up front, thy state-grimace,
Thy formal nods, important sneers,
Thy whisperings foisted in all ears,
(Which are, whatever you may think,
But nonsense wrapt up in a stink)
Have made thy presence, in a true sense,
To thy own side so damn'd a nuisance,
That when they have you in their eye,
As if the devil drove, they fly.

Tim. My good friend Mullinix, forbear;
I vow to G— you're too severe:
If it could ever yet be known
I took advice except my own,
It should be yours; but, d—— my blood,
I must pursue the public good.
The faction (is it not notorious?)
Keck at the memory of glorious:
'Tis true, nor need I to be told
My *quondam* friends are grown so cold,
That scarce a creature can be found
To prance with me his statue round.
The public safety, I foresee,
Henceforth depends alone on me;
And while this vital breath I blow,
Or from above or from below,
I'll sputter, swagger, curse, and rail,
The Tories' terror, scourge, and flail.

Mul. Tim, you mistake the matter quite;
The Tories! you are their delight?
And should you act a different part,
Be grave and wise, 'twould break their heart:
Why, Tim, you have a taste, I know,
And often see a puppet-show:
Observe, the audience is in pain
While Punch is hid behind the scene;
But when they hear his rusty voice,
With what impatience they rejoice!
And then they value not two straws
How Solomon decides the cause;
Which the true mother, which pretender,
Nor listen to the Witch of Endor.
Should Faustus, with the devil behind him
Enter the stage, they never mind him:

If Punch, to spur their fancy, shows
In at the door his monstrous nose,
Then sudden draws it back again,
O what a pleasure mix'd with pain!
You every moment think an age
Till he appears upon the stage:
And first his bum you see him clap
Upon the Queen of Sheba's lap:
The Duke of Lorrain drew his sword,
Punch roaring run, and running roar'd,
Revil'd all people in his jargon,
And sold the King of Spain a bargain:
St. George himself he plays the wag on,
And mounts astride upon the Dragon;
He gets a thousand thumps and kicks,
Yet cannot leave his roguish tricks;
In every action thrusts his nose,
The reason why, no mortal knows:
In doleful scenes that break our heart,
Punch comes, like you, and lets a f—t:
There's not a puppet made of wood
But what would hang him if they could;
While, teasing all, by all he's teas'd,
How well are the spectators pleas'd!
Who in the motion have no share,
But purely come to hear and stare;
Have no concern for Sabra's sake,
Which gets the better, saint or snake,
Provided Punch (for there's the jest)
Be soundly maul'd, and plague the rest.
Thus, Tim, philosophers suppose,
The world consists of puppet-shows,
Where petulant conceited fellows
Perform the part of Punchinellos:

So at this booth, which we call Dublin,
Tim, thou'rt the Punch to stir up trouble in;
You wriggle, fidge, and make a rout,
Put all your brother-puppets out,
Run on in a perpetual round
To tease, perplex, disturb, confound;
Intrude with monkey grin and clatter
To interrupt all serious matter;
Are grown the nuisance of your clan,
Who hate and scorn you to a man:
But then the lookers-on, the Tories,
You still divert with merry stories;
They would consent that all the crew
Were hang'd before they'd part with you.
  But tell me, Tim, upon the spot,
By all this coil what hast thou got?
If Tories must have all the sport,
I fear you'd be disgrac'd at court.
  Tim. Got? D— my blood, I frank my letters,
Walk to my place before my betters,
And, simple as I now stand here,
Expect in time to be a peer——
Got? D— me, why, I got my will!
Ne'er hold my peace, and ne'er stand still:
I f—t, with twenty ladies by;
They call me beast; and what care I?
I bravely call the Tories Jacks,
And sons of whores—behind their backs:
But could you bring me once to think
That when I strut, and stare, and stink,
Revile and slander, fume and storm,
Betray, make oath, impeach, inform,
With such a constant loyal zeal
To serve myself and commonweal,

And fret the Tories' souls to death,
I did but lose my precious breath;
And when I damn my soul to plague 'em,
Am, as you tell me, but their Maygame;
Consume my vitals! they should know
I am not to be treated so;
I'd rather hang myself by half,
Than give those rascals cause to laugh.
  But how, my Friend, can I endure,
Once so renown'd, to live obscure?
No little boys and girls to cry,
'There's nimble Tim a-passing by?'
No more my dear delightful way tread
Of keeping up a party hatred?
Will none the Tory-dogs pursue,
When through the streets I cry Halloo?
Must all my d—mee's, bloods, and wounds,
Pass only now for empty sounds?
Shall Tory rascals be elected,
Although I swear them disaffected?
And when I roar, 'A plot, a plot!'
Will our own party mind me not?
So qualified to swear and lie,
Will they not trust me for a spy?
  Dear Mullinix! your good advice
I beg: you see the case is nice:
O! were I equal in renown,
Like thee to please this thankless town,
Or bless'd with such engaging parts,
To win the truant schoolboys' hearts!
Thy virtues meet their just reward,
Attended by the sable guard:
Charm'd by thy voice, the 'prentice drops
The snowball destin'd at thy chops:

Thy graceful steps, and col'nel's air,
Allure the cinder-picking fair.
MUL. No more—in mark of true affection,
I take thee under my protection:
Thy parts are good, 'tis not denied:
I wish they had been well applied.
But now observe my counsel, *(viz.)*
Adapt your habit to your phiz;
You must no longer thus equip ye,
As Horace says, *optat ephippia;*
(There's Latin too, that you may see
How much improv'd by Doctor ——.)
I have a coat at home that you may try;
'Tis just like this, which hangs by geometry:
My hat has much the nicer air:
Your block will fit it to a hair:
That wig, I would not for the world
Have it so formal and so curl'd;
'Twill be so oily and so sleek,
When I have lain in it a week,
You'll find it well prepar'd to take
The figure of toupee or snake.
Thus dress'd alike from top to toe,
That which is which 'tis hard to know,
When first in public we appear,
I'll lead the van, keep you the rear;
Be careful as you walk behind,
Use all the talents of your mind;
Be studious well to imitate
My portly motion, mien, and gait;
Mark my address, and learn my style,
When to look scornful, when to smile,
Nor sputter out your oaths so fast,
But keep your swearing to the last:

Then at our leisure we'll be witty,
And in the streets divert the city;
The ladies from the windows gaping,
The children all our motions aping.
Your conversation to refine,
I'll take you to some friends of mine,
Choice spirits! who employ their parts
To mend the world by useful arts;
Some cleansing hollow tubes, to spy
Direct the zenith of the sky;
Some have the city in their care,
From noxious steams to purge the air;
Some teach us, in these dangerous days,
How to walk upright in our ways;
Some, whose reforming hands engage
To lash the lewdness of the age;
Some for the public service go
Perpetual envoys to and fro,
Whose able heads support the weight
Of twenty ministers of state.
We scorn, for want of talk, to jabber
Of parties o'er our bonny-clabber,
Nor are we studious to inquire
Who votes for manors, who for hire:
Our care is to improve the mind
With what concerns all humankind;
The various scenes of mortal life,
Who beats her husband, who his wife;
Or how the bully at a stroke
Knock'd down the boy, the lantern broke.
One tells the rise of cheese and oatmeal,
Another when he got a hot meal;
One gives advice in proverbs old,
Instructs us how to tame a scold,

Or how by almanacs 'tis clear
That herrings will be cheap this year.
  Tim. Dear Mullinix! I now lament
My precious time so long mis-spent,
By nature meant for nobler ends;
O introduce me to your friends!
For whom by birth I was design'd,
Till politics debas'd my mind:
I give myself entire to you;
G— d— the Whigs and Tories too!

ON

THE FIVE LADIES AT SOT'S HOLE[1],

WITH THE DOCTOR[2] AT THEIR HEAD.

(N. B. The Ladies treated the Doctor.)

SENT AS FROM AN OFFICER OF THE ARMY.

1728.

Fair Ladies! number Five,
  Who in your merry freaks
With little Tom contrive
  To feast on ale and stakes;

While he sits by a-grinning,
  To see you safe in Sot's Hole,
Set up with greasy linen,
  And neither mugs nor pots whole.

[1] An alehouse in Dublin famous for beef-stakes.
[2] Dr. Thomas Sheridan.

Alas! I never thought
A priest would please your palate;
Besides, I'll hold a groat
He'll put you in a ballad;

Where I shall see your faces
On paper daub'd so foul,
They'll be no more like Graces
Than Venus like an owl;

And we shall take you rather
To be a midnight pack
Of witches met together,
With Beelzebub in black.

It fills my heart with woe
To think such ladies fine
Should be reduc'd so low
To treat a dull divine.

Be by a parson cheated!
Had you been cunning stagers,
You might yourselves be treated
By captains and by majors.

See how corruption grows,
While mothers, daughters, aunts,
Instead of powder'd beaux,
From pulpits choose gallants.

If we, who wear our wigs
With fan-tail and with snake,
Are bubbled thus by prigs,
Z—ds! who would be a rake?

Had I a heart to fight
I'd knock the Doctor down;
Or could I read or write,
Egad I'd wear a gown.

Then leave him to his birch[3],
And at the Rose on Sunday,
The parson safe at church,
I'll treat you with Burgundy.

THE FIVE LADIES' ANSWER.

TO THE BEAU WITH THE WIG AND WINGS AT HIS HEAD.

You little scribbling Beau,
What demon made you write?
Because to write you know
As much as you can fight.

For compliment so scurvy
I wish we had you here,
We'd turn you topsyturvy
Into a mug of beer.

You thought to make a farce on
The man and place we chose;
We're sure a single parson
Is worth a hundred beaux.

And you would make us vassals,
Good Mr. Wig and Wings,
To silver-clocks and tassels;
You would, you Thing of things!

Because around your cane
A round of di'monds is set,
And you in some by-lane
Have gain'd a paltry Grizette;

[3] He kept a school.

Shall we, of sense refin'd,
  Your trifling nonsense bear,
As noisy as the wind,
  As empty as the air?

We hate your empty prattle,
  And vow and swear 'tis true,
There's more in one child's rattle
  Than twenty fops like you.

THE BEAU'S REPLY

TO THE FIVE LADIES' ANSWER.

Why, how now, dapper Black,
  I smell your gown and cassock
As strong upon your back
  As Tisdall smells of a sock.

To write such scurvy stuff!
  Fine ladies never do't;
I know you well enough,
  And eke your cloven foot.

Fine ladies, when they write,
  Nor scold nor keep a splutter;
Their verses give delight,
  As soft and sweet as butter.

But Satan never saw
  Such haggard lines as these;
They stick athwart my maw,
  As bad as Suffolk-cheese.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN AN EMINENT LAWYER AND DR. SWIFT, D. S. P. D.

Being an allusion to the first Satire of the second Book of Horace.—*Sunt quibus in Satyra, &c.*

FEBRUARY, 1728.

'SINCE there are persons who complain
There's too much satire in my vein,
That I am often found exceeding
The rules of raillery and breeding,
With too much freedom treat my betters,
Not sparing even men of letters;
You, who are skill'd in lawyers' lore,
What's your advice?—Shall I give o'er,
Nor ever fools or knaves expose
Either in verse or humorous prose,
And, to avoid all future ill,
In my scrutoire lock up my quill?'

'Since you are pleas'd to condescend
To ask the judgment of a friend;
Your case consider'd, I must think
You should withdraw from pen and ink,
Forbear your poetry and jokes,
And live like other Christian folks:
Or, if the Muses must inspire
Your fancy with their pleasing fire,
Take subjects safer for your wit
Than those on which you lately writ;
Commend the times, your thoughts correct,
And follow the prevailing sect;

Assert that Hyde in writing story
Shows all the malice of a Tory,
While Burnet, in his deathless page,
Discovers freedom without rage:
To Woolston recommend our youth,
For learning, probity, and truth;
That noble genius! who unbinds
The chains which fetter free-born minds;
Redeems us from the slavish fears
Which lasted near two thousand years;
He can alone the priesthood humble,
Make gilded spires and altars tumble.'

'Must I commend against my conscience
Such stupid blasphemy and nonsense?
To such a subject tune my lyre,
And sing like one of Milton's choir,
Where devils to a vale retreat,
And call the laws of wisdom, Fate;
Lament upon their hapless fall,
That force free virtue should enthral?
Or, shall the charms of wealth and power
Make me pollute the Muse's bower?'

'As from the tripod of Apollo,
Hear, from my desk, the words that follow:
Some, by philosophers misled,
Must honour you alive and dead;
And such as know what Greece hath writ,
Must taste your irony and wit;
Whilst most that are or would be great,
Must dread your pen, your person hate;
And you on Drapier's Hill must lie,
And there without a mitre die.'

MY LADY'S[1]

LAMENTATION AND COMPLAINT

AGAINST THE DEAN.

JULY 28, 1728.

SURE never did man see
A wretch like poor Nancy,
So teas'd day and night
By a Dean and a Knight.
To punish my sins
Sir Arthur begins,
And gives me a wipe
With Skinny and Snipe[2]:
His malice is plain,
Hallooing the Dean.
The Dean never stops
When he opens his chops;
I'm quite over-run
With rebus and pun.
Before he came here,
To spunge for good cheer,
I sat with delight
From morning till night;
With two bony thumbs
Could rub my own gums,
Or scratching my nose
And jogging my toes;

1 Lady Acheson, wife to Sir Arthur Acheson.

2 The Dean used to call her by those names.

But at present, forsooth,
I must not rub a tooth.
When my elbows he sees
Held up by my knees;
My arms, like two props,
Supporting my chops;
And, just as I handle 'em,
Moving all like a pendulum;
He trips up my props,
And down my chin drops
From my head to my heels;
Like a clock without wheels,
I sink in the spleen,
An useless machine.
If he had his will
I should never sit still:
He comes with his whims,
I must move my limbs;
I cannot be sweet
Without using my feet;
To lengthen my breath
He tires me to death.
By the worst of all 'squires,
Through bogs and through briers,
Where a cow would be startled,
I'm in spite of my heart led,
And, say what I will,
Haul'd up every hill,
Till, daggled and tatter'd,
My spirits quite shatter'd,
I return home at night,
And fast out of spite;
For I'd rather be dead
Than it e'er should be said

I was better for him
In stomach or limb.
But now to my diet:
No eating in quiet;
He's still finding fault,
Too sour or too salt:
The wing of a chick
I hardly can pick,
But trash without measure
I swallow with pleasure.
Next, for his diversion,
He rails at my person:
What court-breeding this is?
He takes me to pieces:
From shoulder to flank
I'm lean and I'm lank;
My nose, long and thin,
Grows down to my chin;
My chin will not stay,
But meats it half way;
My fingers prolix
Are ten crooked sticks:
He swears my el—bows
Are two iron crows;
Or sharp pointed rocks,
And wear out my smocks:
To 'scape them Sir Arthur
Is forc'd to lie farther,
Or his sides they would gore
Like the tusks of a boar.
Now, changing the scene,
But still to the Dean:
He loves to be bitter at
A lady illiterate;

If he sees her but once
He'll swear she's a dunce;
Can tell her by looks;
A hater of books:
Through each line of her face
Her folly can trace,
Which spoils every feature
Bestow'd her by Nature,
But sense gives a grace
To the homeliest face;
Wise books and reflection
Will mend the complexion.
(A civil divine!
I suppose meaning mine)
No lady who wants them
Can ever be handsome.
I guess well enough
What he means by this stuff;
He haws and he hums,
At last out it comes:
'What, Madam? no walking,
No reading nor talking?
You're now in your prime,
Make use of your time.
Consider, before
You come to threescore,
How the hussies will fleer
Where'er you appear:
That silly old puss
Would fain be like us;
What a figure she made
In her tarnish brocade?'
And then he grows mild;
'Come, be a good child:

If you are reinclin'd
To polish your mind,
Be ador'd by the men
Till threescore and ten,
And kill with the spleen
The jades of sixteen,
I'll show you the way;
Read six hours a-day:
The wits will frequent ye,
And think you but twenty.'
  Thus was I drawn in,
Forgive me my sin:
At breakfast he'll ask
An account of my task.
Put a word out of joint,
Or miss but a point,
He rages and frets,
His manners forgets;
And as I am serious
Is very imperious.
No book for delight
Must come in my sight;
But instead of new plays
Dull Bacon's Essays,
And pore every day on
That nasty Pantheon.
If I be not a drudge
Let all the world judge:
'Twere better be blind
Than thus be confin'd.
  But while in an ill tone
I murder poor Milton,
The Dean, you will swear,
Is at study or pray'r.

He's all the day saunt'ring,
With labourers bant'ring,
Among his colleagues,
A parcel of Teagues,
(Whom he brings in among us,
And bribes with mundungus.)
Hail, Fellow, well met,
All dirty and wet.
Find out if you can
Who's master who's man,
Who makes the best figure,
The Dean or the digger;
And which is the best
At cracking a jest.
How proudly he talks
Of zigzags and walks!
And all the day raves
Of cradles and caves;
And boasts of his feats,
His grottos and seats;
Shows all his gewgaws,
And gapes for applause.
A fine occupation
For one in his station!
A hole where a rabbit
Would scorn to inhabit,
Dug out in an hour,
He calls it a Bow'r.
  But, oh! how we laugh
To see a wild calf
Come, driven by heat,
And foul the green seat;
Or run helter-skelter
To his arbour for shelter,

Where all goes to ruin
The Dean has been doing.
The girls of the village
Come flocking for pillage,
Pull down the fine briers
And thorns to make fires;
But yet are so kind
To leave something behind:
No more need be said on't,
I smell when I tread on't.
Dear Friend! Doctor Jenny,
If I could but win ye,
Or Walmsley or Whaley,
To come hither daily,
Since 'Fortune, my foe,'
Will needs have it so,
That I'm by her frowns
Condemn'd to black gowns:
No 'squire to be found
The neighbourhood round,
(For, under the rose,
I would rather choose those)
If your wives will permit ye,
Come here out of pity
To ease a poor lady,
And beg her a playday;
So may you be seen
No more in the spleen;
May Walmsley give wine,
Like a hearty divine!
May Whaley disgrace
Dull Daniel's whey face;
And may your three spouses
Let you lie at friends' houses.

TO

DR. DELANY,

ON THE LIBELS WRITTEN AGAINST HIM.

1729.

—Tanti tibi non fit opaci
Omnis arena Tagi. JUV.

As some raw youth in country bred,
To arms by thirst of honour led,
When at a skirmish first he hears
The bullets whistling round his ears,
Will duck his head aside, will start,
And feel a trembling at his heart,
Till 'scaping oft without a wound
Lessens the terror of the sound;
Fly bullets now as thick as hops,
He runs into a cannon's chops.
An author thus, who pants for fame,
Begins the world with fear and shame:
When first in print you see him dread
Each popgun levell'd at his head;
The lead yon critic's quill contains
Is destin'd to beat out his brains;
As if he heard loud thunders roll,
Cries, 'Lord have mercy on his soul!'
Concluding that another shot
Will strike him dead upon the spot:

But when with squibbing, flashing, popping,
He cannot see one creature dropping,
That missing fire, or missing aim,
His life is safe, (I mean his fame)
The danger past, takes heart of grace,
And looks a critic in the face.

Though splendour gives the fairest mark
To poison'd arrows from the dark,
Yet in yourself when smooth and round [1],
They glance aside without a wound.

'Tis said the gods tried all their art
How Pain they might from Pleasure part;
But little could their strength avail;
Both still are fasten'd by the tail:
Thus Fame and Censure, with a tether,
By Fate are always link'd together.

Why will you aim to be preferr'd
In wit before the common herd,
And yet grow mortified and vex'd
To pay the penalty annex'd?
'Tis eminence makes envy rise,
As fairest fruits attract the flies.
Should stupid libels grieve your mind,
You soon a remedy may find;
Lie down obscure, like other folks,
Below the lash of snarler's jokes:
Their faction is five hundred odds,
For every coxcomb lends them rods,
And sneers as learnedly as they,
Like females o'er their morning tea.

You say the Muse will not contain,
And write you must, or break a vein.

[1] In seipso totus teres atque rotundus.

Then if you find the terms too hard,
No longer my advice regard,
But raise your fancy on the wing;
The Irish senate's praises sing;
How jealous of the nations freedom!
And for corruptions, how they weed 'em!
How each the public good pursues,
How far their hearts from private views!
Make all true patriots, up to shoe-boys,
Huzza their brethren at the Blue-boys[2].
Thus grown a member of the club,
No longer dread the rage of Grub.
How oft am I for rhyme to seek!
To dress a thought I toil a week;
And then how thankful to the Town,
If all my pains will earn a crown!
Whilst every critic can devour
My work and me in half an hour.
Would men of genius cease to write,
The rogues must die for want and spite;
Must die for want of food and raiment,
If scandal did not find them payment.
How cheerfully the hawkers cry
A Satire! and the gentry buy;
While my hard-labour'd poem pines
Unsold upon the printer's lines.
A genius in the reverend gown
Must ever keep its owner down;
'Tis an unnatural conjunction,
And spoils the credit of the function.
Round all your brethren cast your eyes;
Point out the surest men to rise;

[2] The Irish parliament sat at the Blue-boys' Hospital, while the new parliament-house was building.

That club of candidates in black,
The least deserving of the pack,
Aspiring, factious, fierce, and loud,
With grace and learning unendued,
Can turn their hands to every job,
The fittest tools to work for Bob[3];
Will sooner coin a thousand lies
Than suffer men of parts to rise;
They crowd about Preferment's gate,
And press you down with all their weight;
For as of old mathematicians
Were by the vulgar thought magicians,
So academic dull ale-drinkers
Pronounce all men of wit, Freethinkers.
Wit, as the chief of Virtue's friends,
Disdains to serve ignoble ends.
Observe what loads of stupid rhymes
Oppress us in corrupted times;
What pamphlets in a court's defence
Show reason, grammar, truth, or sense?
For though the Muse delights in fiction,
She ne'er inspires against conviction.
Then keep your virtue still unmixt,
And let not faction come betwixt;
By party-steps no grandeur climb at,
Though it would make you England's primate:
First learn the science to be dull,
You then may soon your conscience lull;
If not, however seated high,
Your genius in your face will fly.
When Jove was from his teeming head
Of Wit's fair goddess brought to bed,

[3] Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Oxford.

There follow'd at his lying-in,
For afterbirth, a sooterkin,
Which as the nurse pursued to kill,
Attain'd by flight the Muses' hill,
There in the soil began to root,
And litter'd at Parnassus' foot.
From hence the critic-vermin sprung,
With harpy claws and poisonous tongue,
Who fatten on poetic scraps,
Too cunning to be caught in traps.
Dame Nature, as the learned show,
Provides each animal its foe;
Hounds hunt the hare, the wily fox
Devours your geese, the wolf your flocks:
Thus Envy pleads a natural claim
To persecute the Muses' fame,
On poets in all times abusive,
From Homer down to Pope inclusive.
Yet what avails it to complain?
You try to take revenge in vain.
A rat your utmost rage defies,
That safe behind the wainscot lies.
Say, did you ever know by sight
In cheese an individual mite?
Show me the same numeric flea
That bit your neck but yesterday;
You then may boldly go in quest
To find the Grub-street poets' nest;
What spunging-house, in dread of jail,
Receives them while they wait for bail;
What alley they are nestled in,
To flourish o'er a cup of gin;
Find the last garret where they lay,
Or cellar where they starve to-day.

Suppose you had them all trepann'd,
With each a libel in his hand,
What punishment would you inflict?
Or call 'em rogues, or get 'em kickt?
These they have often tried before;
You but oblige 'em so much more:
Themselves would be the first to tell,
To make their trash the better sell.
You have been libell'd——Let us know
What fool officious told you so?
Will you regard the hawker's cries,
Who in his titles always lies?
Whate'er the noisy scoundrel says,
It might be something in your praise;
And praise bestow'd on Grub-street rhymes
Would vex one more a thousand times.
Till critics blame, and judges praise,
The poet cannot claim his bays.
On me when dunces are satiric,
I take it for a panegyric.
Hated by fools, and fools to hate,
Be that my motto and my fate.

A LIBEL

ON

THE REVEREND DR. DELANY AND HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN LORD CARTERET.

TO DR. DELANY,

OCCASIONED BY HIS EPISTLE TO HIS EXCELLENCY JOHN LORD CARTERET.

1729.

Deluded Mortals! whom the great
Choose for companions *têtе à tête;*
Who, at their dinners *en famille,*
Get leave to sit whene'er you will,
Then boasting tell us where you din'd,
And how his Lordship was so kind;
How many pleasant things he spoke,
And how you laugh'd at every joke;
Swear he's a most facetious man,
That you and he are cup and can;
You travel with a heavy load,
And quite mistake preferment's road.
Suppose my Lord and you alone,
Hint the least interest of your own,
His visage drops, he knits his brow,
He cannot talk of business now:
Or mention but a vacant post,
He'll turn it off with, 'Name your toast:'

Nor could the nicest artist paint
A countenance with more constraint.
For as, their appetites to quench,
Lords keep a pimp to bring a wench,
So men of wit are but a kind
Of panders to a vicious mind,
Who proper objects must provide
To gratify their lust of pride,
When, wearied with intrigues of state,
They find an idle hour to prate.
Then should you dare to ask a place,
You forfeit all your patron's grace,
And disappoint the sole design
For which he summon'd you to dine.
Thus Congreve spent in writing plays,
And one poor office, half his days;
While Montague[1], who claim'd the station
To be Mecænas of the nation,
For poets open table kept,
But ne'er consider'd where they slept:
Himself, as rich as fifty Jews,
Was easy though they wanted shoes,
And crazy Congreve scarce could spare
A shilling to discharge his chair,
Till prudence taught him to appeal
From Pæan's fire to party-zeal;
Not owing to his happy vein
The fortunes of his latter scene;
Took proper principles to thrive,
And so might every dunce alive.
Thus Steele, who own'd what others writ,
And flourish'd by imputed wit,

[1] Earl of Halifax.

From perils of a hundred jails
Withdrew, to starve and die in Wales.
  Thus Gay, the Hare with many Friends,
Twice seven long years the court attends;
Who under Tales conveying truth,
To virtue form'd a princely youth:
Who paid his courtship with the crowd
As far as modest pride allow'd;
Rejects a servile Usher's place,
And leaves St. James's in disgrace.
  Thus Addison, by lords caress'd,
Was left in foreign lands distress'd;
Forgot at home, became for hire
A travelling tutor to a 'squire;
But wisely left the Muses' hill,
To business shap'd the poet's quill;
Let all his barren laurels fade:
Took up himself the Courtier's trade,
And, grown a minister of state,
Saw poets at his levee wait.
  Hail, happy Pope! whose generous mind
Detesting all the statesmen-kind,
Contemning courts, at courts unseen,
Refus'd the visits of a queen.
A soul with every virtue fraught,
By sages, priests, or poets, taught;
Whose filial piety excels
Whatever Grecian story tells;
A genius for all stations fit,
Whose meanest talent is his wit;
His heart too great, though fortune little,
To lick a rascal statesman's spittle;
Appealing to the nation's taste,
Above the reach of want is plac'd;

By Homer dead was taught to thrive,
Which Homer never could alive;
And sits aloft on Pindus' head,
Despising slaves that cringe for bread.
  True politicians only pay
For solid work, but not for play;
Nor ever choose to work with tools
Forg'd up in colleges and schools:
Consider how much more is due
To all their journeymen than you.
At table you can Horace quote,
They at a pinch can bribe a vote:
You show your skill in Grecian story,
But they can manage Whig and Tory:
You, as a critic, are so curious
To find a verse in Virgil spurious;
But they can smoke the deep designs,
When Bolingbroke with Pulteney dines.
  Besides, your patron may upbraid ye,
That you have got a place already;
An office for your talents fit,
To flatter, carve, and show your wit;
To snuff the lights, and stir the fire,
And get a dinner for your hire.
What claim have you to place or pension?
He overpays in condescension.
  But, reverend Doctor! you, we know,
Could never condescend so low;
The Viceroy, whom you now attend,
Would, if he durst, be more your friend,
Nor will in you those gifts despise,
By which himself was taught to rise:
When he has virtue to retire,
He'll grieve he did not raise you higher,

And place you in a better station,
Although it might have pleas'd the nation.
  This may be true——submitting still
To Walpole's more than royal will;
And what condition can be worse?
He comes to drain a beggar's purse;
He comes to tie our chains on faster,
And show us, England is our master;
Caressing knaves, and dunces wooing,
To make them work their own undoing.
What has he else to bait his traps,
Or bring his vermin in, but scraps?
The offals of a church distrest,
A hungry vicarage at best,
Or some remote inferior post,
With forty pounds a-year at most?
  But here again you interpose;
Your favourite Lord is none of those
Who owe their virtues to their stations,
And characters to dedications:
For keep him in or turn him out,
His learning none will call in doubt;
His learning, though a poet said it
Before a play, would lose no credit;
Nor Pope would dare deny him wit,
Although to praise it Phillips writ.
I own he hates an action base,
His virtues battling with his place;
Nor wants a nice discerning spirit
Betwixt a true and spurious merit;
Can sometimes drop a voter's claim,
And give up party to his fame.
I do the most that friendship can;
I hate the Viceroy, love the man.

But you, who till your fortune's made,
Must be a sweet'ner by your trade,
Should swear he never meant us ill,
We suffer sore against his will;
That if we could but see his heart,
He would have chose a milder part;
We rather should lament his case,
Who must obey or lose his place.
Since this reflection slipt your pen,
Insert it when you write again;
And, to illustrate it, produce
This simile for his excuse.
'So, to destroy a guilty land,
An angel sent by Heaven's command[1],
While he obeys almighty will,
Perhaps may feel compassion still,
And wish the task had been assign'd
To spirits of less gentle kind.'
But I, in politics grown old,
Whose thoughts are of a different mould;
Who from my soul sincerely hate
Both K—— and ministers of state;
Who look on courts with stricter eyes
To see the seeds of vice arise,
Can lend you an allusion fitter,
Though flattering knaves may call it bitter;
Which, if you durst but give it place,
Would show you many a statesman's face:
Fresh from the tripod of Apollo
I had it in the words that follow:
(Take notice, to avoid offence,
I here except his Excellence.)

[1] So when an angel by divine command.
Addison's Campaign.

'So, to affect his monarch's ends,
From hell a viceroy-devil ascends,
His budget with corruptions cram'd,
The contributions of the damn'd,
Which with unsparing hand he strows
Through courts and senates as he goes,
And then at Beelzebub's black hall
Complains his budget was too small.'
Your simile may better shine
In verse, but there is truth in mine;
For no imaginable things
Can differ more than gods and k—s;
And statesmen by ten thousand odds
Are angels, just as k—s are gods.

ON

BURNING A DULL POEM.

1729.

An ass's hoof alone can hold
That poisonous juice which kills by cold.
Methought, when I this poem read,
No vessel but an ass's head
Such frigid fustian could contain;
I mean the head without the brain.
The cold conceits, the chilling thoughts,
Went down like stupifying draughts:
I found my head began to swim,
A numbness crept through every limb:
In haste, with imprecations dire,
I threw the volume in the fire;

When, who could think? though cold as ice,
It burnt to ashes in a trice.
How could I more enhance its fame?
Though born in snow, it died in flame.

TO JANUS,

ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

1729.

Two-fac'd Janus, god of Time,
Be my Phœbus while I rhyme:
To oblige your crony Swift,
Bring our dame a New-year's gift:
She has got but half a brace:
Janus, since thou hast a face,
To my Lady once be kind;
Give her half thy face behind.
God of Time, if you be wise,
Look not with your future eyes:
What imports thy forward sight?
Well! if you could lose it quite.
Can you take delight in viewing
This poor isle's[1] approaching ruin,
When thy retrospection vast
Sees the glorious ages past?
Happy nation! were we blind,
Or had only eyes behind.
'Drown your morals, (Madam cries)
I'll have none but forward eyes;

1 Ireland.

Prudes decay'd about may tack,
Strain their necks with looking back;
Give me Time when coming on;
Who regards him when he's gone?
By the Dean though gravely told
New years help to make me old,
Yet I find a New-year's lace
Burnishes an old year's face,
Give me velvet and quadrille,
I'll have youth and beauty still.'

DRAPIER'S HILL[1].

1729.

We give the world to understand
Our thriving Dean has purchas'd land,
A purchase which will bring him clear
Above his rent four pounds a-year,
Provided, to improve the ground,
He will but add two hundred pound;
And from his endless hoarded store
To build a house, five hundred more.
Sir Arthur[2], too, shall have his will,
And call the mansion Drapier's Hill,
That when a nation, long enslav'd,
Forgets by whom it once was sav'd,

[1] The Dean gave this name to a farm called Drumlack, which he took of Sir Arthur Acheson, whose seat lay between that and Market Hill, and intended to build an house upon it, but afterwards changed his mind. *Hawkes.*

[2] Sir Arthur Acheson, from whom the purchase was made.

When none the Drapier's praise shall sing,
His signs aloft no longer swing;
His medals and his prints forgotten,
And all his handkerchiefs are rotten[3];
His famous Letters made waste-paper,
This Hill may keep the name of Drapier;
In spite of envy flourish still,
And Drapier's vie with Cooper's Hill.

3 Medals were cast, many signs hung, and handkerchiefs made, with devices in honour of the author, under the name of *M. B. Drapier*.

THE

GRAND QUESTION DEBATED,

WHETHER HAMILTON'S BAWN[1] SHOULD BE TURNED INTO A BARRACK OR A MALTHOUSE.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1729.

PREFACE TO THE ENGLISH EDITION.

THE author of the following Poem is said to be Dr. J. S. D. S. P. D. who wrote it, as well as several other copies of verses of the like kind, by way of amusement, in the family of an honourable gentleman in the north of Ireland, where he spent a summer about two or three years ago.

A certain very great person[2], then in that kingdom, having heard much of this Poem, obtained a copy from the gentleman, or, as some say, the lady, in whose house it was written; from whence (I know not by what accident) several other copies were transcribed, full of errors. As I have a great respect for the supposed Author, I have procured a true copy of the Poem, the publication whereof can do him less injury than printing any of those incorrect ones which run about in manuscript, and

[1] A bawn was a place near the house, enclosed with mud or stone walls to keep the cattle from being stolen in the night. They are now little used.

[2] John Lord Carteret, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, afterwards Earl Granville in right of his mother.

would infallibly be soon in the press, if not thus prevented.

Some expressions being peculiar to Ireland, I have prevailed on a gentleman of that kingdom to explain them, and I have put the several explanations in their proper places.

Thus spoke to my Lady the Knight[3], full of care;
"Let me have your advice in a weighty affair.
This Hamilton's Bawn[4], whilst it sticks on my hand,
I lose by the house what I get by the land;
But how to dispose of it to the best bidder,
For a Barrack[5] or Malthouse, we now must consider.

"First, let me suppose I make it a Malthouse,
Here I have computed the profit will fall t'us;
There's nine hundred pounds for labour and grain,
I increase it to twelve, so three hundred remain;
A handsome addition for wine and good cheer,
Three dishes a-day, and three hogsheads a-year.
With a dozen large vessels my vault shall be stor'd,
No little scrub joint shall come on my board;
And you and the Dean no more shall combine
To stint me at night to one bottle of wine;
Nor shall I, for his humour, permit you to purloin
A stone and a quarter of beef from my sirloin.
If I make it a Barrack, the Crown is my tenant;
My Dear! I have ponder'd again and again on't;

3 Sir Arthur Acheson, at whose seat it was written.

4 A large old house, two miles from Sir Arthur Acheson's seat.

5 The army in Ireland is lodged in strong buildings over the whole kingdom, called *Barracks*.

In poundage and drawbacks I lose half my rent;
Whatever they give me I must be content,
Or join with the court in every debate,
And rather than that I would lose my estate."
  Thus ended the Knight; thus began his meek wife;
"It must and it shall be a Barrack, my life!
I'm grown a mere mopus; no company comes
But a rabble of tenants and rusty dull rums[6].
With parsons what lady can keep herself clean?
I'm all over-daub'd when I sit by the Dean.
But if you will give us a Barrack, my dear!
The Captain, I'm sure, will always come here:
I then shall not value his Deanship a straw,
For the Captain, I warrant, will keep him in awe;
Or should he pretend to be brisk and alert,
Will tell him that Chaplains should not be so pert;
That men of his coat should be minding their
pray'rs,
And not among ladies to give themselves airs."
  Thus argued my Lady, but argued in vain;
The Knight his opinion resolv'd to maintain.
  But Hannah[7], who listen'd to all that was past,
And could not endure so vulgar a taste,
As soon as her Ladyship call'd to be dress'd,
Cried, "Madam, why, surely my master's possess'd:
Sir Arthur the Malster! how fine it will sound!
I'd rather the Bawn were sunk under ground.
But, Madam, I guess'd there would never come
good,
When I saw him so often with Darby and Wood[8].
And now my dream's out; for I was a-dream'd
That I saw a huge rat: O dear! how I scream'd!

6 A cant word in Ireland for a poor country clergyman.
7 My Lady's waiting-woman.
8 Two of Sir Arthur's managers.

And after, methought, I had lost my new shoes;
And Molly she said I should hear some ill news.
" Dear Madam! had you but the spirit to tease,
You might have a Barrack whenever you please:
And, Madam, I always believ'd you so stout,
That for twenty denials you would not give out.
If I had a husband like him, I purtest,
Till he gave me my will I would give him no rest;
And rather than come in the same pair of sheets
With such a cross man, I would lie in the streets.
But, Madam, I beg you contrive and invent,
And worry him out till he gives his consent.
" Dear Madam! whene'er of a Barrack I think,
An I were to be hang'd, I can't sleep a wink;
For if a new crotchet comes into my brain,
I can't get it out, though I'd never so fain.
I fancy already a Barrack contriv'd
At Hamilton's Bawn, and the troop is arriv'd;
Of this, to be sure, Sir Arthur has warning,
And waits on the Captain betimes the next morning.
" Now see when they meet how their honours behave:
'Noble Captain! your servant'—'Sir Arthur! your slave,
You honour me much'—'The honour is mine'—
''Twas a sad rainy night'—'But the morning is fine'—
'Pray how does my Lady?'—'My wife's at your service'—
'I think I have seen her picture, by Jarvis'—
'Good morrow, good Captain!'—'I'll wait on you down'—
'You sha'n't stir a foot'—'You'll think me a clown'—
'For all the world, Captain, not half an inch farther'—
'You must be obey'd; your servant, Sir Arthur;

My humble respects to my Lady unknown'—
'I hope you will use my house as your own.'—"
"Go bring me my smock, and leave off your prate;
Thou hast certainly gotten a cup in thy pate."
"Pray, Madam, be quiet; what was it I said?
You had like to have put it quite out of my head.
"Next day to be sure the Captain will come
At the head of his troop, with trumpet and drum.
Now, Madam, observe how he marches in state;
The man with the kettledrum enters the gate:
Dub, dub, adub, dub. The trumpeters follow;
Tantara, tantara; while all the boys halloo.
See now comes the Captain, all daub'd with gold lace:
O law! the sweet gentleman! look in his face;
And see how he rides like a lord of the land,
With the fine flaming sword that he holds in his hand;
And his horse, the dear creter! it prances and rears,
With ribands in knots at its tail and its ears.
At last comes the troop, by the word of command
Drawn up in our court; when the Captain cries,—
'Stand.'
Your Ladyship lifts up the sash to be seen,
(For sure I had dizen'd you out like a queen)
The Captain, to show he is proud of the favour,
Looks up to your window, and cocks up his beaver;
(His beaver is cock'd; pray, Madam, mark that,
For a captain of horse never takes off his hat,
Because he has never a hand that is idle,
For the right holds the sword, and the left holds
the bridle)
Then flourishes thrice his sword in the air,
As a compliment due to a lady so fair:
(How I tremble to think of the blood it hath spilt!)
Then he lowers down the point, and kisses the hilt.

Your Ladyship smiles, and thus you begin;
'Pray, Captain, be pleas'd to alight and walk in.'
The Captain salutes you with congee profound,
And your Ladyship curtsies half-way to the ground.
'Kit, run to your master, and bid him come to us;
I'm sure he'll be proud of the honour you do us:
And, Captain, you'll do us the favour to stay,
And take a short dinner here with us to-day:
You're heartily welcome; but as for good cheer,
You come in the very worst time of the year:
If I had expected so worthy a guest'——
'Lord! Madam! your Ladyship sure is in jest;
You banter me, Madam: the kingdom must grant'—
'You officers, captains, are so complaisant.'—"
"Hist, hussy! I think I hear somebody coming"—
"No, Madam; 'tis only Sir Arthur a-humming:
To shorten my tale, (for I hate a long story)
The captain at dinner appears in his glory;
The Dean and the Doctor[9] have humbled their pride,
For the Captain's entreated to sit by your side;
And, because he's their betters, you carve for him first;
The parsons for envy are ready to burst:
The servants, amaz'd, are scarce ever able
To keep off their eyes as they wait at the table;
And Molly and I have thrust in our nose
To peep at the Captain in all his fine clo'es.
Dear Madam! be sure he's a fine spoken man;
Do but hear on the clergy how glib his tongue ran:
'And, Madam, (says he,) if such dinners you give,
You'll never want parsons as long as you live;
I ne'er knew a parson without a good nose,
But the devil's as welcome wherever he goes.

[9] Doctor Jenny, a clergyman in the neighbourhood.

G— d—me, they bid us reform and repent,
But, z—s, by their looks they never keep Lent.
Mister Curate, for all your grave looks, I'm afraid
You cast a sheep's eye on her Ladyship's maid;
I wish she would lend you her pretty white hand
In mending your cassock and smoothing your band:
(For the Dean was so shabby, and look'd like a
ninny,
That the Captain suppos'd he was curate to Jenny)
Whenever you see a cassock and gown,
A hundred to one but it covers a clown.
Observe how a parson comes into a room,
G— d—me, he hobbles as bad as my groom.
A scholard, when just from his college broke loose,
Can hardly tell how to cry Bo to a goose.
Your Noveds, and Bluturks, and Omurs[10], and stuff,
By G— they don't signify this pinch of snuff.
To give a young gentleman right education,
The army's the only good school in the nation.
My schoolmaster call'd me a dunce and a fool,
But at cuffs I was always the cock of the school.
I never could take to my book for the blood o'me,
And the puppy confess'd he expected no good o'me.
He caught me one morning coquetting his wife,
But he maul'd me, I ne'er was so maul'd in my life;
So I took to the road, and, what's very odd,
The first man I robb'd was a parson, by G—.
Now, Madam, you'll think it a strange thing to say,
But the sight of a book makes me sick to this day.'

"Never since I was born did I hear so much wit,
And, Madam, I laugh'd till I thought I should split:

10 Ovids, Plutarchs, Homers. See Essay on Modern Education.

So then you look'd scornful, and snift at the Dean,
As who should say, Now, am I Skinny and Lean[11]?
But he durst not so much as once open his lips,
And the Doctor was plaguily down in the hips."

Thus merciless Hannah ran on in her talk, [walk?"
Till she heard the Dean call, 'Will your Ladyship
Her Ladyship answers, 'I'm just coming down:'
Then turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,
Although it was plain in her heart she was glad,
Cried, "Hussy! why, snre the wench is gone mad:
How could these chimeras get into your brains?—
Come hither, and take this old gown for your pains.
But the Dean, if this secret should come to his ears,
Will never have done with his gibes and his jeers:
For your life, not a word of the matter, I charge ye.
Give me but a Barrack, a fig for the clergy."

DIRECTIONS

FOR MAKING A BIRTH-DAY SONG.

1729.

To form a just and finish'd piece,
Take twenty gods of Rome or Greece,
Whose godships are in chief request,
And fit your present subject best;
And should it be your hero's case
To have both male and female race,
Your business must be to provide
A score of goddesses beside.

Some call their monarchs Sons of Saturn,
For which they bring a modern pattern,

[11] Nicknames for my Lady.

Because they might have heard of one
Who often long'd to eat his son;
But this, I think, will not go down,
For here the father kept his crown.
  Why, then, appoint him son of Jove,
Who met his mother in a grove.
To this we freely shall consent,
Well knowing what the poets meant;
And in their sense, 'twixt me and you,
It may be literally true.
  Next, as the laws of verse require,
He must be greater than his sire,
For Jove, as every schoolboy knows,
Was able Saturn to depose:
And sure no Christian poet breathing
Would be more scrup'lous than a Heathen;
Or if to blasphemy it tends,
That's but a trifle among friends.
  Your hero now another Mars is,
Makes mighty armies turn their a—s;
Behold his glittering fauchion mow
Whole squadrons at a single blow,
While Victory, with wings outspread,
Flies like an eagle o'er his head.
His milk-white steed upon its haunches,
Or pawing into dead men's paunches,
As Overton has drawn his sire,
Still seen o'er many an alehouse-fire.
Then from his arm hoarse thunder rolls,
As loud as fifty mustard-bowls;
For thunder still his arm supplies,
And lightning always in his eyes;
They both are cheap enough in conscience,
And serve to echo rattling nonsense:

The rumbling words march fierce along,
Made trebly dreadful in your song.
Sweet Poet! hir'd for Birth-day rhymes,
To sing of wars choose peaceful times.
What though, for fifteen years and more,
Janus hath lock'd his temple-door;
Though not a coffee-house we read in
Hath mention'd arms on this side Sweden,
Nor London Journals nor the Postmen,
Though fond of warlike lies as most men;
Thou still with battles stuff thy head full,
For must thy hero not be dreadful?
Dismissing Mars, it next must follow
Your conqueror is become Apollo:
That he's Apollo is as plain as
That Robin Walpole is Mecænas:
But that he struts and that he squints,
You'd know him by Apollo's prints.
Old Phœbus is but half as bright,
For your's can shine both day and night.
The first, perhaps, may once an age
Inspire you with poetic rage;
Your Phœbus Royal every day
Not only can inspire, but pay.
Then make this new Apollo sit
Sole patron, judge, and god of wit.
'How from his altitude he stoops
To raise up Virtue when she droops!
On Learning how his bounty flows,
And with what justice he bestows!
Fair Isis! and ye banks of Cam!
Be witness if I tell a flam.
What prodigies in arts we drain,
From both your streams in G—'s reign,

As from the flowery bed of Nile;'—
But here's enough to show your style.
Broad innuendos, such as this,
If well applied, can hardly miss;
For when you bring your song in print,
He'll get it read, and take the hint,
(It must be read before 'tis warbled,
The paper gilt, and cover marbled)
And will be so much more your debtor,
Because he never knew a letter;
And as he hears his wit and sense,
(To which he never made pretence)
Set out in hyperbolic strains,
A guinea shall reward your pains;
For patrons never pay so well
As when they scarce have learn'd to spell.
  Next call him Neptune: with his trident
He rules the sea; you see him ride in't;
And if provok'd, he soundly firks his
Rebellious waves, with rods like Xerxes.
He would have seiz'd the Spanish plate,
Had not the fleet gone out too late,
And in their very ports besiege 'em,
But that he would not disoblige them;
And made the rascals pay him dearly
For those affronts they give him yearly.
  'Tis not denied that, when we write,
Our ink is black, our paper white,
And when we scrawl our paper o'er,
We blacken what was white before:
I think this practice only fit
For dealers in satiric wit.
But you some white-lead-ink must get,
And write on paper black as jet;

Your interest lies to learn the knack
Of whitening what before was black.
  Thus your encomium, to be strong,
Must be applied directly wrong:
A tyrant for his mercy praise,
And crown a royal dunce with bays;
A squinting monkey load with charms,
And paint a coward fierce in arms.
Is he to avarice inclin'd?
Extol him for his generous mind:
And when we starve for want of corn,
Come out with Amalthea's horn.
For all experience this evinces
The only art of pleasing princes;
For princes love you should descant
On virtues which they know they want.
One compliment I had forgot,
But songsters must omit it not;
I freely grant the thought is old:
Why, then your hero must be told
In him such virtues lie inherent,
To qualify him God's vicegerent,
That, with no title to inherit,
He must have been a king by merit.
Yet be the fancy old or new,
'Tis partly false and partly true;
And, take it right, it means no more
Than G—e and W—m claim'd before.
  Should some obscure inferior fellow,
Like Julius, or the youth of Pella,
When all your list of gods is out,
Presume to show his mortal snout,
And as a deity intrude,
Because he had the world subdued,

Oh! let him not debase your thoughts,
Or name him but to show his faults.
Of gods I only quote the best,
But you may hook in all the rest.
Now, Birth-day Bard! with joy proceed
To praise your empress and her breed.
First, of the first, to vouch your lies,
Bring all the females of the skies;
The Graces and their mistress Venus
Must venture down to entertain us:
With bended knees, when they adore her,
What dowdies they appear before her!
Nor shall we think you talk at random,
For Venus might be her great-grandam;
Six thousand years has liv'd the goddess,
Your heroine hardly fifty odd is.
Besides, you songsters oft have shown
That she hath Graces of her own;
Three Graces, by Lucina brought her,
Just three, and every Grace a daughter.
Here many a king his heart and crown
Shall at their snowy feet lay down;
In royal robes they come by dozens
To court their English-German cousins,
Besides a pair of princely babies,
That five years hence will both be Hebes.
Now see her seated in her throne
With genuine lustre all her own:
Poor Cynthia never shone so bright,
Her splendour is but borrow'd light,
And only with her brother linkt
Can shine, without him is extinct;
But C——a shines the clearer
With neither spouse nor brother near her,

And darts her beams o'er both our isles,
Though G—e is gone a thousand miles.
Thus Berecynthia takes her place,
Attended by her heavenly race,
And sees a son in every god,
Unaw'd by Jove's all-shaking nod.
  Now sing his little Highness * *,
Who struts like any king already:
With so much beauty, show me any maid
That could resist this charming Ganymede,
Where majesty with sweetness vies,
And, like his father, early wise.
Then cut him out a world of work,
To conquer Spain and quell the Turk;
Foretel his empire crown'd with bays,
And golden times and halcyon days,
And swear his line shall rule the nation
For ever—till the conflagration.
  But now it comes into my mind
We left a little D—e behind,
A Cupid in his face and size,
And only wants to want his eyes.
Make some provision for the younger,
Find him a kingdom out to conquer;
Prepare a fleet to waft him o'er,
Make Gulliver his Commodore,
Into whose pocket valiant Willy put,
Will soon subdue the realm of Lilliput.
  A skilful critic justly blames
Hard, tough, crank, guttural, harsh, stiff names:
The sense can ne'er be too jejune,
But smooth your words to fit the tune.
Hanover may do well enough,
But George and Brunswick are too rough:

Hesse Darmstadt makes a rugged sound,
And Guelp the strongest ear will wound.
In vain are all attempts from Germany
To find out proper words for harmony;
And yet I must except the Rhine,
Because it clinks to Caroline.
Hail! Queen of Britain! Queen of Rhymes!
Be sung ten hundred thousand times!
Too happy were the poet's crew,
If their own happiness they knew.
Three syllables did never meet
So soft, so sliding, and so sweet;
Nine other tuneful words like that
Would prove ev'n Homer's numbers flat.
Behold three beauteous vowels stand,
With bridegroom liquids, hand in hand,
In concord here for ever fixt.
No jarring consonant betwixt.
  May C————e continue long,
For ever fair and young!—in song.
What though the royal carcass must,
Squeez'd in a coffin, turn to dust?
Those elements her name compose,
Like atoms, are exempt from blows.
  Though C————e may fill your gaps,
Yet still you must consult your maps;
Find rivers with harmonious names,
Sabrina, Medway, and the Thames.
Britannia long will wear, like steel,
But Albion's cliffs are out at heel;
And patience can endure no more
To hear the Belgic Lion roar.
Give up the phrase of haughty Gaul,
But proud Iberia soundly maul;

Restore the ships by Philip taken,
And make him crouch to save his bacon.
Nassau, who got the name of Glorious,
Because he never was victorious,
A hanger-on has always been;
For old acquaintance bring him in.
To Walpole you might lend a line,
But much I fear he's in decline;
And if you chance to come too late,
When he goes out, you share his fate,
And bear the new successor's frown;
Or whom you once sang up, sing down.
Reject with scorn that stupid notion
To praise your hero for devotion,
Nor entertain a thought so odd,
That princes should believe in God;
But follow the securest rule,
And turn it all to ridicule:
'Tis grown the choicest wit at court,
And gives the maids of honour sport;
For since they talk'd with Doctor Clarke,
They now can venture in the dark:
That sound divine the truth hath spoke all,
And pawn'd his word, hell is not local.
This will not give them half the trouble
Of bargains sold, or meanings double.
Supposing now your song is done,
To Mynheer Handel next you run,
Who artfully will pare and prune
Your words to some Italian tune;
Then print it in the largest letter,
With capitals, the more the better;
Present it boldly on your knee,
And take a guinea for your fee.

ON

THE IRISH CLUB.

1729.

Ye paltry underlings of state!
Ye s——rs! who love to prate;
Ye r——ls of inferior note,
Who for a dinner sell a vote!
Ye pack of pensionary p——rs,
Whose fingers itch for poets' ears!
Ye bishops! far remov'd from saints,
Why all this rage? why these complaints?
Why against printers all this noise?
This summoning of blackguard-boys?
Why so sagacious in your guesses?
Your *effs*, and *tees*, and *arrs*, and *esses*?
Take my advice; to make you safe
I know a shorter way by half.
The point is plain: remove the cause,
Defend your liberties and laws,
Be sometimes to your country true,
Have once the public good in view,
Bravely despise champagne at court,
And choose to dine at home with port:
Let Pr——s, by their good behaviour,
Convince us they believe a Saviour,
Nor sell what they so dearly bought,
This country, now their own, for nought.
Ne'er did a true satiric Muse
Virtue or innocence abuse,

And 'tis against poetic rules
To rail at men by nature fools:
But * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * *

THE

FABLE OF THE BITCHES[1].

A BITCH, that was full pregnant grown
By all the dogs and curs in town,
Finding her teeming time was come,
And litter ripen'd in her womb,
Went here and there, and every where,
To find an easy place to lay her.
At length to Music's[2] house she came,
And begg'd like one both blind and lame:
'My only Friend! my Dear! (said she)
You see that mere necessity
Hath sent me to your house to whelp;
I'm dead if you deny your help.'
With fawning whine and rueful tone,
With artful sigh and feigned groan,
With canting voice and doleful tale,
Smooth Bawty[3] did so far prevail,
That Music gave her leave to litter;
(But mark what follow'd)—faith, she bit her.

[1] This poem was written in 1715, on an attempt to repeal the Test Act.

[2] Music alludes to the Church of England.

[3] Bawty (which is the name of a bitch in Scotch) alludes to the Kirk.

Whole baskets full of bits and scraps,
And broth enough to fill her paps,
For well she knew her numerous brood
For want of milk would suck her blood.
But when she thought her pains were done,
And now 'twas high time to be gone,
In civil terms—'My friend! (said she)
My house you've had on courtesy;
And now I earnestly desire
That you would with your cubs retire;
For should you stay but one week longer,
I shall be starv'd with cold and hunger.'
The guest replied—'My Friend! your leave
I must a little longer crave;
Stay till my tender cubs can find
Their way—for now you see they're blind;
But when we've gather'd strength, I swear
We'll to our barn again repair.'
The time pass'd on, and Music came
Her kennel once again to claim;
But Bawty, lost to shame and honour,
Set all her cubs at once upon her;
Made her retire and quit her right,
And loudly cried—'A bite, a bite.'

THE MORAL.

Thus did the Trojan wooden horse
Conceal a fatal armed force;
No sooner brought within the walls,
But Ilium's lost, and Priam falls.

THE

LADY'S DRESSING-ROOM[1].

1730.

FIVE hours (and who can do it less in?)
By haughty Celia spent in dressing,
The goddess from her chamber issues,
Array'd in lace, brocades, and tissues.
Strephon, who found the room was void,
And Betty otherwise employ'd,
Stole in, and took a strict survey
Of all the litter as it lay;
Whereof, to make the matter clear,
An inventory follows here.

And, first, a dirty smock appear'd,
Beneath the arm-pits well besmear'd;
Strephon, the rogue, display'd it wide,
And turn'd it round on every side.
In such a case few words are best,
And Strephon bids us guess the rest;
But swears how damnably the men lie
In calling Celia sweet and cleanly.

Now listen, while he next produces
The various combs for various uses,

[1] No charge has been more frequently brought against the Dean, or indeed more generally admitted, than that of coarse indelicacy, of which this Poem is always produced as an instance. Here, then, it is but justice to remark, that whenever he offends against delicacy, he teaches it; he stimulates the mind to sensiblity, to correct the faults of habitual negligence; as physicians, to cure a lethargy, have recourse to a blister. *Hawkes.*

Fill'd up with dirt so closely fixt,
No brush could force a way betwixt;
A paste of composition rare,
Sweat, dandriff, powder, lead, and hair.
A forehead-cloth, with oil upon't,
To smooth the wrinkles on her front.
Here alum-flour, to stop the steams
Exhal'd from sour unsavoury streams;
There night-gloves made of Tripsey's hide,
Bequeath'd by Tripsey when she died;
With puppy-water, beauty's help,
Distill'd from Tripsey's darling whelp.
Here gallipots and vials plac'd,
Some fill'd with washes, some with paste;
Some with pomatums, paints, and slops,
And ointments good for scabby chops.
Hard by a filthy bason stands,
Foul'd with the scouring of her hands;
The bason takes whatever comes,
The scrapings from her teeth and gums:
A nasty compound of all hues,
For here she spits and here she spues.
But, oh! it turn'd poor Strephon's bowels,
When he beheld and smelt the towels,
Begumm'd, bematter'd, and beslim'd
With dirt, and sweat, and ear-wax, grim'd.
No object Strephon's eyes escapes;
Here petticoats in frouzy heaps:
Nor be the handkerchiefs forgot,
All varnish'd o'er with snuff and snot.
The stockings why should I expose,
Stain'd with the moisture of her toes?
Or greasy coifs, or pinners reeking,
Which Celia slept at least a week in?

A pair of tweezers next he found,
To pluck her brows in arches round,
Or hairs that sink the forehead low,
Or on her chin like bristles grow.
The virtues we must not let pass
Of Celia's magnifying glass:
When frighted Strephon cast his eye on't,
It show'd the visage of a giant;
A glass that can to sight disclose
The smallest worm in Celia's nose,
And faithfully direct her nail
To squeeze it out from head to tail;
For catch it nicely by the head,
It must come out alive or dead.
Why, Strephon, will you tell the rest?
And must you needs describe the chest?
That careless wench! no creature warn her
To move it out from yonder corner,
But leave it standing full in sight,
For you to exercise your spite?
In vain the workman show'd his wit,
With rings and hinges counterfeit,
To make it seem in this disguise,
A cabinet to vulgar eyes,
Which Strephon ventur'd to look in,
Resolv'd to go through thick and thin:
He lifts the lid; there needs no more
He smelt it all the time before.
As from within Pandora's box,
When Epimetheus op'd the locks,
A sudden universal crew
Of human evils upward flew,
He still was comforted to find
That Hope at last remain'd behind;

So Strephon lifting up the lid
To view what in the chest was hid,
The vapours flew from out the vent;
But Strephon, cautious, never meant
The bottom of the pan to grope,
And foul his hands in search of Hope.
  Oh! ne'er may such a vile machine
Be once in Celia's chamber seen!
Oh! may she better learn to keep
Those secrets of the hoary deep!
  As mutton cutlets, prime of meat,
Which though with art you salt and beat,
As laws of cookery require,
And roast them at the clearest fire,
If, from adown the hopeful chops
The fat upon a cinder drops,
To stinking smoke it turns the flame,
Poisoning the flesh from whence it came,
And up exhales a greasy stench,
For which you curse the careless wench;
So things which must not be exprest,
When plumpt into the reeking chest,
Send up an excremental smell,
To taint the parts from whence they fell,
The petticoats and gown perfume,
And waft a stink round every room.
  Thus finishing his grand survey,
The swain, disgusted, slunk away,
Repeating in his amorous fits,
'Oh! Celia, Celia, Celia sh——!'
  But Vengeance, goddess never sleeping,
Soon punish'd Strephon for his peeping:
His foul imagination links
Each dame he sees with all her stinks;

And if unsavoury odours fly,
Conceives a lady standing by.
All women his description fits,
And both ideas jump like wits,
By vicious fancy coupled fast,
And still appearing in contrast.
I pity wretched Strephon, blind
To all the charms of woman-kind.
Should I the Queen of Love refuse,
Because she rose from stinking ooze?
To him that looks behind the scene,
Statira's but some pocky quean.
When Celia all her glory shows,
If Strephon would but stop his nose,
Who now so impiously blasphemes
Her ointments, daubs, and paints, and creams,
Her washes, slops, and every clout,
With which he makes so foul a rout,
He soon will learn to think like me,
And bless his ravish'd eyes to see
Such order from confusion sprung;
Such gaudy tulips rais'd from dung.

AN ANSWER

TO DOCTOR DELANY'S FABLE

OF THE PHEASANT AND THE LARK.

1730.

In ancient times the wise were able
In proper terms to write a fable;
Their tales would always justly suit
The characters of every brute;

The ass was dull, the lion brave,
The stag was swift, the fox a knave;
The daw a thief, the ape a droll,
The hound would scent, the wolf would prowl;
A pigeon would, if shown by Æsop,
Fly from the hawk, or pick his pease up.
Far otherwise a great divine
Has learn'd his Fables to refine;
He jumbles men and birds together,
As if they all were of a feather:
You see him first the Peacock bring,
Against all rules, to be a king;
That in his tail he wore his eyes,
By which he grew both rich and wise.
Now, pray observe the Doctor's choice,
A Peacock chose for flight and voice!
Did ever mortal see a Peacock
Attempt a flight above a haycock?
And for his singing, Doctor, you know
Himself complain'd of it to Juno.
He squalls in such a hellish noise,
It frightens all the village boys.
This Peacock kept a standing force
In regiments of foot and horse;
Had statesmen too of every kind,
Who waited on his eyes behind;
(And this was thought the highest post,
For rule the rump, you rule the roast.)
The Doctor names but one at present,
And he of all birds was a Pheasant.
This Pheasant was a man of wit,
Could read all books were ever writ,
And when among companions privy,
Could quote you Cicero and Livy.

Birds, (as he says, and I allow,)
Were scholars then, as we are now;
Could read all volumes up to folios,
And feed on fricassees and olios.
This Pheasant, by the Peacock's will,
Was viceroy of a neighbouring hill,
And as he wander'd in his park,
He chanc'd to spy a clergy Lark;
Was taken with his person outward,
So prettily he pick'd a cow-t—d;
Then in a net the Pheasant caught him,
And in his palace fed and taught him.
The moral of the tale is pleasant,
Himself the Lark, my Lord the Pheasant:
A Lark he is, and such a Lark
As never came from Noah's ark;
And though he had no other notion
But building, planning, and devotion;
Though 'tis a maxim you must know,
'Who does no ill can have no foe;'
Yet how shall I express in words
The strange stupidity of birds?
This Lark was hated in the wood,
Because he did his brethren good:
At last the Nightingale comes in,
To hold the Doctor by the chin;
We all can find out whom he means,
The worst of disaffected Deans,
Whose wit at best was next to none,
And now that little next is gone;
Against the court is always blabbing,
And calls the Senate-house a Cabin;
So dull, that but for spleen and spite
We ne'er should know that he could write;

Who thinks the nation always err'd,
Because himself is not preferr'd;
His heart is through his libel[1] seen,
Nor could his malice spare the Q—n,
Who, had she known his vile behaviour,
Would ne'er have shown him so much favour.
A noble Lord[2] hath told his pranks,
And well deserves the nation's thanks.
O would the Senate deign to show
Resentment on this public foe:
Our Nightingale might fit a cage,
There let him starve, and vent his rage;
Or would they but in fetters bind
This enemy of humankind.
Harmonious Coffee[3]! show thy zeal,
Thou champion for the common-weal!
Nor on a theme like this repine
For once to wet thy pen divine;
Bestow that libeller a lash,
Who daily vends seditious trash;
Who dares revile the nation's wisdom,
But in the praise of virtue is dumb:
That scribbler lash, who neither knows
The turn of verse nor style of prose;
Whose malice, for the worst of ends,
Would have us lose our English friends;
Who never had one public thought,
Nor ever gave the poor a groat.
One clincher more and I have done,
I end my labours with a pun.

[1] Vide a libel on Dr. Delany and Lord Carteret.

[2] Lord Allen, the same who is meant by Traulus.

[3] A Dublin-Garretteer.

Jove send this Nightingale may fall,
Who spends his day and night in gall.
So Nightingale and Lark, adieu!
I see the greatest owls in you
That ever screecht or ever flew.

THE POWER OF TIME.

1730.

If neither brass nor marble can withstand
The mortal force of Time's destructive hand;
If mountains sink to vales, if cities die,
And lessening rivers mourn their fountains dry;
'When my old cassock (said a Welsh divine)
Is out at elbows, why should I repine?'

THE *REVOLUTION AT MARKET HILL.*

1730.

From distant regions Fortune sends
An odd triumvirate of friends:
Where Phœbus pays a scanty stipend,
Where never yet a codling ripen'd,
Hither the frantic goddess draws
Three sufferers in a ruin'd cause:
By faction banish'd, here unite
A Dean [1], a Spaniard [2], and a Knight [3];

[1] The Author.
[2] Col. Harry Leslie, who served and lived long in Spain.
[3] Sir Arthur Acheson.

Unite, but on conditions cruel,
The Dean and Spaniard find it too well:
Condemn'd to live in service hard,
On either side his Honour's guard:
The Dean to guard his Honour's back,
Must build a castle at Drumlack[4];
The Spaniard, sore against his will,
Must raise a fort at Market Hill;
And thus the pair of humble gentry
At north and south are posted century,
While in his lordly castle fixt
The Knight triumphant reigns betwixt,
And what the wretches most resent,
To be his slaves must pay him rent;
Attend him daily as their chief,
Decant his wine, and carve his beef.
Oh, Fortune! 'tis a scandal for thee
To smile on those who are least worthy:
Weigh but the merits of the three,
His slaves have ten times more than he.
Proud Baronet of Nova Scotia!
The Dean and Spaniard must reproach ye:
Of their two fames the world enough rings;
Where are thy services and sufferings?
What if for nothing once you kist,
Against the grain, a monarch's fist?
What if among the courtly tribe
You lost a place and sav'd a bribe?
And then in surly mood came here
To fifteen hundred pounds a year,

[4] The Irish name of a farm the Dean took, and was to build on, but changed his mind. He called it Drapier's Hill. *Vide* the poem so called.

And fierce against the Whigs harangu'd?
You never ventur'd to be hang'd.
How dare you treat your betters thus?
Are you to be compar'd with us?
  Come, Spaniard! let us from our farms
Call forth our cottagers to arms;
Our forces let us both unite,
Attack the foe at left and right.
From Market Hill's exalted head,
Full northward let your troops be led;
While I from Drapier's Mount descend,
And to the south my squadron's bend.
New-river Walk, with friendly shade,
Shall keep my host in ambuscade,
While you, from where the bason stands,
Shall scale the rampart with your bands.
Nor need we doubt the fort to win;
I hold intelligence within.
True, Lady Anne no danger fears,
Brave as the Upton-fan she wears;
Then, lest upon our first attack
Her valiant arm should force us back,
And, we of all our hopes depriv'd,
I have a stratagem contriv'd:
By these embroider'd high-heel'd shoes
She shall be caught, as in a noose;
So well contriv'd her toes to pinch,
She'll not have power to stir an inch:
These gaudy shoes must Hannah[5] place
Direct before her Lady's face;
The shoes put on, our faithful portress,
Admits us in, to storm the fortress,

[5] My Lady's waiting maid.

While tortur'd Madam bound remains,
Like Montezume in golden chains;
Or, like a cat with walnuts shod,
Stumbling at every step she trod.
Sly hunters thus, in Borneo's isle,
To catch a monkey by a wile
The mimic animal amuse;
They place before him gloves and shoes,
Which when the brute puts awkward on,
All his agility is gone:
In vain to frisk or climb he tries;
The huntsmen seize the grinning prize.
  But let us on our first assault
Secure the larder and the vault.
The valiant Dennis[6] you must fix on,
And I'll engage with Peggy Dixon[7]:
Then if we once can seize the key
And chest that keeps my Lady's tea,
They must surrender at discretion:
And soon as we have gain'd possession
We'll act as other conquerors do,
Divide the realm between us two.
Then (let me see) we'll make the Knight
Our clerk, for he can read and write;
But must not think, I tell him that,
Like Lorimer[8], to wear his hat:
Yet when we dine without a friend
We'll place him at the lower end.
Madam, whose skill does all in dress lie,
May serve to wait on Mrs. Leslie;
But lest it might not be so proper
That her own maid should overtop her,

[6] The butler. [7] The housekeeper. [8] The agent.

To mortify the creature more,
We'll take her heels five inches lower.
For Hannah, when we have no need of her,
'Twill be our interest to get rid of her;
And when we execute our plot,
'Tis best to hang her on the spot;
As all your politicians wise
Dispatch the rogues by whom they rise.

TRAULUS.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TOM AND ROBIN.

THE FIRST PART.

1730.

TOM.

Say, Robin, what can Traulus mean
By bellowing thus against the Dean?
Why does he call him 'paltry Scribbler,
Papist, and Jacobite, and Libeller?'
Yet cannot prove a single fact.
ROBIN. Forgive him, Tom, his head is crackt.
TOM. What mischief can the Dean have done him,
That Traulus calls for veageance on him?
Why must he sputter, spawl, and slaver it
In vain against the people's favourite?
Revile that nation-saving paper
Which gave the Dean the name of Drapier?
ROBIN. Why, Tom, I think the case is plain;
Party and spleen have turn'd his brain.

TOM. Such friendship never man profess'd,
The Dean was never so caress'd;
For Traulus long his rancour nurst,
Till, God knows why, at last it burst.
That clumsy outside of a porter,
How could it thus conceal a courtier?
ROBIN. I own appearances are bad,
Yet still insist the man is mad.
TOM. Yet many a wretch in Bedlam knows
How to distinguish friends from foes;
And though perhaps among the rout
He wildly flings his filth about,
He still has gratitude and sapience,
To spare the folks that give him ha'pence,
Nor in their eyes at random p—s,
But turns aside, like mad Ulysses;
While Traulus all his ordure scatters,
To foul the man he chiefly flatters.
Whence come these inconsistent fits?
ROBIN. Why, Tom, the man has lost his wits.
TOM. Agreed; and yet when Towzer snaps
At people's heels with frothy chaps,
Hangs down his head, and drops his tail,
To say he's mad will not avail:
The neighbours all cry, 'Shoot him dead;
Hang, drown, or knock him on the head!'
So Traulus, when he first harangu'd,
I wonder why he was not hang'd;
For of the two, without dispute,
Towzer's the less offensive brute.
ROBIN. Tom, you mistake the matter quite;
Your barking curs will seldom bite;
And though you hear him stut-tut-tut-ter,
He barks as fast as he can utter.

He prates in spite of all impediment,
While none believes that what he said he meant;
Puts in his finger and his thumb
To grope for words, and out they come.
He calls you rogue: there's nothing in it,
He fawns upon you in a minute:
Begs leave to rail, but d—n his blood,
He only meant it for your good;
His friendship was exactly tim'd,
He shot before your foes were prim'd.
By this contrivance, Mr. Dean,
By G— I'll bring you off as clean——
Then let him use you e'er so rough,
'Twas all for love, and that's enough.
But though he sputter through a session,
It never makes the least impression:
Whate'er he speaks for madness goes,
With no effect on friends or foes.

Tom. The scrubbiest cur in all the pack
Can set the mastiff on your back.
I own his madness is a jest,
If that were all: but he's possest,
Incarnate with a thousand imps,
To work whose ends his madness pimps,
Who o'er each string and wire preside,
Fill every pipe, each motion guide,
Directing every vice we find
In Scripture to the devil assign'd;
Sent from the dark infernal region,
In him they lodge, and make him Legion.
Of brethren he's a false accuser,
A slanderer, traitor, and seducer;
A fawning, base, trepanning liar,
The marks peculiar of his sire,

Or grant him but a drone at best,
A drone can raise a hornet's nest.
The Dean hath felt their stings before,
And must their malice ne'er give o'er?
Still swarm and buz about his nose?
But Ireland's friends ne'er wanted foes.
A patriot is a dangerous post,
When wanted by his country most;
Perversely comes in evil times,
Where virtues are imputed crimes:
His guilt is clear, the proofs are pregnant,
A traitor to the vices regnant.
What spirit, since the world began,
Could always bear to strive with man?
Which God pronounc'd he never would,
And soon convinc'd them by a flood.
Yet still the Dean on freedom raves;
His spirit always strives with slaves:
'Tis time at last to spare his ink,
And let them rot, or hang, or sink.

THE SECOND PART.

Traulus, of amphibious breed,
Motley fruit of mongrel seed,
By the dam from lordlings sprung,
By the sire exhal'd from dung;
Think on every vice in both,
Look on him, and see their growth.
View him on the mother's side,
Fill'd with falsehood, spleen, and pride;
Positive and over-bearing,
Changing still, and still adhering;

Spiteful, peevish, rude, untoward,
Fierce in tongue, in heart a coward;
When his friends he most is hard on,
Cringing comes to beg their pardon;
Reputation ever tearing,
Ever dearest friendship swearing;
Judgment weak, and passion strong;
Always various, always wrong;
Provocation never waits,
Where he loves or where he hates;
Talks whate'er comes in his head,
Wishes it were all unsaid.

Let me now the vices trace
From the father's scoundrel race.
Who could give the looby such airs?
Were they masons, were they butchers?
Herald, lend the Muse an answer
From his *atavus* and grandsire:
This was dextrous at his trowel,
That was bred to kill a cow well.
Hence the greasy clumsy mien
In his dress and figure seen:
Hence the mean and sordid soul,
Like his body, rank and foul;
Hence that wild suspicious peep,
Like a rogue that steals a sheep;
Hence he learn'd the butcher's guile,
How to cut your throat and smile;
Like a butcher doom'd for life
In his mouth to wear his knife;
Hence he draws his daily food
From his tenants' vital blood.

Lastly, let his gifts be tried
Borrow'd from the mason's side.

Some perhaps may think him able
In the state to build a Babel,
Could we place him in a station
To destroy the old foundation:
True, indeed, I should be gladder
Could he learn to mount a ladder.
May he at his latter-end
Mount alive, and dead descend!
  In him tell me which prevail,
Female vices most, or male?
What produc'd him can you tell?
Human race, or imps of hell?

TO

BETTY THE GRIZETTE.

1730.

Queen of Wit and Beauty, Betty!
Never may the Muse forget ye:
How thy face charms every shepherd,
Spotted over like a leopard!
And thy freckled neck display'd,
Envy breeds in every maid,
Like a fly-blown cake of tallow,
Or on parchment ink turn'd yellow,
Or a tawny speckled pippin,
Shrivell'd with a winter's keeping.
  And, thy beauty thus dispatch'd,
Let me praise thy wit unmatch'd.
  Sets of phrases, cut and dry,
Evermore thy tongue supply;

And thy memory is loaded
With old scraps from plays exploded;
Stock'd with repartees and jokes
Suited to all Christian folks;
Shreds of wit, and senseless rhymes,
Blunder'd out a thousand times.
Nor wilt thou of gifts be sparing,
Which can ne'er be worse for wearing,
Picking wit among collegians,
In the playhouse' upper regions,
Where, in eighteen-penny gallery,
Irish nymphs learn Irish raillery:
But thy merit is thy failing,
And thy raillery is railing.
Thus with talents well endued
To be scurrilous and rude,
When you pertly raise your snout,
Fleer and gibe, and laugh, and flout,
This among Hibernian asses
For sheer wit and humour passes:
Thus indulgent Chloe bit,
Swears you have a world of wit.

DEATH AND DAPHNE.

TO AN AGREEABLE YOUNG LADY, BUT EXTREMELY LEAN. 1730.

Death went, upon a solemn day,
At Pluto's hall his court to pay:
The phantom, having humbly kist
His grisly monarch's sooty fist,

Presented him the weekly bills
Of doctors, fevers, plagues, and pills.
Pluto observing, since the peace,
The burial article decrease,
And vex'd to see affairs miscarry,
Declar'd in council Death must marry;
Vow'd he no longer could support
Old bachelors about his court;
The interest of his realm had need
That Death should get a numerous breed;
Young Deathlings, who, by practice made
Proficient in their father's trade,
With colonies might stock around
His large dominions under ground.
A consult of coquettes below
Was call'd to rig him out a beau.
From her own head Megara takes
A periwig of twisted snakes,
Which in the nicest fashions curl'd,
(Like toupees of this upper world)
With flour of sulphur powder'd well,
That graceful on his shoulders fell;
An adder, of the sable kind,
In line direct hung down behind;
The owl, the raven, and the bat,
Clubb'd for a feather to his hat;
His coat, an usurer's velvet pall,
Bequeath'd to Pluto, corpse and all;
But, loth his person to expose,
Bare, like a carcass pick'd by crows;
A lawyer o'er his hands and face
Stuck artfully a parchment-case;
No new-flux'd rake show'd fairer skin,
Nor Phillis after lying in.

With snuff was fill'd his ebon-box,
Of shin-bones rotted by the p—x;
Nine spirits of blaspheming fops
With aconite anoint his chops,
And give him words of dreadful sounds,
G—d d—n his blood, and b—d and w—ds.
Thus furnish'd out, he sent his train
To take a house in Warwick-lane:
The faculty, his humble friends,
A complimental message sends;
Their president in scarlet gown
Harangu'd and welcom'd him to Town.
But Death had business to dispatch;
His mind was running on his match;
And hearing much of Daphne's fame,
His majesty of Terrors came,
Fine as a col'nel of the Guards,
To visit where she sat at cards.
She, as he came into the room,
Thought him Adonis in his bloom:
And now her heart with pleasure jumps,
She scarce remembers what is trumps;
For such a shape of skin and bone
Was never seen, except her own:
Charm'd with his eyes, and chin, and snout,
Her pocket-glass drew slily out,
And grew enamour'd with her phiz,
As just the counterpart of his.
She darted many a private glance,
And freely made the first advance;
Was of her beauty grown so vain,
She doubted not to win the swain;
Nothing, she thought, could sooner gain him,
Than with her wit to entertain him.

She ask'd about her friends below,
This meagre fop, that batter'd beau;
Whether some late-departed toasts
Had got gallants among the ghosts?
If Chloe were a sharper still,
As great as ever, at quadrille?
(The ladies there must needs be rooks,
For cards, we know, are Pluto's books.)
If Florimel had found her love,
For whom she hang'd herself above?
How oft a-week was kept a ball
By Proserpine at Pluto's hall?
She fancied those Elysian shades
The sweetest place for masquerades:
How pleasant on the banks of Styx
To troll it in a coach and six!
What pride a female heart inflames!
How endless are ambition's aims!
Cease, haughty nymph! the Fates decree
Death must not be a spouse for thee;
For when by chance the meagre shade
Upon thy hand his finger laid,
Thy hand, as dry and cold as lead,
His matrimonial spirit fled;
He felt about his heart a damp,
That quite extinguish'd Cupid's lamp;
Away the frighted spectre scuds,
And leaves my Lady in the suds.

PANEGYRIC ON THE DEAN.

IN THE PERSON OF A LADY IN THE NORTH[1].

1730.

Resolv'd my gratitude to show,
Thrice reverend Dean! for all I owe,
Too long I have my thanks delay'd,
Your favours left too long unpaid;
But now, in all our sex's name,
My artless Muse shall sing your fame.
  Indulgent you to female kind,
To all their weaker sides are blind;
Nine more such champions as the Dean
Would soon restore our ancient reign.
How well to win the ladies' hearts
You celebrate their wit and parts;
How have I felt my spirits rais'd,
By you so oft, so highly prais'd!
Transform'd by your convincing tongue,
To witty, beautiful, and young,
I hope to quit that awkward shame
Affected by each vulgar dame,
To modesty a weak pretence,
And soon grow pert on men of sense;
To show my face with scornful air,
Let others match it if they dare.
  Impatient to be out of debt,
O! may I never once forget

[1] The lady of Sir Arthur Acheson.

The bard who humbly deigns to choose
Me for the subject of his Muse;
Behind my back, before my nose,
He sounds my praise in verse and prose.
My heart with emulation burns
To make you suitable returns:
My gratitude the world shall know;
And see, the printer's boy below;
Ye hawkers all! your voices lift;
'A Panegyric on Dean Swift:'
(And then to mend the matter still,)
'By Lady Anne of Market-hill[2].'
I thus begin: 'My grateful Muse
Salutes the Dean in different views;
Dean, butler, usher, jester, tutor;
Robert and Darby's[3] coadjutor;
And as you in commission sit,
To rule the dairy next to Kit[4].
In each capacity I mean
To sing your praise. And, first, as Dean,
Envy must own you understand your
Precedence, and support your grandeur,
Nor of your rank will bate an ace,
Except to give Dean Daniel place.
In you such dignity appears,
So suited to your state and years!
With ladies what a strict decorum!
With what devotion you adore 'em!
Treat me with so much complaisance,
As fits a princess in romance!

[2] A village near Sir Arthur Acheson's house, where the Author passed two summers.

[3] The names of two overseers.

[4] My Lady's footman.

By your example and assistance
The fellows learn to know their distance.
Sir Arthur, since you set the pattern,
No longer calls me Snipe and Slattern;
Nor dares he, though he were a duke,
Offend me with the least rebuke.
  Proceed we to your preaching[5] next;
How nice you split the hardest text!
How your superior learning shines
Above our neighbouring dull divines!
At Beggar's Opera[6] not so full pit
Is seen, as when you mount our pulpit.
  Consider now your conversation.
Regardful of your age and station,
You ne'er was known, by passion stirr'd,
To give the least offensive word,
But still, whene'er you silence break,
Watch every syllable you speak:
Your style so clear, and so concise,
We never ask to hear you twice.
But then, a parson so genteel,
So nicely clad from head to heel;
So fine a gown, a band so clean,
As well become St. Patrick's Dean;
Such reverential awe express,
That cow-boys know you by your dress!
Then, if our neighbouring friends come here,
How proud are we when you appear,
With such address and graceful port,
As clearly shows you bred at court!
  Now raise your spirits, Mr. Dean,
I lead you to a nobler scene.

[5] The Author preached but once while he was there.
[6] A play written by Mr. Gay.

When to the vault you walk in state,
In quality of butler's[7] mate,
You next to Dennis[8] bear the sway;
To you we often trust the key;
Nor can he judge with all his art
So well what bottle holds a quart,
What pints may best for bottles pass,
Just to give every man his glass;
When proper to produce the best,
And what may serve a common guest.
With Dennis you did ne'er combine,
Not you, to steal your master's wine,
Except a bottle now and then,
To welcome brother serving-men;
But that is with a good design,
To drink Sir Arthur's health and mine,
Your master's honour to maintain,
And get the like returns again.
Your usher's[9] post must next be handled.
How bless'd am I by such a man led!
Under whose wise and careful guardship
I now despise fatigue and hardship:
Familiar grown to dirt and wet,
Though draggled round I scorn to fret.
From you my chamber-damsels learn
My broken hose to patch and darn.
Now as a jester I accost you,
Which never yet one friend has lost you.
You judge so nicely to a hair
How far to go, and when to spare;
By long experience grown so wise,
Of every taste to know the size,

7 He sometimes used to direct the butler.
8 The butler.
9 He sometimes used to walk with the Lady.

There's none so ignorant or weak
To take offence at what you speak[10].
Whene'er you joke, 'tis all a case
Whether with Dermot or his Grace;
With Teague O'Murphy or an earl,
A duchess or a kitchen-girl.
With such dexterity you fit
Their several talents with your wit,
That Moll the chambermaid can smoke,
And Gahagan[11] take every joke.
I now become your humble suitor
To let me praise you as my tutor[12].
Poor I! a savage bred and born,
By you instructed every morn,
Already have improv'd so well,
That I have almost learn'd to spell.
The neighbours, who come here to dine,
Admire to hear me speak so fine.
How enviously the ladies look,
When they surprise me at my book!
And, sure as they're alive, at night,
As soon as gone, will show their spite.
'Good Lord! what can my Lady mean,
Conversing with that rusty Dean!
She's grown so nice, and so penurious[13],
With Socrates and Epicurious.
How could she sit the live-long day,
Yet never ask us once to play?'

10 The neighbouring ladies were no great understanders of raillery.

11 The clown that cut down the old thorn at Market Hill. See the poem.

12 In bad weather the Author used to direct my Lady in her reading.

13 Ignorant ladies often mistake the word *penurious* for nice and dainty.

But I admire your patience most,
That when I'm duller than a post,
Nor can the plainest word pronounce,
You neither fume, nor fret, nor flounce;
Are so indulgent and so mild,
As if I were a darling child:
So gentle is your whole proceeding,
That I could spend my life in reading.
You merit new employments daily,
Our thatcher, ditcher, gardener, bailey;
And to a genius so extensive
No work is grievous or offensive;
Whether your fruitful fancy lies
To make for pigs convenient styes,
Or ponder long, with anxious thought,
To banish rats that haunt our vault:
Nor have you grumbled, reverend Dean,
To keep our poultry sweet and clean,
To sweep the mansion-house they dwell in,
And cure the rank unsavoury smelling.
Now enter as the dairy-handmaid:
Such charming butter[14] never man made.
Let others, with fanatic face,
Talk of their milk for babes of grace,
From tubs their snuffling nonsense utter,
Thy milk shall make us tubs of butter.
The bishop with his foot may burn it[15],
But with his hand the Dean can churn it.

14 A way of making butter for breakfast, by putting cream into a bottle, and shaking it till the butter comes.

15 It is a common saying, when the milk burns, that the devil, or the bishop, has set his foot in it; the devil having been called Bishop of Hell.

How are the servants overjoy'd
To see thy Deanship thus employ'd!
Instead of poring on a book,
Providing butter for the cook!
Three morning-hours you toss and shake
The bottle, till your fingers ake:
Hard is the toil, nor small the art,
The butter from the whey to part;
Behold a frothy substance rise!
Be cautious, or your bottle flies.
The butter comes, our fears are ceast,
And out you squeeze an ounce at least.
  Your Reverence thus, with like success,
(Nor is your skill or labour less)
When bent upon some smart lampoon,
Will toss and turn your brain till noon,
Which in its jumblings round the scull
Dilates, and makes the vessel full;
While nothing comes but froth at first,
You think your giddy head will burst;
But squeezing out four lines in rhyme,
Are largely paid for all your time.
  But you have rais'd your generous mind
To works of more exalted kind.
Palladio was not half so skill'd in
The grandeur or the art of building.
Two temples of magnific size
Attract the curious trav'ller's eyes,
That might be envied by the Greeks,
Rais'd up by you in twenty weeks.
Here gentle goddess Cloacine
Receives all offerings at her shrine;
In separate cells the hees and shees
Here pay their vows with bended knees;

For 'tis profane when sexes mingle:
And every nymph must enter single,
And when she feels an inward motion,
Come fill'd with reverence and devotion.
The bashful maid, to hide her blush,
Shall creep no more behind a bush;
Here unobserv'd she boldly goes,
As who should say, to pluck a rose.
Ye who frequent this hallow'd scene,
Be not ungrateful to the Dean,
But duly, ere you leave your station,
Offer to him a pure libation,
Or of his own or Smedley's lay,
Or billet-doux, or lock of hay:
And, O! may all who hither come
Return with unpolluted thumb.
Yet when your lofty domes I praise,
I sigh to think of ancient days.
Permit me then to raise my style,
And sweetly moralize awhile.
Thee, bounteous goddess Cloacine!
To temples why do we confine?
Forbid in open air to breathe,
Why are thine altars fix'd beneath?
When Saturn rul'd the skies alone,
(That Golden Age to gold unknown)
This earthly globe, to thee assign'd,
Receiv'd the gifts of all mankind:
Ten thousand altars, smoking round,
Were built to thee, with offerings crown'd;
And here thy daily votaries plac'd
Their sacrifice with zeal and haste:
The margin of a purling stream
Sent up to thee a grateful steam;

(Though sometimes thou wert pleas'd to wink
If naiads swept them from the brink)
Or where appointing lovers rove,
The shelter of a shady grove;
Or offer'd in some flowery vale,
Were wafted by a gentle gale.
There many a flower abstersive grew,
Thy favourite flowers of yellow hue!
The crocus and the daffodil,
The cowslip soft, and sweet jonquil.
But when at last usurping Jove
Old Saturn from his empire drove,
Then Gluttony with greasy paws
Her napkin pin'd up to her jaws,
With watery chaps, and wagging chin,
Brac'd like a drum her oily skin;
Wedg'd in a spacious elbow-chair,
And on her plate a treble share,
As if she ne'er could have enough,
Taught harmless man to cram and stuff.
She sent her priest in wooden shoes
From haughty Gaul to make ragouts;
Instead of wholesome bread and cheese,
To dress their soups and fricassees;
And, for our home-bred British cheer,
Botargo, catsup, and caveer.
This bloated harpy, sprung from hell,
Confin'd thee, goddess! to a cell;
Sprung from her womb that impious line,
Contemners of thy rites divine.
First lolling Sloth, in woollen cap,
Taking her after-dinner nap;
Pale Dropsy, with a sallow face,
Her belly burst, and slow her pace;

And lordly Gout, wrapt up in fur;
And wheezing Asthma, loth to stir;
Voluptuous Ease, the child of Wealth,
Infecting thus our hearts by stealth:
None seek thee now in open air;
To thee no verdant altars rear;
But in their cells and vaults obscene
Present a sacrifice unclean,
From whence unsavoury vapours rose,
Offensive to thy nicer nose.
Ah! who in our degenerate days,
As Nature prompts, his offering pays?
Here Nature never difference made
Between the sceptre and the spade.
  Ye great ones! why will ye disdain
To pay your tribute on the plain?
Why will you place, in lazy pride,
Your altars near your couches' side?
When from the homeliest earthern ware
Are sent up offerings more sincere,
Than where the haughty duchess locks
Her silver vase in cedar-box.
  Yet some devotion still remains
Among our harmless northern swains,
Whose offerings, plac'd in golden ranks,
Adorn our crystal rivers' banks,
Nor seldom grace the flowery downs
With spiral tops and copple crowns;
Or gilding in a sunny morn
The humble branches of a thorn;
So, poets sing, with golden bough
The Trojan hero paid his vow.
  Hither by luckless error led,
The crude consistence oft I tread;

Here, when my shoes are out of case,
Unweeting gild the tarnish'd lace;
Here by the sacred bramble ting'd,
My petticoat is doubly fring'd.
  Be witness for me, nymph divine!
I never robb'd thee with design;
Nor will the zealous Hannah pout
To wash thy injur'd offerings out.
  But stop, ambitious Muse! in time,
Nor dwell on subjects too sublime.
In vain on lofty heels I tread,
Aspiring to exalt my head;
With hoop expanded wide and light
In vain I 'tempt too high a flight.
  Me Phœbus in a midnight dream
Accosting, said, 'Go shake your cream;
Be humbly minded, know your post;
Sweeten your tea, and watch your toast.
Thee best befits a lowly style;
Teach Dennis how to stir the guile;
With Peggy Dixon[16] thoughtful sit,
Contriving for the pot and spit:
Take down thy proudly-swelling sails,
And rub thy teeth, and pare thy nails:
At nicely carving show thy wit,
But ne'er presume to eat a bit:
Turn every way thy watchful eye,
And every guest be sure to ply:
Let never at your board be known
An empty plate, except your own.
Be these thy arts, nor higher aim
Than what befits a rural dame.'

[16] The housekeeper.

But Cloacina, goddess bright,
Sleek —— claims her as his right;
And Smedley[17], flower of all divines,
Shall sing the Dean in Smedley's lines.

VERSES

ON THE DEATH OF DR. SWIFT,

OCCASIONED BY READING THE FOLLOWING MAXIM IN ROCHEFOUCAULT.

Dans l'adversite de nos meilleurs amis, nous trouvons toujours quelque chose qui ne nous deplait pas.

'In the adversity of our best friends we always find something that doth not displease us.'

NOV. 1731.

As Rouchefoucault his Maxims drew
From Nature, I believe them true;
They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.
This maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast,
'In all distresses of our friends
We first consult our private ends,
While Nature, kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please us.'
If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.

17 A very stupid, insolent, factious, deformed, conceited parson, a vile pretender to poetry, preferred by the Duke of Grafton for his wit.

We all behold with envious eyes
Our equals rais'd above our size.
Who would not at a crowded show
Stand high himself, keep others low?
I love my friend as well as you,
But why should he obstruct my view;
Then let me have the higher post,
Suppose it but an inch at most.
If in a battle you should find
One whom you love of all mankind
Had some heroic action done,
A champion kill'd, or trophy won,
Rather than thus be overtopt,
Would you not wish his laurels cropt?
Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
Lies rack'd with pain, and you without;
How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad the case is not your own!
What poet would not grieve to see
His brother write as well as he?
But rather than they should excel,
Would wish his rivals all in hell?
Her end when Emulation misses,
She turns to envy, stings, and hisses.
The strongest friendship yields to pride,
Unless the odds be on our side.
Vain humankind! fantastic race!
Thy various follies who can trace?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide.
Give others riches, power, and station,
'Tis all on me an usurpation.
I have no title to aspire,
Yet when you sink I seem the higher.

In Pope I cannot read a line
But, with a sigh, I wish it mine:
When he can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six,
It gives me such a jealous fit,
I cry, 'Pox take him and his wit.'
I grieve to be outdone by Gay
In my own humorous biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refin'd it first, and show'd its use.
St. John, as well as Pulteney, knows
That I had some repute for prose,
And till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a minister of state.
If they have mortified my pride,
And made me throw my pen aside,
If with such talents Heaven hath bless'd 'em,
Have I not reason to detest 'em?
To all my foes, dear Fortune! send
Thy gifts, but never to my friend;
I tamely can endure the first,
But this with envy makes me burst.
Thus much may serve by way of proëm;
Proceed we therefore to our Poem.
The time is not remote, when I
Must by the course of nature die;
When, I foresee, my special friends
Will try to find their private ends;
And though 'tis hardly understood
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak:
See how the Dean begins to break!

Poor gentleman! he droops apace;
You plainly find it in his face:
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him, till he's dead.
Besides, his memory decays;
He recollects not what he says;
He cannot call his friends to mind,
Forgets the place where last he din'd,
Plies you with stories o'er and o'er;
He told them fifty times before.
How does he fancy we can sit
To hear his out-of-fashion wit?
But he takes up with younger folks,
Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
'Faith he must make his stories shorter,
Or change his comrades once a quarter:
In half the time he talks them round;
There must another set be found.

'For poetry he's past his prime;
He takes an hour to find a rhyme:
His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
His fancy sunk, his Muse a jade.
I'd have him throw away his pen;—
But there's no talking to some men.'

And then their tenderness appears
By adding largely to my years:
'He's older than he would be reckon'd,
And well remembers Charles the Second:
He hardly drinks a pint of wine,
And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
His stomach, too, begins to fail:
Last year we thought him strong and hale,
But now he's quite another thing;
I wish he may hold out till Spring.'

They hug themselves, and reason thus,
'It is not yet so bad with us.'
In such a case they talk in tropes,
And by their fears express their hopes.
Some great misfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend.
With all the kindness they profess,
The merit of a lucky guess
(When daily How-d'ye's come of course,
And servants answer, 'Worse and worse!')
Would please them better than to tell
That, 'God be prais'd! the Dean is well.'
Then he who prophesied the best
Approves his foresight to the rest:
'You know I always fear'd the worst,
And often told you so at first.'
He'd rather choose that I should die
Than his prediction prove a lie:
Not one foretels I shall recover,
But all agree to give me over.
Yet should some neighbour feel a pain
Just in the parts where I complain,
How many a message would he send?
What hearty prayers that I should mend?
Inquire what regimen I kept,
What gave me ease, and how I slept?
And more lament when I was dead
Than all the snivellers round my bed.
My good companions! never fear,
For though you may mistake a year,
Though your prognostics run too fast,
They must be verified at last.
Behold the fatal day arrive!
'How is the Dean?' 'He's just alive.'

Now the departing prayer is read;
He hardly breathes—The Dean is dead.
Before the passing-bell begun,
The news through half the town is run.
'Oh! may we all for death prepare!
What has he left? and who's his heir?'
'I know no more than what the news is;
'Tis all bequeath'd to public uses.'
'To public uses! there's a whim!
What had the public done for him?
Mere envy, avarice, and pride;
He gave it all—but first he died.
And had the Dean in all the nation
No worthy friend, no poor relation?
So ready to do strangers good,
Forgetting his own flesh and blood!'
Now Grub-street wits are all employ'd;
With elegies the Town is cloy'd;
Some paragraph in every paper
To curse the Dean or bless the Drapier.
The doctors, tender of their fame,
Wisely on me lay all the blame.
'We must confess his case was nice,
But he would never take advice:
Had he been rul'd, for aught appears,
He might have liv'd these twenty years;
For when we open'd him, we found
That all his vital parts were sound.'
From Dublin soon to London spread
'Tis told at court the Dean is dead!
And lady Suffolk, in the spleen,
Runs laughing up to tell the queen:
The queen so gracious, mild, and good,
Cries, 'Is he gone? 'tis time he should.

He's dead, you say; then let him rot;
I'm glad the medals were forgot.
I promis'd him, I own; but when?
I only was the princess then;
But now, as consort of the king,
You know 'tis quite a different thing.'
Now Chartres, at Sir Robert's levee,
Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy:
'Why, if he died without his shoes,
(Cries Bob) I'm sorry for the news.
Oh! were the wretch but living still,
And in his place my good friend Will?
Or had a mitre on his head,
Provided Bolingbroke were dead!'
Now Curll his shop from rubbish drains:
Three genuine tomes of Swift's Remains!
And then, to make them pass the glibber,
Revis'd by Tibbald, Moore, and Cibber.
He'll treat me as he does my betters,
Publish my will, my life, my letters;
Revive the libels born to die,
Which Pope must bear as well as I.
Here shift the scene, to represent
How those I love my death lament:
Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day.
St. John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his pen and drop a tear:
The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
'I'm sorry—but we all must die!'
Indifference, clad in Wisdom's guise,
All fortitude of mind supplies;
For how can stony bowels melt
In those who never pity felt?

When we are lash'd, they kiss the rod,
Resigning to the will of God.
The fools, my juniors by a year,
Are tortur'd with suspense and fear,
Who wisely thought my age a screen,
When death approach'd, to stand between:
The screen remov'd, their hearts are trembling;
They mourn for me without dissembling.
My female friends, whose tender hearts
Have better learn'd to act their parts,
Receive the news in doleful dumps;
'The Dean is dead; (pray what is trumps?)
Then, Lord have mercy on his soul!
(Ladies, I'll venture for the vole.)
Six Deans, they say, must bear the pall;
(I wish I knew what king to call.)
Madam, your husband will attend
The funeral of so good a friend.'—
'No, Madam, 'tis a shocking sight,
And he's engag'd to-morrow night;
My Lady Club will take it ill
If he should fail her at Quadrille.
He lov'd the Dean—(I lead a heart)
But dearest friends, they say, must part.
His time was come; he ran his race;
We hope he's in a better place.'
Why do we grieve that friends should die?
No loss more easy to supply.
One year is past: a different scene!
No farther mention of the Dean,
Who now, alas! is no more miss'd,
Than if he never did exist.
Where's now the favourite of Apollo?
Departed:—'and his Works must follow;'

Must undergo the common fate;
His kind of wit is out of date.
Some country squire to Lintot goes,
Inquires for Swift in verse and prose?
Says Lintot, 'I have heard the name;
He died a year ago.'—'The same.'
He searches all the shop in vain:
'Sir, you may find them in Duck-lane;
I sent them with a load of books,
Last Monday, to the pastry-cooks.
To fancy they could live a year!
I find you're but a stranger here.
The Dean was famous in his time,
And had a kind of knack at rhyme:
His way of writing now is past;
The Town has got a better taste.
I keep no antiquated stuff,
But spick and span I have enough.
Pray, do but give me leave to show 'em:
Here's Colley Cibber's birth-day poem.
This ode you never yet have seen,
By Stephen Duck, upon the Queen.
Then here's a letter finely penn'd
Against the Craftsman and his friend;
It clearly shows that all reflection
On ministers is disaffection.
Next, here's Sir Robert's Vindication,
And Mr. Henley's last oration:
The hawkers have not got them yet:
Your Honour, please to by a set?
'Here's Woolston's Tracts, the twelfth edition;
'Tis read by every politician:
The country-members, when in Town,
To all their boroughs send them down;

You never met a thing so smart;
The courtiers have them all by heart;
Those maids of honour who can read
Are taught to use them for their creed.
The reverend author's good intention
Hath been rewarded with a pension:
He doth an honour to his gown,
By bravely running priestcraft down;
He shows, as sure as God's in Gloster,
That —— was a grand impostor,
That all his miracles were cheats,
Perform'd as jugglers do their feats:
The church had never such a writer;
A shame he hath not got a mitre!'
  Suppose me dead, and then suppose
A club assembled at the Rose,
Where from discourse of this and that,
I grow the subject of their chat,
And while they toss my name about,
With favour some, and some without,
One, quite indifferent in the cause,
My character impartial draws.
  'The Dean, if we believe report,
Was never ill receiv'd at court:
Although ironically grave,
He sham'd the fool, and lash'd the knave;
To steal a hint was never known,
But what he writ was all his own.'
  'Sir, I have heard another story,
He was a most confounded Tory;
And grew, or he is much belied,
Extremely dull before he died.'
  'Can we the Drapier then forget?
Is not our nation in his debt?

'Twas he that writ the Drapier's Letters!'——
'He should have left them for his betters;
We had a hundred abler men,
Nor need depend upon his pen.——
Say what you will about his reading,
You never can defend his breeding,
Who in his satires running riot,
Could never leave the world in quiet;
Attacking, when he took the whim,
Court, city, camp,—all one to him.
But why would he, except he slobber'd,
Offend our patriot, great Sir Robert;
Whose counsels aid the sovereign pow'r
To save the nation every hour?
What scenes of evil he unravels
In satires, libels, lying travels!
Not sparing his own clergy-cloth,
But eats into it like a moth!'——
'Perhaps I may allow the Dean
Had too much satire in his vein,
And seem'd determin'd not to starve it,
Because no age could more deserve it:
Yet malice never was his aim;
He lash'd the vice, but spar'd the name:
No individual could resent,
Where thousands equally were meant:
His satire points at no defect
But what all mortals may correct;
For he abhor'd that senseless tribe
Who call it humour when they gibe.
He spar'd a hump or crooked nose,
Whose owners set not up for beaux:
'True genuine dullness mov'd his pity,
Unless it offer'd to be witty.

Those who their ignorance confest
He ne'er offended with a jest;
But laugh'd to hear an idiot quote
A verse from Horace, learn'd by rote.
Vice if it e'er can be abash'd,
Must be or ridicul'd or lash'd.
If you resent it, who's to blame?
He neither knew you nor your name.
Should vice expect to scape rebuke,
Because its owner is a duke?
His friendships, still to few confin'd,
Were always of the middling kind;
No fools of rank, or mongrel breed,
Who fain would pass for lords indeed,
Where titles give no right or power,
And peerage is a wither'd flower:
He would have deem'd it a disgrace
If such a wretch had known his face.
On rural squires, that kingdom's bane,
He vented oft his wrath in vain;
—— squires to market brought,
Who sell their souls and —— for nought;
The —— go joyful back
To —— the church, their tenants rack,
Go snacks with * * * *
And keep the peace to pick up fees;
In every job to have a share,
A jail or turnpike to repair,
And turn the —— for public roads
Commodious to their own abodes.
'He never thought an honour done him,
Because a peer was proud to own him;
Would rather slip aside, and choose
To talk with wits in dirty shoes:

And scorn the tools with stars and garters,
So often seen caressing Chartres.
He never courted men in station,
Nor persons held in admiration;
Of no man's greatness was afraid,
Because he sought for no man's aid.
Though trusted long in great affairs,
He gave himself no haughty airs:
Without regarding private ends,
Spent all his credit for his friends,
And only chose the wise and good;
No flatterers, no allies in blood;
But succour'd virtue in distress,
And seldom fail'd of good success,
As numbers in their hearts must own,
Who but for him had been unknown.

'He kept with princes due decorum,
Yet never stood in awe before 'em.
He follow'd David's lesson just,
In princes never put his trust;
And, would you make him truly sour,
Provoke him with a slave in power.
The Irish Senate if you nam'd,
With what impatience he declaim'd!
Fair Liberty was all his cry;
For her he stood prepar'd to die;
For her he boldly stood alone;
For her he oft expos'd his own.
Two kingdom's, just as faction led,
Had set a price upon his head:
But not a traitor could be found
To sell him for six hundred pound.

'Had he but spar'd his tongue and pen,
He might have rose like other men;

But power was never in his thought,
And wealth he valued not a groat.
Ingratitude he often found,
And pitied those who meant the wound,
But kept the tenour of his mind
To merit well of humankind;
Nor made a sacrifice of those
Who still were true, to please his foes.
He labour'd many a fruitless hour
To reconcile his friends in pow'r;
Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
While they pursued each others' ruin;
But finding vain was all his care,
He left the court in mere despair.
'And, oh! how short are human schemes!
Here ended all our golden dreams.
What St. John's skill in state affairs,
What Ormond's valour, Oxford's cares,
To save their sinking country lent,
Was all destroy'd by one event;
Too soon that precious life was ended
On which alone our weal depended.
When up a dangerous faction starts,
With wrath and vengeance in their hearts,
By Solemn League and Cov'nant bound,
To ruin, slaughter, and confound;
To turn religion to a fable,
And make the government a Babel;
Pervert the laws, disgrace the gown,
Corrupt the senate, rob the crown;
To sacrifice old England's glory,
And make her infamous in story.
When such a tempest shook the land,
How could unguarded Virtue stand?

'With horror, grief, despair, the Dean
Beheld the dire destructive scene;
His friends in exile, or the Tow'r,
Himself within the frown of Pow'r;
Pursued, by base evenom'd pens,
Far to the land of S—— and fens,
A servile race, in folly nurst,
Who truckle most when treated worst.

'By innocence and resolution
He bore continual persecution,
While numbers to preferment rose,
Whose merit were to be his foes;
When ev'n his own familiar friends,
Intent upon their private ends,
Like renegados, now he feels
Against him lifting up their heels.

'The Dean did by his pen defeat
An infamous destructive cheat;
Taught fools their interest how to know,
And gave them arms to ward the blow.
Envy hath own'd it was his doing,
To save that hapless land from ruin,
While they who at the steerage stood,
And reap'd the profit, sought his blood.

'To save them from their evil fate
In him was held a crime of state.
A wicked monster on tbe bench,
Whose fury blood could never quench:
As vile and profligate a villain
As modern Scroggs or old Tressilian;
Who long all justice had discarded,
Nor fear'd he God, nor man regarded,
Vow'd on the Dean his rage to vent,
And make him of his zeal repent;

But Heav'n his innocence defends;
The grateful people stand his friends:
Not strains of law, nor judges' frown,
Nor topics brought to please the crown,
Nor witness hir'd, nor jury pick'd,
Prevail to bring him in convict.
'In exile with a steady heart
He spent his life's declining part,
Where folly, pride, and faction sway,
Remote from St John, Pope, and Gay.'—
'Alas, poor Dean! his only scope
Was to be held a misanthrope;
This into general odium drew him,
Which if he lik'd, much good may't do him.
His zeal was not to lash our crimes,
But discontent against the times:
For had we made him timely offers
To raise his post or fill his coffers,
Perhaps he might have truckled down,
Like other brethren of his gown.
For party he would scarce have bled:—
I say no more—because he's dead—'
'What writings has he left behind?—'
'I hear they're of a different kind:
A few in verse; but most in prose—'
'Some high-flown pamphlets, I suppose,—
All scribbled in the worst of times,
To palliate his friend Oxford's crimes,
To praise Queen Anne, nay, more, defend her,
As never favouring the Pretender:—
Or libels yet conceal'd from sight,
Against the court to show his spite.
Perhaps his Travels, part the third,
A lie at every second word—

Offensive to a loyal ear:—
But—not one sermon, you may swear.'—
'He knew an hundred pleasant stories,
With all the turns of Whigs and Tories;
Was cheerful to his dying day,
And friends would let him have his way.
As for his Works in verse or prose,
I own myself no judge of those;
Nor can I tell what critics thought 'em,
But this I know, all people bought 'em,
As with a moral view design'd,
To please and to reform mankind;
And if he often miss'd his aim,
The world must own it, to their shame,
The praise is his, and theirs the blame.
He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad;
To show, by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much.
That kingdom he hath left his debtor,
I wish it soon may have a better:
And since you dread no farther lashes,
Methinks you may forgive his ashes.'

END OF VOL. II.

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